





Received of  
Mrs. Howard  
Sept. 1944

To Mary

from her loving Benjie

April 8. 1925





**DOG AND MAN**







NOBBIE, AN ENGLISHMAN



*DOG AND MAN*  
*The Story of a Friendship*  
*By A. SLOAN & A. FARQUHAR*

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WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS

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**Dedicated to**

NOBBIE . . . an Englishman

RORY . . . a Scot

MURPHY . . . an Irishman

*If by our book we can raise the value of the Dog in the estimation of even a few people, or give pleasure to, and add to the knowledge of, Dog-lovers, then our book will achieve its end.*



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## INTRODUCTION

"A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity." —  
PROVERBS xvii. 17.

THIS is the tale of a very great friendship which began many, many years ago, when Time was yet at its dawn. It is the tale of an enduring friendship which has braved the change of climates, times, and customs, and is very much alive even to this day.

In this tale there are two central characters: first Dog, because, according to tradition, he was created amongst the creatures early on the sixth day of God's creation; then Man, for he was created, but later in that same day, to be a ruler over all the beasts of the earth.

Now, Dog is a word which comprises all varieties of the Dog-kind, from those feathery-tailed, proud-spirited morsels of Chinese Royalty, the Pekingese, to the large, broad-headed, kindly-hearted St. Bernard of the snowy heights of Helvetia.

Man is a term no less broad, for it includes the black and brown and yellow men of the East, and the white and red men of the West; and even as there are bad men and good men, kind and friendly men, as well as others cold and evil-hearted, so, besides our many loving and faithful friends, there are Dogs that delight to "bark and bite." But when you consider the example that some of us set them, can you blame them?

It is difficult to say exactly when Man and Dog became partners in the game of life—as difficult as it is to trace any great friendship to its root. Can you say when first you ceased to eye your friend with the cold, critical stare of acquaintance, and do you remember when first you saw him through the warm, kind eye of the heart? Probably on that day the seeds of love were planted, and since then the warmth of the sun of friendship has ripened that seed to maturity.

And so it came about between Man and Dog. But please do not forget that this all happened some little while ago—say 10,000 years or so—when Man was in the Neolithic stage of development, and not the stiff-shirted, top-hatted creature he is to-day. He and Dog met on a far more level footing, and, liking each other, struck a bargain and formed a very limited company of two.

It probably happened somewhat after this fashion.

Man, having laboriously caught his food by digging a deep hole and covering it over with branches or brush and then waiting hungrily till some unwary beast fell into his trap, would eat it raw, pulling bone from bone, and would suck and pick, smacking his lips, happily unconscious of bad manners or present-day restrictions and conventions. Then, as each bone was picked clean, Man threw it out of his cave on to his midden or rubbish-heap, and, feeling brutishly happy, he would curl up with a grunt and go to sleep.

Outside in the dense darkness a pair of glowing yellow eyes had watched Man's doings, and those eyes had flashed a brighter gold when they saw those delicious bones thrown out on to the heap.

Seeing and hearing that Man slept, Dog (for it was none other than he) crept out of the undergrowth to negotiate the bone-pile, where he saw a meal worthy (to him) of the Ritz Restaurant. Of course, the bones had been pretty well picked by Man; still, they looked delicious; and so Dog gathered together his courage, which at first had oozed out of the very ends of his bristling coat, and stealthily advanced to the bone-heap. Nearer and nearer he crept; and then, with one sudden movement, he seized a nice, medium-sized bone and carried it back to his hiding-place beneath the forest trees.

Finding that Man slept on, Dog became more and more bold; and, as time went on, increasingly less cautious. At last he did not wait for the snoring evidence of Man's slumber, but prowled round the bone-heap all the time. It was probably in this way that Dog came into the habitation of Man. Gradually their bowing acquaintance ripened into something better, something closer, for the seed of friendship and love had been sown.



So began the great partnership in the business of life. Dog brought to Man's use his scent, speed and sharp teeth, and so helped him to stalk, catch, and kill his food. Man shared the food thus caught with his new friend, and invited him to sit beside him within the narrow circle of firelight, to give a feeling of companionship in that great unbroken silence of the early world. This feeling of warmth and friendliness towards Dog in Man was perhaps the first stirring of human kindness, friendship, and love in his wild, brutish heart ; and it was surely then that the appealing, longing look first crept into Dog's hunted, wild gaze.

So they would sit, darkly silhouetted against the firelight, whilst all around them and over the sleeping world was purple night ; and the only moving things that were seen were the shining stars which leapt and twinkled to the tune played by the dancing flames of Man's fire. Sounds there were, however, which, breaking the dense silence, made Man's blood to run cold, causing him to look fearfully behind him into the thick shadows. A twig would crack in the underwood, showing that some live creature was abroad in search of food, or a slithering sound, followed by a tail-splash, would tell Man that some amphibian creature having dined, was sliding, satisfied, into its muddy home beneath still, deep waters.

Then Man would turn to the yellow, furry Dog sitting close up beside him, as with flashing eyes, bared teeth, and upraised hair he would snarl and growl, giving warning to every beast that he was now Man's friend and protector. He said in low and rumbling tones, " Dare to come near, and you'll see what you get." And Man, understanding, said, " This is good " ; and the friendship prospered.

Now, all this leads to the very obvious question why none of the other animals of the forest ever tried to share with Dog the delicious bone-heap outside Man's cave.

Some learned professors have peered at us solemnly through their spectacles, and assured us that Dog is descended directly from the fierce wolf or the slinking jackal, whilst others have suggested that Dog has always been a separate species, made by a thoughtful and obliging God for the companionship of Man.

This last seems to us the more likely theory, for the Dog has been Man's close companion since the beginning, and the wolf has never attained, nor apparently wanted to attain, such a position, and is to-day as much a wolf as he was 6,000 years ago.

And if Dog made friends with Man purely for the juiciness of his bone-heap, why did not the lion and the tiger and other carnivorous beasts share this ready-found source of a meal, and gradually become tame and friendly with Man, as did the Dog? They have certainly made frequent advances to a closer acquaintance with Man, but temptation has always proved too strong for them, and they have ended by dining deliciously off him!

We believe we know the answer; it seems so simple. God made Dog to be Man's friend; to be his companion in lean times and in times of plenty; to guard his house, and to safeguard all his possessions. Into Dog God put a small but divinely bright spark, which made him sympathetic, loving, and faithful; then—for God has a sense of humour—He gave Dog a tail, to curl and wag and to be pulled by Man's children, and to be "the outward and visible sign" of the thoughts and feelings of the inner Dog.

So that is how the friendship probably began in that phase of human affairs known as the Neolithic Age, about 10,000 years ago. Man was still a very primitive creature indeed; he knew not yet the use of such common articles as the toothbrush, fork, or wedding-ring, and his lady-wife had not yet taken to high-heels, lip-sticks, or pin-curls, although she had, no doubt, her substitutes!

Forced by weather and circumstances, however, Man was learning to think; he was inventing many useful contrivances to make life more comfortable for himself and his wife. He also began to travel, and moved towards Europe from the south or south-east. Perhaps that is why in nearly all of us Westerns is born a certain love of the East, which calls those of us with sufficient money to golden Egypt, holy Palestine, or mysterious Africa.

The map in those days was quite unlike our map of to-day, with all its pink countries; and Man, his family, and his Dog walked from Africa or Asia, and from a region now

submerged hundreds of feet below the Mediterranean, towards Europe ; and this north and westward march took Man many years to accomplish. So far Neolithic Man had no domesticated animal but the Dog ; this experiment of friendship he had tried, and found a tremendous asset and comfort in the war and struggle between his growing brain, the elements, and the animal world.

Dog also had now tried and examined Man's ways, and had probably concluded that in many respects they were decidedly peculiar, but nevertheless he felt drawn towards this strange creature who had a smooth, shiny, furless body, and yet who occasionally wore detachable bits of fur over his shoulders and round his middle ; most peculiar !

Then soon Man discovered a better use for his new friend, a use which has survived to the present time. Each day when Man went forth to catch the daily meal, he had an unpleasant scene with Mrs. Cave-Man. She complained that she was frightened of the forest sounds, of the loneliness of the cave, and that she would not be left alone. Cave-Man was in despair, for he knew that she spoke the truth. Supposing one of those great, monkey-like men from the valley came and stole her from the cave, supposing—well, lots of things, for Man was really beginning to think. Then the inspiration came. Of course, the very thing ! He would leave Dog with his woman to protect her and give her that pleasant sense of his companionship which Man had now for years enjoyed.

So Dog was placed inside the cave beside the fire and told to look after Mrs. Cave-Man and all the little Cave-Men, and well pleased at the trust placed in him, Dog added this new rôle to his list of duties, and no doubt he carried it out then as well as he does to-day.

And so Dog came to live inside Man's house.

In the later Neolithic period we find Man in a much more developed state of civilisation. He lived in wooden houses built up for protection on piles in the centre of a lake. These lake-dwellers had several kinds of medium-sized Dog, as well as other domesticated animals.

Now that Man had made bows and arrows, he no longer procured food by trickery or by the help of his Dog. The

friendship in no way suffered, however, for Man and Dog drew up a new contract, by which, instead of co-hunters, they became co-shepherds of Man's newly domesticated cattle. This contract must be one of the oldest legal documents in the world, for Man and Dog still adhere to the agreement laid down therein. Perhaps legal terms have changed since those days ; they have probably become more involved and less intelligible, but the matter nevertheless remains the same.

The friendship had already stood the test of at least 5,000 years when the fame of the grain fields and green pastures of the great Nile Valley of Egypt reached the ears of wandering Mankind, in Arabia, Asia, and Africa, and the great trek to Egypt began. And with Man and his family, tail-wagging and proud, marched the Dog.

## PART I

### THE BEGINNING OF THE FRIENDSHIP

"What is become of your dog, Sir John?" asked  
a friend of Sir John Danvers.

"Gone to Heaven," was the answer.

"Then, Sir John, he has often followed you, and  
I hope now you will follow him."

—SOUTHEY, *Common Place Book*.





## I

" Certes, the longer we live the more we observe in these dogges."—PLINY.

WHILE some men in the great wilderness of Europe were still living in caves in a very primitive stage of development, the golden Valley of the Nile was teeming with activity. The ground was tilled and irrigated ; great temples were built, and a calendar had already been invented. But, most useful of all, the Egyptians had devised a way of preserving speech by writing, thus leaving us a record of their state of very high civilisation, and, what concerns us most, they left us the pictures and names of many of their dogs.

By means of this picture-writing we learn about the dogs of Ancient Egypt, and we find that they much resembled our own four-footed hounds of the present day. In these early days Dog was already the firmly-established friend of Kings and Princes, for on many of the tombs of the Kings of Egypt we see pictures of the dogs who had been their companions in life.

The dogs of Ancient Egypt all have happy, smiling faces. They look well fed and pleased with life ; even their tails curl in a contented fashion ; in fact, they might almost be said to look smug !

One of the oldest dogs to be found on the monuments of Egypt is called the Khufu Dog, for he appears on the monuments of the reign of King Khufu, or Cheops, the builder of the Great Pyramid, who lived in the Fourth Dynasty, that is to say, in 3733 B.C.

Abakaru (for so was this very agreeable-looking dog called) was a house-dog, and probably great friends with his Royal master, for he is always depicted tied closely to his chair and wearing a very fashionable collar, being a cord tied four times about his neck.

Several dogs are known to us by name from the pictures

and writings on the tombs of the Old Kingdom. Some were merely household friends, as are many of our dogs to-day, whilst others were kept for hunting purposes. Two hundred years later, on the tomb of Amten we see a dog attacking a deer, and many dog-names begin to be recorded on monuments and temples. We read about dogs called Ken, Abu, Akna, Tarn, and Temas, and Rameses II gave his dog the gorgeous name of "Anaitis-in-Power"! These little dog friends were probably often "in power," as they are to this day, their power lying chiefly in their hold over, and control of, their masters' hearts.

In 3000 B.C. Antefa II is represented with four dogs at his feet. One is called Bahakaa, *alias* Mahut, and he wears a narrow collar round his neck, tied with a tidy little bow in front.

Bhakaa was white, and much like the white hounds which come from Nubia to this day. He was also remarkable for his pendulent ears, as most of the early dogs had pricked ears. Bahakaa looks a very pleasant fellow, sleek and comfortable, and he smiles less sily than some of his friends; but his tail seems small, and an altogether insignificant and insufficient end to such a generous body.

Continuing our list of Egyptian dogs, we find in the Twelfth Dynasty a long, dachshund-like dog, mottled black and tan, and Wilkinson tells us that he was the favourite dog in the time of Osertsem.

The shape and colour of the fashionable dog seems largely to have depended upon the fancies of the ruling monarch. We know that even to-day certain breeds of dogs become the rage of the moment, only to fade away into obscurity when the fashion changes.

Sometimes the Ancient Egyptians depicted their dogs in fanciful greens and blues and reds, according to mood and taste. It seems strange that the fashion creators of to-day have never introduced the dyed dog. How gorgeous would a green Pekingese look, or a sky-blue Maltese! This suggestion is intended as no insult to the dog; have not both men and women undergone operations more painful for the sake of beauty, and transformations more ridiculous for the sake of fashion?



DOGS FROM ANCIENT EGYPT

I DOG FROM THE TOMB OF ANTEFA II

2 ANCIENT EGYPTIAN PET DOG

3 ABAKARU, THE KHUFU DOG

*He belonged to King Cheops, the builder of the great Pyramid*



Now, in 1923, excavators in the Nile Valley are, amongst other discoveries, bringing the mummies and possessions of yet other Kings of Egypt to light ; and most interesting to us is the discovery of the pictures of Tutankhamen's dogs which are beautifully painted on the furniture found in his tomb. One shows the great monarch in his chariot, engaged in the chase, and close to him are his two great mastiffs, wearing heavy collars. These are the dogs of 3,000 years ago, and we wonder how many statues and pictures of the dogs of Egypt are yet hidden beneath the golden desert sands.

It is evident that dogs were held in great veneration in Ancient Egypt, particularly in Cynopolis, where they were depicted on tombs as the symbol of the " Divine Being," and were accordingly paid divine honours. The very name of this city is derived from Cynos, a dog, and its inhabitants had to provide a stated amount of food for the dogs of the city. Once they even went to war with a neighbouring people because one of their number ate a dog from Cynopolis.

This worship of the dog probably originated from the regard the Egyptians had for Sirius, the dog star, the most famous star of ancient times. It was the brightest star in the sky, and was watched for and venerated by all the Ancient Egyptians. The rising of this star marked for them the greatest day of the year—their New Year. The whole life of Egypt depends upon the annual overflow of the Nile, and it was yearly watched with great anxiety by all the inhabitants of the lowlands along its banks. They watched the skies night by night, until at last they saw " the Dog " rise bright and glowing with many colours over the far horizon, and they knew this to be a sure indication that the elevation and overflowing of the river was at hand. They fell down and worshipped Sirius, faithful as the Dog, Sirius who never failed ; and then they went their ways, gathering in their cattle and camels, their wives and children, and betook themselves to the safety of higher ground.

So the Egyptian, casting about in his mind for some suitable object to which this glorious star might be compared, remembered his dog, probably beside him gazing upwards, and thus early man immortalised his four-footed friend's



love and loyalty by connecting him with Sirius, the venerated star of the Egyptian skies.

At this time of the year began the hottest days, the "dog-days," during which, Pliny tells us, dogs are bad-tempered and prone to hydrophobia. It is he who also tells us that dogs when drinking from the Nile had to keep running to evade the voracity of the crocodile !

Some authors say that the dog was revered in Ancient Egypt because he assisted Isis in her long search for Osiris' body, which she eventually found in the trunk of a tamarisk tree.

Another possible reason for this reverence may have originated through the important part played by the dog-headed god Anubis in the *Book of the Dead*. Anubis—or Anpu, as the Egyptians call him—was, according to some, the son of Osiris, and to others the son of Set. He had the head of a dog and the body of a man, and was evidently symbolical of the animal which prowled round the tombs of the dead. Some authorities speak of Anubis as being jackal-headed, but many refer to him as having the head of a dog. Anubis was responsible for guiding the souls of the departed to the underworld, the abode of Osiris, and he plays an important part in the *Book of the Dead*, specially in the passages which speak of embalming. He embalmed Osiris, and gave great comfort and assistance to the mourning sisters, and so showed the faithful, loving ways of the dog. His guarding qualities are referred to in the *Book of the Dead* in chapter xli., when he says : " I have come to protect Osiris."

His duty also it was to see that the great beam of the balance wherein the heart of the deceased was weighed was in proper position, so that the balance might be true, and he then appeared for the dead man, to protect him against the " Eater of the Dead."

Anubis guarded the souls of the departed on their long journey across the desert from their tombs in the Nile Valley to the land of the mummies, where they joined the companies of the blest. He protected them from any grisly enemies they might meet on the way, assisted sometimes by another dog-headed deity, Ap-uant, whose name means



“ opener of the ways.” Anubis also kept guard over the gates to the underworld, whilst the great Goddess Maat sat in judgment on the souls of the departed.

After some hundreds of years, however, the dog fell from this position of veneration and respect, and there is a theory that he lost his high rank amongst the Egyptians because, after King Cambyses had slain the sacred bull Apis, the dogs were supposed to have eaten his flesh. This is, however, pure fable, for it is known that Apis was buried by the priests and due honour done to him.

We must confess that Dog was never held as high as the hawk, the ibis, or the bull in the esteem of the Egyptians, although in some places and at some time his sacred character was acknowledged by many people in Egypt, and amongst them he was mourned long and loudly at his death, when the family would fast and shave their heads. The departed dog would then be carefully embalmed, wrapped in linen, and deposited in the tombs allotted to dogs, whilst the mourners and bystanders would beat themselves in token of grief, and wail loudly in his honour.

According to Clemens of Alexandria, two dogs represented the two hemispheres, and Horapollo says that the dog represents “ a scribe, a prophet, laughter, and the spleen ” ! Poor dogs, what a mixture to live up to ! Yet, ridiculous as it may seem, in the legends and folklore of many countries the character of a prophet and scribe is frequently attributed to the dog.

It is no wonder that Horapollo thought that the dog represented laughter, if the tikes of Ancient Egypt were all as smiling as those we have spoken of. They are smiling for all they are worth. Perhaps the sunny brightness of the golden Nile Valley made these dogs feel particularly jolly and pleased with life, who knows ? The passage in the Bible which says, “ Running about the streets grinning like a dog,” had always puzzled us until we came across these Egyptian dogs, but it is quite clear now !

A scribe of the Nineteenth Dynasty speaks of a pack of hounds, 200 of one kind and 400 of another. He says, “ The red-tailed dog goes at night into the stalls of the hills. He is better than the long-faced dog, and he makes

no delay in hunting. His face glares like a god, and he delights to do his work ; the kennel where he abides he does not make it."

Ælian tells us that Socialism already existed amongst the dogs of Memphis, for they would deposit all the goods they stole in one common hole, and meet together later and enjoy a common feast. Now, at first we might think this a good lesson for us in these days to adopt Socialism, but it is not so, for obviously dog, having tried it, knows that it will not work ; he has proved it. No dog will share his bone with all who come along, and we cannot blame him ; someone under these conditions always fails to play the game, and grabs more than is his share. So dog, having once been bitten, is twice shy, and, placing a possessive paw on his precious property, he lifts up his nose in a fierce snarl.

Now it was not only in Egypt that the dog had firmly established himself as the friend of man, for we hear of him amongst the early Babylonians, and later amongst the Assyrians and Chaldeans.

We do not know very much about the dogs of the Land of the Two Rivers, but enough to be certain that the people of these countries possessed a much-esteemed race of the mastiff type. Pictures of them are seen on the bas-reliefs of Nineveh, and Herodotus tells us that the Governor of Babylon had such a large number of dogs that four towns were exempted from taxes and appointed to provide these dogs with food instead.

We are not told much about the different breeds of dogs of that day, but we read that they were of varying colours, for omens were derived from their markings.

Assur-banipal in 625 B.C., that King who was so fond of hunting the lion and wild ass, kept many mastiff-like dogs, which are frequently shown in the pictures of his time. There are terra-cotta statuettes of them in the British Museum, and they all have very amusing names, which show how little dog nature has changed in all these years. One was called "He-Ran-and-Barked," another "The Producer-of-Mischief." The third was called "The Judge-of-his-Companions," and the last two answered to "The Biter-of-his-Foes," and "The Seizer-of-his-Enemies."



- 1 DOG FROM A CLAY RELIEF AT BIRS-NIMRUD
- 2 ASSYRIAN HUNTING DOG. USED IN HUNTING  
THE LION AND WILD ASS



A small dog is always seen on the cylinder seals which represent the legend of Etana and the Eagle. This legend was a very favourite one in those days, and tells of Etana's efforts to fly to Heaven on the back of an eagle. Higher and higher they flew, but finally Etana and his living aeroplane crashed to earth. The small dog is sometimes shown staring up into the sky at the black speck that is his master in a surprised and puzzled way, no doubt wondering what on earth had possessed him. At other times he is shown looking at the debris of the eagle and Etana after their fall. In the latter case the dog does not seem to be saying "Told you so," as he might well say, but rather wondering to himself at the very odd and incomprehensible ways of man. Little did he know that one day dog would fly, not alone on the back of an eagle, but with his master in human-made machines!

During the recent excavations a small model of a dog of the mastiff breed was brought to light, and is particularly interesting, as he bears an inscription relating to a King of Ur who reigned probably about 300 B.C., and whose name had never been heard of until the discovery of this model. And so the model of this King's dog gave a clue to the existence of his master after all these long years.

But, returning to Egypt once more, we find that after many years of oppression the Jews (at that time the slaves of a cruel Pharaoh) had at last found a deliverer in Moses, and under his leadership they managed to escape the vigilance of the frontier guards, and so passed into the freedom and space of the wide desert of Sinai.

Now the Jew has a great hatred of the dog, although this seems most ungrateful of him, for not one of the dogs of Egypt gave tongue on the night of the Jewish Exodus. They passed as a long line of swiftly-moving shadows quietly over the Egyptian frontiers on a warm, still night, but for all their silence the trained ears of the watch-dogs must have heard the passage of the Hebrew tribes. Yet the dogs were silent: "They did not move their tongues against man or beast." And the Jews passed from the lashes of their hard taskmasters to the comparatively easy discipline of the tribes, from the tyranny of Pharaoh to freedom. And



for his forbearance on this night God compensated dog by telling people that the meat forbidden to them as unclean might be given to him. God meant this to be a reward, but through the stupidity of man and his lack of understanding it became a punishment, and dog was seriously harmed, for he is now classed as an unclean feeder by the Jews and the Moslems, and as such is an outcast. This is hard on him—that he should suffer in reputation for the reward of a good deed.

The following legend relating to the Exodus from Egypt is told by the Jews.

The Egyptians, as we have already said, had two golden dogs, representing the two hemispheres. These dogs, according to the Jewish Hagadah, were placed by the Egyptians upon Joseph's tomb, and endowed by witchcraft with the gift of loud barking to frighten away every intruder. This was done to prevent Moses from stealing away the bones of Joseph from the tomb, and carrying them off with him out of Egypt.

Now Moses was a man of God and in no way frightened by this magic, and he boldly approached the tomb. The two dogs at once began to bark, but Moses said to them, "Ye are the work of deceit; ye would not move your tongues if ye were genuine dogs."

Here, unfortunately, the tale ends, leaving us, as in a serial story, in a state of suspense awaiting the next instalment, but, unlike the serial story, we are still waiting for the continuation of the tale! Only as we read in Exodus xiii. 19: "And Moses took the bones of Joseph with him," we must suppose that the "works of deceit" were powerless to prevent him.

Now, Moses determined to bring his people back to the ways of the Patriarchs, so he forbade them to worship idols, either in human or animal form; but gave to them instead the faith of Jehovah. Naturally, then, the Jews despised all the vain things which their late oppressors had worshipped, and amongst their forbidden gods was the dog.

In earlier times, before the sojourn in Egypt, the dogs known to the Hebrews were the pariah dog and the shepherd dog, and there is a wonderful tale that Abraham's flocks



were so vast that he employed four thousand dogs to keep them in order. Such an army of dogs must have taken a deal of looking after, but perhaps Father Abraham had something of the Colonel Richardson genius in him, and drilled his dogs like soldiers. If so, they must indeed have been useful, and it must have been a fine sight to see them barking the huge flocks over the desert, their tails waving like standards in the wind.

Curiously, the Hebrews found comfort in the barking of a dog by night ; it gave them a feeling of safety, they said ; and from this, no doubt, was evolved the following saying : " Dwell not in a town where no barking dog is heard." Now, this is very strange indeed, for in the beliefs of almost every country the sound of a dog barking or howling at night is said to portend bad luck of some kind.

Later, at the time of the Exodus from Egypt, a revulsion of feeling appears to have taken place, and the Hebrews loathed the dog. Indeed, in our Old Testament we find very few passages which are in any way complimentary to him. This hatred of our four-footed friend was probably caused by the veneration of the Egyptian for the dog, and it is no wonder that the children of Israel who had escaped from their tyranny and oppression should regard the dog with entirely opposite feelings. The Egyptian dogs probably belonged to a deity, and as such were sacred and not to be touched by mere Israelite slaves. They, as soon as freed, were taught to regard the dog with loathing, for fear that they should fall into the error of worshipping him, of worshipping false idols, as had their late taskmasters.

Although in our Bible we do not find many references to the dog which might lead us to think he was worshipped or revered by any of the ancient Semitic tribes, it is curious to note that in the Book of the Kings we read of one idol of the Anites called Nibhaz, which Jewish commentators interpret as the " Barker," and they assert that this idol was made and worshipped in the form of a dog. This idea is borne out by the fact that traces of the worship of a dog-idol have been found in Syria in quite recent times.

The Jews were often wont to name their children after

their mental characteristics, or at least the mental characteristics they hoped they might bear, and this brings us to an interesting question : If we want our dog to possess a certain quality, can we ensure it by calling him some name that means or typifies that quality? We have known it ourselves in certain cases, have made mistakes before we realised its possibilities ; as, for instance, when we named an old-fashioned looking pup " Bodaigh," which means " a little old man," and he became an obstinate, self-opinionated member of dog-society, without ever having passed through the glories and follies of youth. But, to return to the Jews, whether they thought this or not, they did it.

A common Jewish name, Caleb, means " the dog of God," and was often used to typify faithfulness ; yet this was given by a people who abhorred the dog as an unclean beast, a beast classed with the pig as an eater of refuse and offal. Moreover, in our Bible, in the Apochrypha, we find one reference in the Book of Tobit which implies that the dog had his place in those remote days as the Jews' companion and friend, for it says :

" And when his son prepared all things for the journey, Tobit said, ' Go thou, and God, which dwelleth in Heaven, prosper your journey, and the angel of God keep you company.' So they went forth both, and the young man's dog was with them."

That is just as it should be, and is a very human and natural reference to our oldest friend ; but such references in the Bible are rare.

The Hebrews were allowed to break the strict rule of the Sabbath to kill a mad dog, for madness in dogs was considered to be caused by witchcraft or possession by evil spirits.

The greatest term of contempt that a Jew could apply to an enemy unbeliever was that of " Dog " ; still worse was that of " Dead dog," and worst of all " Dead dog of a Christian," just like the Moslems, who say " Dog of a Jew ! "

Now the Hebrew tribes wandered for many years in the desert over Sinai right to Babylon. Before them they

drove their sheep, goats, camels, and asses, and beside them followed the dog. He must have been very useful to his Semitic masters, for they were all in constant danger of being attacked by human marauders or by wild beasts. These bandits would descend upon the camp or the resting Hebrews and steal away their wives and cattle, for in those days possession was nine points of the law. Then the faithful dog, watchful and alert, would give the warning and join in the conflict when it came ; although afterwards he would slink away into safety from the kicking foot and the terms of reproach heaped upon his shaggy head. He would watch mankind, hungrily, longingly, and alone, but because of his desire for human friendship dog followed on, always proving his usefulness in spite of the discouraging treatment meted out to him.

All this may be seen by the traveller in the desert to this day, for dogs still follow the caravans or wandering Bedouin tribes on the chance of getting a stray meal or a kind word.

Our own experience of the present treatment of dogs in the East is, however, different, for only last year we saw in the deserts of Syria, Egypt, and Iraq some splendid-looking dogs—fat fellows with fine, thick coats ; and each Bedouin encampment we passed seemed to be well guarded by fine specimens of doghood.

But the veneration and respect for the dog, so prevalent in ancient times, has vanished, and become a fable of the past ; he has fallen from that high place which he occupied in the old world, but through no fault of his. He has always kept to his original contract with Man ; whether in the East, the West, the North, or the South, he has remained faithful and friendly towards mankind. Then in the year A.D. 600 a great part of the Eastern world was awakened and drawn together by the call that went out from Mecca, the call of the prophet Mahomet. Rapidly the new religion spread. As Moses had done, Mahomet preached the worship of but one God, and for the first time the sons of the wide deserts were united by a common faith.

In the world of Islam we find the dog abhorred for one of the same reasons that he was loathed by the Jew. He

was an unclean eater, an eater of refuse, and therefore classed with the pig ; and even the Malakei, the most liberal of the four Moslem sects, could not touch his cold, damp nose without feeling themselves defiled. We feel that the Moslem misses a lot, for the cold " insinuated nose," pushed with love and confidence into our hand, is the warm and comforting caress of one who loves and trusts us, and as such is not to be despised.

Mahomet permitted dogs for the chase, and the animals captured by them to be eaten, provided the name of Allah was uttered in slipping them, and the Mohammedan creed admits two dogs into Heaven, Tobit's dog, and the great watch-dog Katmir, the Dog of the Seven Sleepers. We read about this dog in the Koran, and his descendants are much prized to this day amongst the desert tribes, although they can in no way equal their great ancestor in size, for he " had the stature of a donkey, and his profession was that of a collie."

The Arabs have a proverb, " He would not throw a bone to the dog of the Seven Sleepers," meaning that a person was stingy, or, in fact, a profiteer ! Katmir was once in his lifetime given the power of speech, when he said to the Seven Sleepers, " I love those who are dear to God. Go thou and sleep therefore, and I will guard you." And he stretched his great body outside the cave and kept eternal watch. So at least there will be two dogs in Heaven, but we somehow feel that these two won't be enough to go round amongst all the spirit beings, and so we hope to meet our own " tikes " when we cross over.

In olden times, in Palestine and Syria as well as elsewhere, the mandrake, a plant said to possess magical properties, was much sought after as a charm to promote wisdom. It was considered dangerous to human life to pick the mandrake, and Shakespeare was evidently familiar with its fearful properties, for in *Romeo and Juliet* he says :

Shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,  
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad.

Now it was supposed that the person who pulled up the



mandrake would immediately die, so a dog was used for the purpose, and as far back as the second century A.D. Achair gives us an account of how to obtain aglaophotis, or "bright shining," because it is said to shine like a star by night. He gives instructions to take a young dog and to keep him without food for a few days. Then one end of a rope is to be tied to the dog's tail, and a loop made at the other end of the rope and thrown over the mandrake, the human being keeping well away from the plant. Then a dish of savoury meat is to be placed just out of reach of the dog, who, impelled by hunger, would strain at the rope till he pulled up the roots of the mandrake. No sooner would the sunlight fall on the roots of the plant than the dog would die. Then the herb gatherers would bury the poor beast on the spot and perform certain rites in his honour, for they believed he had sacrificed his life for theirs. He certainly had, poor brute, and, judging by the demand there was for the mandrake, many faithful dogs must have been killed in this manner.

A number of strange tales are related and believed in Arabia, Syria, Iraq, the Sahara, and in fact everywhere within the "Garden of Allah." We Westerners may scoff at these tales which are so real to the natives, but we must remember that the East is a land of mystery and superstition.

A story which will no doubt be received with scorn is the belief that there exist tribes of men whose heads are fashioned in the shape of a dog; yet this is a widespread belief, and it occurs in various parts of the Orient.

Quite lately Doughty tells of the wonders of the Beni-Kelb, a tribe of human hounds (*Beni*—sons; *Kelb*—dog).

"The 'Kelb' housewives and daughters are like fair women but the male kind are a span in stature and without speech, for they are white hounds.

"When they have sight of any guest approaching across the desert sands, the hospitable men-dogs spring forth to meet him, and holding him by his mantle with their teeth, they draw him gently to their nomad tents, where they give drink and refreshments."

Some say that these human hounds "dwell not in the land of Arabia, but inhabit a country beyond the flood;

they devour their old folk as soon as their beards are hoary" (1) (by which time they must be rather tough!).

Then, again, only last year—1923—a Sudanese told of the "Bilad el Kelb," the "Country of Dogs," a place which exists away south of the Sudan near Uganda, and in which strange land all the men become dogs at sun-down and run about barking and hunting in the woods. The story is firmly believed by some of the tribes of the Sudan, and it is useless for us to scoff and disbelieve. After all, you never know!

In spite of the Arab dislike for the dog, there are many legends and even some proverbs which show that, notwithstanding their religious feelings towards him, his fine qualities are appreciated.

"It is better to feed a dog than a man," they say, which shows their understanding of dog's gratitude and man's quick forgetfulness. There is also the proverb at the head of page 143, which shows a great respect for the influence of our four-footed friend, and which proves that he has not completely fallen from favour.

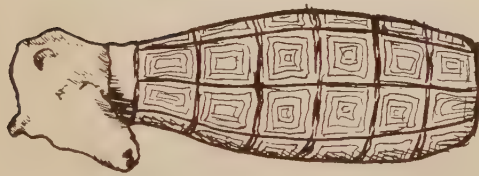
One warm evening last winter we were sitting at sundown near the great Pyramid at Gizeh, when all of a sudden the silence was broken by what sounded like the loud barking of many dogs proceeding from the interior of the Pyramid. At first we thought that some dogs must have been shut in the dark passages of the Pyramid, and then that perhaps the sounds were spirit-voices belonging to the dogs of Ancient Egypt—Abakaru, perhaps, and all his friends. Finally we realised the commonplace explanation, namely, that echo was responsible for the weird effect; for the barking voices were but the evening serenade of the dogs belonging to the neighbouring villages.





1 THE WHITE ANTELOPE DOG

*From an Ancient Egyptian Tomb. About 3000 B.C.*



2 THE MUMMY OF A DOG

3 DOG FROM AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TOMB  
*About 3000 B.C.*





## II

“ Dog is the only animal that loves you more than he loves himself.”—  
OLD SAYING.

WE know that when Aryan man wandered south into Iran—or Persia, as we now call it—his dog went tail-wagging beside him ; and on the long trek he must have fully proved his worth, for he was very highly prized amongst the Ancient Persians. By the many references to the dog in the Zend-Avesta, one of their sacred books, we find that he held an honourable place amongst the people of those days. One whole book of the Zend-Avesta is devoted to laws with regard to the treatment and welfare of our friend.

Three kinds of dog are particularly mentioned, the shepherd's dog, the house dog, and the vagrant dog—all types well known to us to-day. Although, unfortunately, the vagrant dog still exists amongst us, he is not so well provided for as in the days of Zoroaster, for there he was regarded as comparable to the begging friar and was specially protected by religious ordinances.

In the Zend-Avesta (2) we find several interesting and amusing descriptions of his character, and the purpose for which he is made.

Ahura, the God of Agriculture, says :

“ The dog, Oh Spitama Zarathustra, I, Ahura-Mazda, have made self-clothed and self-shod, watchful, wakeful, and sharp-toothed, born to watch over man's goods ; I, Ahura-Mazda, have made the dog strong of body against the evil-doer and watchful over your goods when he is of sound mind.”

Don't you think that this is a nice description of dog, especially to have been written in such ancient times?

Perhaps Ahura-Mazda did make "dog," for he knows him well, and even, you will note, he allows for lapses in his watchfulness and fidelity by the words "when he is of sound mind." So when next your dog omits to guard your possessions, be gentle to him, for he may not be "of sound mind."

Ahura-Mazda continues :

"And whosoever shall awaken at his voice, neither shall the thief nor the wolf steal anything from his house without his being warned ; the wolf shall be smitten and torn to pieces, he is driven away, he flies away."

The dog has the character of seven different sorts of people :

"He has the character of a priest, a warrior, a husbandman, a strolling singer, a thief, a wild beast, a child. He eats food like a priest ; he is grateful, easily satisfied ; he wants only one small piece of bread ; in these things is he like a priest. He marches in front like a warrior ; he fights for the beneficent cow ; he goes first out of the house . . . in these things is he like unto a warrior. He is watchful and sleeps lightly . . . in these things is he like unto a husbandman.

"He sings like a strolling singer ; he is intrusive . . . he is meagre . . . he is poor. . . . In these things is he like unto a strolling singer.

"He likes darkness . . . he is a shameless eater . . . he is an unfaithful keeper. . . . In these things is he like unto a thief, and a wild beast. He likes sleeping like a child ; he is apt to run away . . . he is full of tongue . . . he goes on all fours. In these things is he like unto a child."

The God Ahura-Mazda then goes on to say that "no house could subsist on the earth but for his two dogs, the shepherd dog and the house dog."

That these things sum up dog very clearly and concisely, don't you agree?

It is amusing to think of one's dog as a strolling singer ; he is certainly sometimes very like a child ; a thief when temptation is left in his way ; and a warrior when he defends his master against attack, or his own bristling person against the onslaught of other dogs or cats.

Of the five sins set forth in the Zend-Avesta which cause the committer to be an outcast there were two concerning the dog. They were : giving him food that was too hot, or bones that were too hard. " For it is the dog of all creatures of the good spirit that most quickly decays into age, while not eating near eating people and watching goods none of which he receives. Bring ye unto him milk, with fat and meat ; this is the right food for the dog."

Whenever one eats bread one must " set aside three mouthfuls and give them to the dog . . . for amongst all the poor there is none poorer than the dog." So you need have no doubts as to the correct food for your dog, and mind you see that it is of the right temperature and the bones not too hard, or surely some evil will befall you.

According to the Zend-Avesta, purity is, for man, next to life, the greatest good. Now, impurity may be described as the state of a person or thing that is possessed of the demon ; and the object of purification is to expel the demon.

When a man dies, as soon as the soul has left the body, the corpse Drug falls upon the body from the regions of hell, and this Drug must be expelled by the look of a four-eyed dog. Now the Parsees were at a loss to find a dog having four eyes, so they decided to interpret the word as meaning a dog with two spots above the eyes, and it might be either a house dog, a shepherd's dog, or a dog four months old !

So remember that at the look of a four-eyed dog all evil spirits will be driven back howling, with their tails between their legs, to the furthestmost depths of hell.

A yellow-eared, four-eyed dog is said, in ancient Persian tradition, to watch at the head of the Kinvat bridge, which leads from this to the next world, and with his barking he drives away the fiend from the souls of the holy ones who pass over.

The Persians said that there were dogs who watched over the fourteen heavenly regions.

We must mention, before passing on, that the yellow-eared dog which we have just spoken of was said by the Parsees to be that first dog who was set to guard man's body before God had animated it. God had cried out with a loud voice, "Arise, O thou yellow-eared dog, arise!" and directly the dog barked and shook his ears, and the unclean Satan and the fiends, when they saw the dreadful looks of the yellow-eared dog and heard his barking, were sore afraid, and fled down to hell.

So, you see, the dog was of tremendous importance in those days of old, and in all probability he is just as important now, only we humans are possibly too full of our own importance to realise it.

It was considered a great offence to smite a dog, for in the Zend-Avesta Zoroaster says, "Whosoever shall smite a shepherd dog, or house dog, or trained dog (guard dog), his soul shall fly amid louder howlings and fiercer pursuings than the sheep does when the wolf rushes upon it in the lofty forest."

However, in spite of all this provision for the welfare of the dog, Zoroaster did not intend that the dog should have everything his own way. He had to play his part, and if he failed there were also regulations laid down for his punishment.

The Zend-Avesta says that "if the mad dog, or the dog that bites without barking, smite a sheep or wound a man, the dog shall pay for it as for wilful murder. If the dog shall smite a sheep or wound a man, they shall cut off his right ear. If he smite another, they shall cut off his left ear"—and so on. For the third offence he loses his right foot, the fourth his left foot, the fifth his tail. It then goes on :

"Therefore shall they tie him to the post, by the two sides of the collar shall they tie him.

"If they shall not do so, and the mad dog, or the dog that bites without barking, smite a sheep or wound a man, he shall pay for it as for wilful murder."

This book of laws shows that dogs were given a better chance and a more just trial in those ancient days than in



these so-called days of advanced civilisation. For you will note that the dog is given five chances before he is condemned to death, whilst in these human days a dog is often given but one. We do not advocate he should have his tail more completely docked than it probably already is, or that he should run on three paws, but we do think that he might often safely be given a second chance.

We all lose our tempers and the control of ourselves, our actions, and our words several times in our lives, and we "bite without barking." Yet we have many chances, for, were this not so, the world would be as densely populated as is the Sahara Desert !

Now, the Zend-Avesta tells us of one kind of dog who is more important than all other dogs, even including the shepherd dog, and this is the reason why.

At a dog's death his ghost passes down to the great spring under the earth, and there, out of every thousand he-dogs and every thousand she-dogs, is formed a water dog. These dogs were held especially sacred, and were the holiest of all dogs, and no wonder, when we consider that they possess the virtues of two thousand ordinary dogs such as are good enough for you and me !

The Zoroastrians allotted fearful punishments to the murderer of a water dog. Ahura-Mazda says :

" He who kills a water dog brings about a drought that dries up pastures, and sweetness and fatness will never come back to that land and to those fields, with health and healing, with fulness, and increase, and growth . . . until the murderer of the water dog has been smitten to death, and to the holy soul of the dog has been offered up a sacrifice for three days and three nights with fire blazing. . . .

" He who smites one of these water dogs that are born from a thousand he-dogs and a thousand she-dogs, so that he gives up the ghost and the soul departs from the body, he shall pay. . . ."

Here the holy writer goes on to give a full list of the dreadful and endless penalties which the murderer must pay.

We have not time or space to give these penalties in full, but, as they are rather amusing, we shall mention a few.

First of all, the murderer shall endure 20,000 stripes upon his bare flesh, and carry a similar number of loads of wood. He shall then kill 10,000 snakes "of those that go upon the belly," and 10,000 snakes of those "that have the shape of a dog" (they are dog-like because they sit upon their hind parts). He shall kill also 10,000 tortoises, 20,000 frogs, 10,000 cats, and 10,000 earthworms and horrid flies, and this is but a small beginning of the penalties which the murderer of a water dog shall undergo, and is all as an atonement to the soul of the water dog. It is strange that to expiate the murder of one creature, however esteemed or rare, one should be called upon to commit about 80,000 more—of inferior beings, to be sure, but still creatures—and one wonders whether frogs were very prolific in ancient Persia, as twice the number of them were doomed to destruction, or did they fear a plague of frogs as came upon their neighbours the Egyptians? In any case it is all surely very convincing evidence of the honour and veneration accorded to the dog by the ancient Persians.

We do not know much about individual dogs in those times, but it is recorded that a small dog was sent to the Emperor of China as a present from Persia. The Emperor was delighted with his new toy, and gave it the fierce name of "Ch'ih Fu," or Red Tiger, and bestowed upon it the rank and privileges of a duke. One wonders how much these Chinese dogs enjoyed these Royal marks of favour that were showered upon them, but without a doubt they would have preferred an increase in their bone ration! This Persian dog used to ride upon a mat placed in front of the Emperor's saddle when he rode out upon his great charger. It seems to us that the little dog would possibly have preferred the more lowly, but undoubtedly, to him, more comfortable ground to run upon. Still, one can never tell; everyone (and dogs too, no doubt) has his private ambition, and perhaps this Persian dog was proud and honoured at the privilege of riding before an Emperor.

We know that the dog in Persia was also trained for use in war, for King Cambyses, who in 525 B.C. invaded Egypt,

employed large bands of fierce dogs. These dogs were trained to attack in formation, and they played an important part in the taking of Egypt.

It seems a pity that our laws of to-day do not better protect our greatest and closest four-footed friend, but the reason is simple ; it is merely that what we are pleased to call our civilisation is not in every way an advance on what went before. We live in a material, mechanical age, and in the modern bustle of life many of us have no time to read the love and faithfulness which lie behind the eyes of our dogs. It is a pity for us, and the ancient Persians knew better.

The Hindoos of India were also of Aryan stock, an unwarlike, dreamy people, and we read that India in ancient times was famous for its dogs. As has been said before, the Governor of Babylon " kept such a number of Indian dogs that four considerable towns in the plain were exempted from all other taxes, and appointed to find food for the dogs."

Xenophon recommends them for the chase of fawns, stags, and wild bears, and he describes them as swift, strong, large, and not deficient in courage. If we are to believe the story told by Curtis, we must certainly endorse that statement ; for he tells of four Indian dogs who were put to fight a lion for the benefit of Alexander the Great, and how one of these dogs allowed himself to be cut to pieces rather than relinquish his hold of his victim.

The wild dog still exists in India, and is called the Dhol.

Amongst the Parsees in India the dog was held in much reverence, and also by the Hindoos in those days of long ago.

In the Hindoo belief—more ancient than Buddhism—the dog was placed on the same plane as man, for in their sacred books we read that " the wise will look upon a Brahmana possessed of learning and humility and on a dog." So, as dog and man were held to be equals, the dog was also held responsible for his actions, and had to answer for his misdeeds. " The mad dog that bit without barking," and wounded a sheep or a man, had to pay for it as for wilful

murder. So really the dog did not gain much by being classed on the same plane as man ; he would no doubt have preferred to be held less wise, and to have had the pleasure of chasing sheep and biting the—probably deserving—hand of man, without the privilege of being tried for murder afterwards !

In the Rig-Veda (3), an ancient Sanscrit religious treasury, the dog was frequently mentioned as the companion of man, and from the following lullaby we gather that he was also a great friend of the family :

Sleep the mother, sleep the father,  
Sleep the dog and sleep the master,  
Sleep may all the blood relations,  
Sleep the people round about.

Here the dog is classed almost, it would seem, as a blood relation !

Dogs were much employed in the chase, and hunting dogs were called the “ boar-desiring ones,” which seems a very attractive title for them.

Next we read in the sacred books of the East of the two four-eyed dogs of Yama, the God of Death of early Vedic mythology. In a Vedic hymn we get a clear description of these two dogs who guard the gates of hell, or the kingdom of the dead. This idea may have come from Egypt, for the work done by them is similar to that done by Anubis, the dog-headed god of Ancient Egypt.

We find a prayer that the soul may “ be able to pass safely beyond the two dogs, sons of Sarama, having four eyes, spotted, who occupy the right path.” They were further described as being “ very strong, fierce guardians, who watch the road, observing men—with vast nostrils, and long-winded ; the very strong messengers of Yama.”

Here we find the belief, already mentioned, that dogs watch men, observing them and reading their inmost thoughts. Also these dogs are messengers, and we often read of the gods using a dog to carry their messages to the mortals.

These two watch-dogs of Hindoo myth seem to have a



good character, for in the Rig-Veda, addressed to Yama, King of Death, we find the following prayer :

“ By an auspicious path do thou hasten past the two four-eyed, brindled dogs, the offspring of Sarama. Intrust him, O Yama, to thy two watch-dogs, four-eyed, road-guarding, and man-observing. The two brown messengers of Yama, broad of nostril and insatiable, wandering about amongst men. May they give us again to-day the auspicious breath of life, that we may see the sun.”

It is curious that these dogs, being the dogs of the King of Death, should be invoked to bring happiness, but on several occasions we read prayers that these dogs “ may cause to enjoy the light of the sun, and give a happy life.” They play a large part in Vedic mythology, as guardians of the gates of the underworld, as guides of the shades of the departed on their journey to the abode of Yama, as his messengers, and as givers of happiness.

These dogs were called Saramayas, and that same name, put into Greek, was borne by Hermes, the messenger of the Greek gods, and their leader of the spirits to hell.

Still farther east were the Chinese, a people noted for their exclusion, by choice and circumstance, from historical connection with other nations.

Many people talk of the Pekingese as being the “ sacred ” dog of China, but this is a mistake, although from early times the dog was a much appreciated and often a much pampered member of Chinese “ society.”

Of the early history of the dog in China we know very little. In fact, we know very little about the Stone Age in that part of the world at all, and what we do know is derived from the still imperfectly explored Chinese literature. Chinese civilisation appears on the stage of the world's history about 2000 B.C., but it had by that time already undergone many changes.

With China's debut on the world's stage came dog, too, and that is all we know about his domestication, but we gather that he was a domesticated animal amongst the Chinese from the earliest times. What a pity that some of

our "Peke" and "Chow" friends cannot tell us the early history of their kind. They seem to disdain us Westerners, and, with tail held high and well curled, with a cold stare they pass us by. They are fascinating, however, these dogs of the Far East, and we would like to be able to understand their language and obtain their views on life.

The earliest mention we can trace of dogs in China is in 1200 B.C., during the early "Chow" Dynasty. There is an engraving of a bronze tazza of that period which shows some hundred animals all together, and many of them are dogs.

Not very long after this, representatives of bull-dogs, we find, were painted on the doors of the town prison, because of their great strength and guarding qualities.

The chase was a favourite pastime with the ancient Chinese, as it was with the Western nations, and they kept many dogs for the purpose.

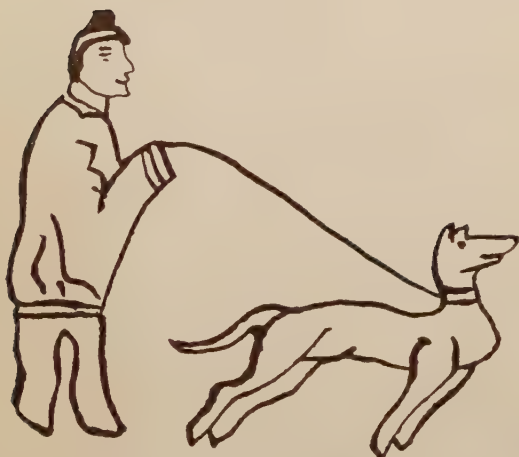
Chavannes states that the Emperor Chou Hsin (1154 B.C.) was in evil repute with his people because of his extravagance. "He filled his palace with rare objects, and kept many horses and dogs."

Shantung was the native province of Confucius, China's greatest sage (551 B.C.), and has always been famous for its dogs. Confucius was wont to exhort his followers to economy and "the torn awning (chariot umbrella) will serve to cover the dear house dog in his grave," he said. By this saying we know that the house dog was in those days already held "dear" by the Chinese, and he was evidently also held in much honour!

In the Texts of Taoism, in part iii., Hsu Wu-kwei says: "Let me tell your lordship something: I look at dogs and judge them by their appearance. One of the lowest quality seizes his food, satiates himself, and stops; one of the medium quality seems to be looking at the sun; one of the highest quality seems to have forgotten one thing—himself!" It seems to us that this comment might also be appropriately applied to human beings.

Laufer (4) tells us that in "first-class houses there were fierce dogs that watch the doors to the halls of the singing-girls. Men are not allowed to enter unceremoniously, for the





- 1 DOG REPRESENTED ON CHINESE POTTERY  
OF THE HAN DYNASTY
- 2 A CHINESE HUNTER AND HIS DOG. HAN  
DYNASTY, 210 B.C.
- 3 DOG REPRESENTED ON CHINESE POTTERY  
OF THE HAN DYNASTY



dogs will bite them to death. Their warning is like that of a spirit, their fierceness like that of a tiger."

The Emperors of early China were wont to hunt the tiger, wild deer, boar, and hare, and in all their hunts they were accompanied by dogs of the greyhound, mastiff, or Chow type. The Chow is the common dog of China, and generally yields to the Pekingese the place of Royal dog. He is nevertheless of very ancient lineage, and his blood is of the bluest. You need but look at his blue-black tongue to prove this. The Chow is the village guardian, slumbering by day, but noisy and busy by night; he is also invaluable as a watch-dog, a sporting dog, and is much enjoyed in his native land for the delicious mutton-like taste of his flesh!

There are some amusing descriptions of dogs in early Chinese records, for we read of "square dogs" being accepted by the Emperor Tang (about 1760 B.C.) as tribute, and later on (about 500 B.C.) we read that when going to and from the chase, one kind of dog followed his master's chariot, whilst "those having short mouths were carried in the carts."

We do not know what manner of dogs these "square dogs" were, but the "short-mouthed dogs" were evidently small, as they were carried in the carts.

Towards the end of the first century A.D. the Chinese Emperors began to take an interest in small dogs, and we hear of the "Pai," which was said to mean a short-legged dog, which belonged under the table. Now, tables were very low in those days, for the floor was used as a chair, so you may imagine the little dog must indeed have been short-legged! Great honours were heaped upon these little four-footed morsels of dog-humanity, for the history of the Han Dynasty tells us that the Emperor Ling Ti (A.D. 168) had a little dog whom he kept in his garden, and of whom he was so fond that he gave him the official hat of the Chow-Hsien grade—the highest literary rank of the period. Many of the Emperors' dogs were given the rank of K'ai Fu (nearly that of a Viceroy), and the females were given the ranks of the wives of the corresponding officials. These dogs were treated in a most regal manner, having many soldiers to guard them, the best rice and meat for food, and for their beds the choicest of carpets on which

to rest their pampered bones. So much did the Emperor who lived in A.D. 1300 love dogs, that he went to the extent of stealing them from his subjects. We have dog-thieves nowadays, too, but they are not generally of Royal blood !

There are several amusing tales about toy dogs in Chinese history. For instance, it is recorded that the Emperor Ming, of the T'ang Dynasty (A.D. 713) had a favourite and very beautiful wife. One day the Emperor (whose temper was probably rather peppery) was playing at chess with one of his Princes. Seeing that her Royal master was likely to suffer defeat, the wife, who had been closely following the game, lost her toy dog on the board, so that the pieces fell over and the game was completely ruined, to the delight and satisfaction of the Emperor. This little dog was named Wo, and was white in colour ; it must have been very tiny in size !

There are tales without number of the faithfulness of these small dogs, and they have frequently died of grief at the death of their masters. Much attention was paid in China to their breeding, for, saturated with superstition, the Chinese attached tremendous importance to the colour and markings of their dogs. There were fortunate and unfortunate markings. For instance, the appearance of a black or yellow coat and a white head was a certain sign of an official appointment to come ; the owner of a black dog with white ears would become rich and noble ; whilst by possessing a white dog with a black tail he would have a chariot to ride in all his life !

In early times the lion was practically unknown in the land, although he was much associated with Buddhism, and was sacred to Buddha. During the Han Dynasty (202 B.C.) the Emperors began to take an interest in them, and about the year 126 B.C. intercourse between the Buddhist countries of China, India, and Parthia became more frequent, for trade was fast developing between these countries. Thus lions were imported into China, and because of their association with Buddha they were frequently sent as tributes from Eastern States and Europe. A Chinese artist, wishing to depict a lion, was in serious difficulties, for he had very

probably never seen the beast. There were only a few lions in the country, and they were the closely guarded property of Emperors. So the artist was obliged to draw his lion from the descriptions of those more fortunate than himself who had obtained a sight of the king of beasts. This is how we get the fanciful representations or entirely conventionalised figures of the Buddhist lion.

About A.D. 1300 there existed in China small dogs so like the lion that they were described in Chinese historical records as resembling the lion, and as the "golden-coated nimble dogs which are commonly bred by the people in their homes."

In one of the Lama Gospels we read, "The lion is the king of beasts. Its power of increase is without limit. Similarly it may vanish at will and become like unto a dog." Now, this reminds us of the legend of how the Pekingese first happened, and perhaps it was from this quotation that the legend originated.

You may dislike toy dogs and prefer Great Danes, but you cannot deny that a Pekingese is a true personality. He has a way with him which compels your attention, and you must respect his courage. He is, beyond doubt, the bravest of small "tikes," and there is a very good reason for this, which we shall now unfold.

This legend was told us by a very wise man from China, and it happened in just this way.

Once upon a day (stories always begin this way if they are any good at all), long centuries ago, in ancient China, one of the Royal lions fell head over ears in love with a marmoset. The marmoset was very beautiful, and loved the lion dearly, only she feared him because of his great size and strength. "If only he were not so big—so strong," sighed this lovely marmoset. "Still, I would not have his courage the less," she added to herself.

Now the lion was much troubled, because he knew that his lady love feared him on account of his size.

"What can I do?" he sighed, for he was really very much in love with the beautiful lady. Her tail was quite an inch longer, and had five more rings, than that of any of the other ladies of his acquaintance. Finally the lion had a brilliant



inspiration, and, following his resolution, he set out for the hut of a wizard who lived in the hills hard by.

"O most wise," said the lion, "what am I do? I love a beautiful marmoset—the most beautiful marmoset in all the world—yet I cannot marry her, because she fears my great size, my loud voice, and strong paws."

"That's quite easy," said the accommodating wizard. "You must take this potion, and in two days you will be quite small and the lady will no longer fear you."

"But my courage, my beautiful coat—must I lose them too?" The poor lion was very much troubled.

"No, indeed," said the wizard. "Your body will be small, but your courage will still be great."

And, full of happiness, the lion drank the potion.

In two days the lion had shrunk till he was quite, quite small, but his courage was greater than ever.

With his head held high, his tail well curled, and a look of great importance, the lion (now a Pekingese) called upon his lady marmoset, and she with many blushes accepted him, and they have lived happily ever since.

Now you will better understand the character of the Pekingese—why he looks so important, so sure of himself; why his courage is so big (sometimes it almost topples him over). He is but a small edition of the king of beasts, and bears himself with correct Royal dignity. That also accounts for his fondness for having his own way, for he finds it very hard to bring his will into line with yours! So remember, when next your "Peke" chooses deliberately to sit down when you want to walk, to go east when you call him west—remember, it's because of the Royal blood which flows through his veins (perhaps its bluer than yours!), and it's his Royal habit to command and to be obeyed.

The Lama priests of Tibet distinguished between the "true" lion and the "dog" lion, for the former were said to be spiritual beasts, whose images were placed in the sacred places of Buddha, whilst the "dog lions" were merely earthly ones found in the menagerie (5). There has certainly never been anything very spiritual about the lions we have seen in a menagerie!



" True lions " were said to appear and vanish at will. It is an unpleasant idea, isn't it ?—for it is quite bad enough to meet a real lion when one goes out for a walk, but to know that there may be invisible ones all about one, which might (or might not) appear at any moment, is, to say the least, rather boring.

The cult of the lap dog reached its height in China in about 1820, and it is at this time that the " sleeve dogs " were fashionable. Fashion, however, was always fickle, and soon the sleeve dogs " went out," and have since been called the " lump-headed dogs " ! It was hard luck on the poor beasts, wasn't it ?

The Peking and pugs that have found their way westward seem somehow such a contrast to the people of their native land. Their eyes are large and round, they stand erect, with head held high, and seem to defy you at every turn. There is none of the inscrutability of the Chinese about them, for they show you their feelings without constraint, either laughing at or defying you quite openly. The Chow, however, shows more of the characteristics of his masters, for he keeps his thoughts to himself and surrounds himself with mystery.

It is generally believed that our round, wrinkled friend, the fawn and black pug, is sprung from the " Lo-sze " dog, or Chinese pug, and these dogs no doubt found their way westwards via Holland, for the Dutch were trading with Canton in 1604.

From time immemorial dog-flesh has been a delicacy in China, and it vied with our strawberry and asparagus for its lusciousness. It was to be found on sale at butchers' shops and in the streets, and in Canton there were even dog-flesh restaurants as we have oyster bars. Here Chinese cooks roasted the flesh of dog over a slow fire, and placards were hung from the front door announcing as a menu :

Black dog's grease 1 tael	....	4 cents.
Black cat's eyes 1 pair	....	4 cents.

So never take your dog to China, in case some " Chink " may find him either nutritious or palatable !

On the other hand, on many Buddhist temples signs appeared calling upon the public to avoid the slaughter and eating of dogs, "as these are the faithful guardians of their masters' homes." This did not stop the killing of dogs, however, for in Manchu there were endless little dog-farms, where numbers of our smallest friends were bred and sold for the beauty of their furry coats, and dog hams were exported from Shantung.

The late Empress Dowager of China admired the Pekingese so greatly that she paid much attention to the breeding of them in the palace, and it is said that she had a hundred of these little dogs to look after. Great efforts were made to stub their little button noses, and various methods were employed, including stroking and massage, and making the poor beasts chew a piece of leather stretched tightly on a frame, in order to acquire the admired flatness of face, but noses are apparently refractory organs, and much given to growing.

The Chinese have delightful words to describe the markings of their dogs. They speak of "flowered" dogs, meaning a dog marked with more than one colour; so there is the "three-flowered face," meaning one which is yellow, black, and white. They say that the jaw should not be undershot, which they express as "earth covers heaven," and the large, round eyes should be water-chestnut eyes, leopard-eyes, or dragon-eyes. (5).

It must be fun to have a "flowered, water-chestnut-eyed" dog, who is so beautiful that his "earth does not cover heaven"! These Chinese morsels of dog Royalty also had most fascinating names, such as Peach, Peony, Smell, Flowery-Duck, and Jade Button!

The Empress laid down many rules for the general behaviour and management of the palace dogs. One of these rules stated that the animals should be encouraged to be dainty in their food, so that by their fastidiousness they might be known as Imperial dogs.

"Sharks' fins and curlew's livers and breasts of quail, on these may it be fed, and for drink give it the tea that is brewed from the spring buds of the shrub that groweth in



# DOGS OF ANCIENT CHINA

- 1 DOG ON THE HAN BAS-RELIEF OF HSIAD T'ANG SHAN
- 2 GREYHOUND OF THE HAN DYNASTY A.D. 210
- 3 ENGRAVING FROM AN ANCIENT CHINESE ENCYCLOPÆDIA



the province of Hankow, or the milk of antelopes that pasture in the Imperial parks. . . . Thus shall it preserve its integrity and self-respect, and for the day of sickness let it be anointed with the clarified fat of the leg of a sacred leopard, and give it to drink a throstle's egg-shell full of the juice of the custard apple, in which has been dissolved three pinches of shredded rhinoceros horn, and apply to it piebald leeches."

If this remedy should chance to fail, the Royal Proclamation warns us that "if it die, remember thou, too, art mortal."

At the funeral of the Empress in 1911, "Peony," her favourite two-flowered Pekingese, was led proudly, tail in air, before her coffin by the Chief Eunuch ; and we hope that when his turn came to die, his little body was granted the honour and protection of his late mistress's chariot umbrella.

There is no doubting the fact that the Pekingese was bred, and lived for generations, in the atmosphere of Courts and palaces. He is strong and self-willed because he cannot conceive that anyone should have the temerity to cross his Royal inclination. Although a toy, he is an intelligent little friend, and a fearless little sportsman, if he is not pampered and fed till he waddles with fat behind an over-indulgent mistress. Left to himself, he will not despise a rat, and will (should it suit his convenience) challenge to battle anything from a retriever to a cow, with his ears flying back, his large, round eyes rolling from side to side, his tongue hanging out sideways, and his tail streaming like a plume in the wind behind him. He is certainly a most engaging person, and a delightful Chinese product.

It was not until 1860 that a European set eyes on a palace dog, but when the French and English sacked the Palace of Peking they found that five of these valuable dogs had been left behind. These were the first five palace Pekes to reach England, and one called "Lootie" was presented to Queen Victoria, who kept it a close friend at Windsor until its death. This little dog was so small that it could lie at full length in a forage cap ! Two of the others were presented to the Duchess of Richmond, and the other



two to the Duchess of Wellington, and from these four many of our Pokes of England have their descent.

In 1896 another brace of Pokes reached England, smuggled from China in a box of hay labelled "Japanese deer" !

### III

Such fidelity of dogs in protecting what is committed to their charge, such affection towards their masters."—CICERO.

IN the history of Ancient Greece, dog appears from the earliest times ; in fact, St. John in his history suggests that the dog was employed as a herdsman and in the chase as early as the fall of Cnossos (about 1400 B.C.). This seems highly probable, as just before this period the intercourse between the Ægean colonies and Egypt must have been both close and frequent, and, as we have already seen, the dog in Egypt was both cultivated and revered at this time, when, during the Eighteenth Dynasty, that country had reached the height of her splendour and magnificence.

The Ægean colonies, as these islands were called, owed much of their prosperity to this connection with Egypt. The chief of them was the Island of Crete, and we speak of the rulers of this island kingdom as the Sea-Kings of Crete. We have often wondered how the term sea-dogs came into use ; is it possibly to the dogs belonging to these kings that we owe the origin of the name ?

Meanwhile a tribe of shepherds called the Hellenes had left their homes on the Danube and travelled south, occupying the land we now call Greece. With these Hellenes came their shepherd dogs, driving the herds before them. These Hellenes, or Greeks, made friends with the highly civilised people of the Ægean island colonies, and, having learnt everything they could from the Cretans, they turned on their former teachers and sacked and destroyed their cities. Now the great Greek civilization had begun.

The chase was one of the greatest sports of the Greek heroes, and by this exercise they trained themselves for war, so much so that it was classed next to the gymnasium. On several occasions Homer sang the praises of the hunting

dogs used. The Greeks found hunting without dogs a poor sport, and therefore paid great attention to their breeding. The principal form of sport was chasing the hare and the wild boar, and dogs from India, Crete, and Sparta were considered especially good for the purpose, and hunted side by side.

The chief big dogs known to the Greeks seem to have been the mastiff, greyhound, and Molossian hound (a species of mastiff), and they were all used for hunting as well as for other purposes.

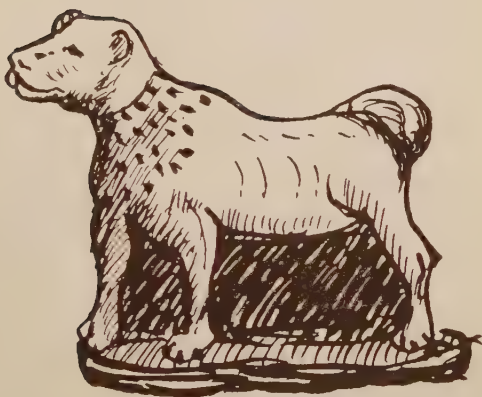
Virgil, in his third Georgic, speaks of "The greyhound swift and mastiff furious breed"; and Socrates, in his *Laws*, says, "Let no one hinder the huntsman, but let the nightly hunters who lay snares and nets be everywhere prohibited." Evidently "to lay snares and nets" was considered as unsporting then as it is now, and we cannot help wondering whether the hunter who is to be prohibited had a dog of breed similar to the "lurcher" so often used by our poachers of to-day.

These large dogs of Ancient Greece were also used in war. Like the Persian dogs of war, they were trained to fight in squadrons, and on several occasions rendered valuable services to their country.

It is recorded that Corinth was saved by the watch-dogs who were on duty on the ramparts of the city, whilst their masters slept after a lengthy carouse. The enemy approached to open a surprise attack, but the quick-eared dogs heard them and set upon them. The poor brutes fought till only one was left alive, and he succeeded in waking the sleeping garrison in time to save the city. Later, too, when Philip of Macedon made war against the Thracians, the latter took to the forests, and the only means Philip had of tracing them and driving them from the woods was by use of the dogs.

Towns were, in unsettled times, frequently entirely surrounded by a cordon of dogs, so that no one could approach or enter the city unknown to the inhabitants.

So we find that in those very early days the usefulness of our friend the dog was fully appreciated—more so, even, than in the present day, for although as individuals we use



1 MALTESE DOG, 65 B.C.

*(From a Terra Cotta Model)*

2 ONE OF KING ASSURBANIPAL'S FIVE DOGS

*(Assyria, 625 B.C.)*

3 MALTESE DOG, 65 B.C.

*(From a Terra Cotta Model)*





the guarding qualities of dog, where in this world will you find a whole city entrusted to his watchful care?

The Greeks knew and appreciated the three great qualities of the dog; that first and foremost of being a true and trusted friend, secondly that of a watch-dog and guardian of all man's possessions, and thirdly that of a hunter.

There is no story in history which illustrates so well the faithfulness of dog, and the fact that the Greeks recognised in him this quality, as the story of Argos, sung by Homer in the *Odyssey*. For twenty long years Argos's master Ulysses had wandered before at last he turned homewards. Disguised as a beggar, he stood knocking at his palace door; Emmæus, his old servant, opened to him, but did not know him, and as they stood together conversing by the gates

Argos, the dog, his ancient master knew,  
And, not unconscious of the voice and tread,  
Lifts to the sound his ears, and rears his head.  
He knew his lord, he knew and strove to meet,  
In vain he strove to crawl and kiss his feet;  
Yet all he could, his tail, his ears, his eyes,  
Salute his master and confess his joys.

It is a sad tale, for the joy of seeing his beloved master was too much for the old dog, and he died at his master's feet. What a friend to have—one who remembered when all others forgot! No wonder his name has come down throughout the centuries, and still lives in the minds of men!

Plutarch also tells us a wonderful tale of a dog's love and faithfulness. It was during the wars between the Greeks and Persians, and the latter had already taken the greater part of Greece, and were advancing on Athens to destroy it. Themistocles, the Greek admiral, at last induced the people to flee from the capital, and they took ship for the Island of Salamis. Plutarch tells us that "the embarkation of the people was a very affecting scene, for only a limited number could be taken on board, and many of the aged had to be left behind with the dogs of the family, who ran up and down the shore, whining, and crying out after the vanishing vessels." Plutarch, in his life of Cato, tells us of one of these dogs in particular. He belonged to Xanthippus, the father of Pericles, and such was his devotion to

his master that he could not bear to see him sail away and be left behind, so he leapt into the water and swam beside the ship all the way to Salamis. The last part of the voyage must have been an agony of exertion to him, for when they reached there he was completely exhausted, and fell dead at his master's feet. He was buried on the promontory, which to this day is called the "Dog's Tomb."

Plutarch goes on to give some good advice to man of all ages, for he tells us that we should not treat our dogs as mere possessions, to be discarded like a pair of old shoes or old clothes; that we should not throw them away when they are old and worn, but that we should show them kindness and love in their old age.

Surely, now, we have not progressed far in all these ages, for is not this advice as much needed to-day as ever it was in those days of so long ago?

Plato, in his *Republic*, gives a conversation between Socrates and Glaucon in which they are discussing affairs of State. Socrates says that it will be necessary to select a guardian for the city, a guardian quick to see and swift to overtake the enemy, also strong to fight him. The guardian must also be brave. Amongst mental qualities required will be those of kindness and gentleness to his friends and danger to his enemies.

*Glaucon* : " And where shall you find them ? "

*Socrates* : " Many animals furnish examples of them. Our friend the dog is a good example; you know well that all well-bred dogs are perfectly gentle to their familiars and acquaintances, and the reverse to strangers? And surely this instinct of the dog is very charming; your dog is a true philosopher."

*Glaucon* : " Why ? "

*Socrates* : " Because he distinguishes the face of a friend and of an enemy only by the criterion of knowing or not knowing, and must not the creature be fond of learning who determinates what is friendly and what is unfriendly by the test of knowledge and ignorance ? "

We had often thought our dog a philosopher when he

accepted with resignation some bitter and unexpected blow of fate, but we never thought of him before we read this conversation as a philosopher in Socrates' sense of the word. How great is the wisdom of our dog !

Arrian, in his lectures on coursing, speaks of a greyhound owned by a Graduate of Medicine who lived in A.D. 90. He called the dog *Horme*—or *Impetuosity*—and wrote of her as follows :

“ I have myself bred a hound whose eyes are the greyest of grey. A swift, hard-working, courageous, sound-footed dog, and she proves a match at any time for four hares. She is, moreover, most gentle and kindly-affectioned, and never before had I a dog with such a regard for myself. When I am at home she remains close by my side, accompanies me on going abroad, follows me to the Gymnasium, and while I am exercising myself sits down near me. If she has not seen me for a short time she jumps up repeatedly, by way of salutation, and barks with joy as a greeting to me. At meals she pats me with one foot and then the other, to remind me that she is to have her share of the food.

“ She has also many tones of speech—more than I ever knew in any dog—pointing out in her own language what she wants.”

So we find the nature of dogs, like the nature of human beings, continues unchanged in its essentials from one generation to another, and Greek dogs of several hundred years ago behaved in much the same way as our own little tikes behave when they greet us after a short absence or sit beside us at meals !

Lucretius, a writer of the Republic, was a great lover of animals, and particularly of dogs. He wrote that “ When huge Molossian hounds are angry and begin to snarl, showing their hard teeth between their large, soft lips, they threaten in a far different tone than when pleased ; they bark and fill all the place with their great noise.”

Lucretius also writes of the “ lightly sleeping shepherd dog with its faithful heart ” ; he goes on to say, “ Often

hunting dogs in the midst of their soft sleep will suddenly toss their legs, utter cries, and keep snuffling the air with their nostrils, as if they were following the track of game which they had found." This surely shows a pretty close observation of dog. All who love and study their four-footed friends know that kick of the hind leg, twitch of the front paw, and the heaving ribs and excited "Yipps," which proceed from the opened, smiling lips of our dreaming dogs.

Lucretius also speaks of the horrors of the plague which swept over Athens in the third year of the Spartan War. "Many inhabitants were dying stricken with the malady," he said. "Foremost were the faithful dogs that gave their lives with difficulty, and their bodies lay strewn in all the streets, for the virulence of the disease forced the life from their bodies."

In those days the greatest men applied themselves to agriculture. They had farmyards enclosed by high, strong walls, into which they drove their herds and cattle each night by the assistance of their shepherd dogs. The gates were guarded by dogs, who were in later years replaced by eunuchs or porters. Sometimes these canine doorkeepers were made of gold or silver, and far more likely to attract thieves than to repel them. For instance, at the entrance to Alcinous' Palace were groups of dogs in precious metal, said to be the wonderful work of Hephæstos.

Real sheep dogs were, however, much employed, and were very useful when in autumn the flocks and herds were driven from their high summer quarters to lower ground for the winter. These dogs would guide the animals along the narrow mountain cliff paths, and they were useful as a protection against wolves and bands of robbers, who were often also accompanied by fierce dogs. These last dogs were of large and powerful breed, for the mountain wolves were fierce, and a real menace to the shepherds and their flocks.

Pythagoras, a great Greek philosopher who lived in 520 B.C., taught that when the soul left the body it entered into various animals. He used, therefore, at the decease of his friends, to cause a dog to be held at the mouth of the dying



man in order to receive his departing spirit, saying that there was no animal created who could better perpetuate his friend's virtues than a dog.

In Ancient Greece dogs were sacred to, and sacrificed to, Hecate, a mysterious divinity who sent out at night demons and terrible phantoms from the lower world. Her dogs are said to be found at cross-roads at midnight. So avoid these places, for to meet Hecate and her howling pack means death.

Many little toy dogs were kept by the ladies of Greece, especially of the Pomeranian and Maltese type. Clay figures of these little dogs were dug up in the Fayyum in Egypt, and probably the breeds were taken to Egypt during the Greek occupation of that country.

These small dogs were called table dogs, and were greatly valued for their beauty. Patrocles had nine of them, and two were cast into the flames of his funeral pyre, that their souls might accompany him and sit at his board below.

Amongst the Romans our friend was also fully appreciated, and was used for many purposes. Their gods were frequently depicted accompanied by their dogs, as, for instance, Silvanus, the god who protected trees, fields, and cottages, is always shown with his small dog by his side ; so also is Mithras, the great God of Light. The dog was shown as the symbol of vigilance, and certainly no better symbol could have been chosen. Unfortunately dogs were frequently sacrificed, chiefly to the goddess Hecate, as we said before, to Pluto, Minerva, Proserpine, Lucinda, and also to the moon, for by his barking he disturbs spells and charms and frightens away all spectres and haunting apparitions. In April and May dogs were sacrificed to Rubigo, the goddess who presided over the corn. The Romans much enjoyed the flesh of dog, and recommended that it be served with whey !

In Roman mythology we find an echo of the Anubis legend when we read of Cerberus, the three-headed dog, guarding the realms of Pluto, the Roman God of the Underworld. Cerberus would sit, ever watchful, at the entrance to the nether world on the far side of the Styx, where Charon the boatman would land the shades of the departed.

It was the twelfth labour of Hercules to bring Cerberus



from the underworld to King Eurystheus. Hercules found him in a deep, dark cavern in front of the great, strong gate to Hades. On entering, Cerberus, wagging his tail, welcomed him, and was pleased that a newcomer had entered his master's kingdom. Pluto agreed that Hercules should take Cerberus with him, provided that he captured him with no other weapon than his hands. So Hercules returned to the gate and found Cerberus, but this time he showed his teeth and growled, for he would allow no man to pass out of Hades once he had entered in. Hercules was, however, not afraid, and, seizing Cerberus, crushed him with the vice-like grip of his great hands, and took him triumphantly to King Eurystheus.

In this tale we find Cerberus as the guardian of the underworld, in just the same manner as Anubis guarded the underworld of Osiris. From earliest days, throughout all time, we read of superstitions and beliefs wherein the dog is either the guardian of the underworld, or the guide and protector of the spirits of the dead.

At the accession of an Emperor to the throne, or to celebrate his victories, real or assumed, all the Roman populace clamoured for an entertainment in the amphitheatre. Here the expenditure of human and animal life was appalling; for instance, on the return of Trajan from his final victory over the Dacians he gave an entertainment which lasted over 123 days, during which over 5,000 domestic animals were killed, and amongst them were many dogs.

Dogs were trained to fight in the arena, and also to fight as soldiers in war. In their expeditions into all parts of the world the Romans took with them large armies of trained dogs, for they recognised in them a necessary and valuable auxiliary in warfare. These dogs were taken south into the Sahara against the Samarantes, and Marius, a Roman Consul, tells us in an interesting story how the dogs fought the Spartans at the battle of Versella in 101 B.C., overcoming the enemy after a long and fierce struggle.

These Teutonic tribes also fought with bands of trained dogs, and they closely resemble the war dogs of modern Germany.

In Rome, on the Marcus Aurelius column, several dogs

are shown fighting beside the men, clad in armour of mail, with strong spiked collars. A specimen of this armour may be seen in the Museum in Madrid.

Columella writes that the shepherd dogs employed by the Romans wore large wooden collars. He speaks enthusiastically of the character and qualities of the dog, whom he refuses to class amongst dumb animals, his bark being, according to him, "full of eloquence and meaning" !

Now, for the first time, we hear mentioned the dogs of Britain. These dogs were already famous for size and strength. Strabo several times mentions them, and Symachus, a Roman Consul, says in his letters to his brother, "I thank you for the present of seven Scottish dogs, which were shown at the Circensian games, to the great astonishment of the people, who could not judge it possible to bring them to Rome in other than iron cages, like lions and tigers, so fierce were they." These dogs were probably Irish wolf hounds. The Romans used many dogs in the chase, and Pliny, in his *Natural History*, says of the hunting dog : "As soon as it has perceived it (the prey) how silent it is, and how secret but significant is the indication which it gives, first by the tail and afterwards by the nose. Hence it is, when they are worn out and feeble, they are carried by the huntsman in his arms, being still able to point out the coverts where the game is concealed by snuffing with their noses at the wind."

The porters at the entrance to Roman houses always had a dog, hence the "*Cave Canem*" which was proverbial amongst the Romans. Pictures of dogs were frequently painted outside their houses, or laid in the mosaic just inside the front door. There is an excellent specimen of such a dog to be seen in the mosaic at Pompeii, bearing the legend "*Cave Canem*."

When Pompeii and Herculaneum were excavated, amongst the things of interest which were brought to light was the skeleton of a dog stretched beside that of a child of ten or twelve years of age. Archæologists thought that, by the attitude of the animal, he had probably tried to follow his young master out of the house when the disaster occurred. This dog wore a silver collar engraved in Greek letters, and

the inscription said that his name was "Delta," and that he belonged to Severinus, whose life he had saved from a wolf in the forest of Diana, near Herculaneum.

Lap dogs were very popular in Rome, so much so that one day, when Julius Cæsar was walking abroad in the streets, he saw so many ladies accompanied by their toy dogs that he asked whether the women of Rome had ceased to have children and had dogs instead!

It is interesting to remember that the dogs of Rome howled mournfully on the night before Cæsar was murdered, and the Romans have feared the howl of a dog ever since.

There are many tales of the love and bravery of the dogs of Rome, but we shall only tell of the faithful dog of Titus Sabinus.

It was discovered that a plot against the life of Nero had been hatched, and Titus Sabinus, the chief conspirator, was condemned to death, with all his servants. Now he had a little dog of whom he was very fond, and from the moment he was thrown into prison the little dog cried outside his door, and refused to be driven away. At last the day came when Sabinus suffered his punishment, and before crowds of watching Romans he was cast down a stone staircase, and so killed. In the midst of the crowd was a little dog, struggling to get through. At length he succeeded, and ran down to his master's side, sitting beside him howling piteously. One of the crowd threw the dog a piece of meat, but the faithful little beast laid it upon his dead master's mouth and would not be comforted.

By and by the men came and fetched the body and flung it into the Tiber. The little dog at once jumped into the river and held up his master's body, trying to swim to the shore with it, and at length, worn out, he sank beneath the waters.

All Rome came to watch this little dog, and to learn what it meant to be faithful—even unto death and beyond.

Now we have finished our story as far as the ancient world is concerned, but let us just glance at the beautiful flower-covered land of Palestine, for out of the small town of Bethlehem strange yet persisting rumours had been creeping,



- 1 POMERANIAN (?), 600-300 B.C.  
*Found in the Fayyum*
- 2 MALTESE, 600-300 B.C.  
*Found in the Fayyum*
- 3 POMERANIAN, 800 B.C.  
*Archaic Period*

(Drawn from Terra Cotta Statuettes)





rumours which spoke of a new prophet, one who was neither Zoroaster, nor Buddha, nor a worshipper of the sun.

The Spaniards tell us of the three dogs who, on that first Christmas night, set out with their masters to worship the Babe that was born in Bethlehem. Their names were Cubilon, Melampo, and Lubina, and it is considered lucky to call dogs by these names in Spain to the present day, for dogs so called never go mad, and are said to bring good luck.

When we look at the New Testament we find the references to the dog have become more kindly. Perhaps by the time of our Lord a greater sympathy had grown up between mankind and dumb animals, for in the Gospel of St. Mark we read that "even the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs." This implies that dog had now won his way into Jewish man's household as a member and a friend, and perhaps if the children were nice they dropped some crumbs and bits beneath the table on purpose for the eagerly waiting dog. Children were no doubt much the same in those days as they are now, and so in all probability many of them had dog friends.

It is certain that God meant the animals to be our friends, and perhaps, in the days to come, Isaiah's prophecy may yet come to pass, and the "wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them."



## PART II

### THE FRIENDSHIP PROGRESSES

" I speak when I please. From my master's mouth proceed likewise sounds which make sense. But his meaning is not so clear as that expressed by the sounds of my voice. Every sound that I utter has a meaning. From my master's lips come forth many idle noises. It is difficult but necessary to divine the thoughts of the master. . . . Men, beasts, and stones grow great as they come near, and loom enormous when they are upon me. I remain equally great wherever I am."

—ANATOLE FRANCE, *Crainquebille*.



## I

"The love of angels to man is similar to that of a man's friendship for his dog."—ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

Now we come to the part of our tale which touches us most closely—the dogs of our own land, the dogs of the British Isles.

Needless to say that dogs have also been known in Britain since the "Beginning," but this beginning lies in the Land of Legend, so to legend we must first of all go for tales of the British dog.

The first dogs which we must mention are those that lived at King Arthur's Court. Now, King Arthur is said to have reigned from A.D. 500–532—that is, after the withdrawal of the Roman legions from our shores when all the land was in a turmoil. Around this famous king a great many legends have gathered, wonderful legends told by the bards of olden times, legends read by young and old to this day.

All the history of these islands at that time is obscure and legendary, and yet out of the obscurity and from the legends shine reality and truth. Don't forget that these tales were very real and true to those who related them, and without a doubt a King Arthur "renowned for his prowess and bravery" did reign in our isles.

The time is A.D. 500 in the south-western counties and in Wales. We are back in the days of chivalry, when brave knights fought great dragons and burly giants to free fair maidens in distress.

We read of Prince Kilburgh, the son of Kilhith, travelling on his great charger to Arthur's Court. Beside him leapt two "white-breasted brindled greyhounds," whose necks were encompassed by broad collars set with rubies, as they "sprang about him like two sea-swallows. They entered



the great white hall where Arthur and his Court dined with open doors. In this hall was all the Court, and the knights, and with them their dogs—Baybold with his wondrous hounds was there, and Cavall, Arthur's own dog."

It is to these dogs of Baybold that we would draw your notice, for they pursued Burstingboar the Widewaster, that fierce and clever beast, through all Cærmarchen and Glamorgan, along the banks of the Severn and the coast of Cornwall. The boar laid waste to all the lands through which he passed, killing the people in his way. He spread desolation from Land's End to the river Tamar, but finally Arthur's knights drove him through wood and valley to the edge of the Irish Sea. He was pursued by the shouts and the barking of Race-apace and Boundoft, the hounds of Baybold, swift as the storm wind, that were never let loose on any beast that they did not bring down, and of Track-trail, the hound of Spuramain, ardent in the chase. Bedivere went also, and with him Arthur's own dog, Cavall.

Not even George, the son of Nith, on the Black Horse of the Seas, nor Mabon on the steed of Gwetho, swift as the waves, could overtake the Widewaster before he plunged into the surf.

Then also Race-apace and Boundoft, swift as the storm wind, that were never let loose on any beast which they did not bring down, darted swiftly through the surf and swam after Burstingboar into the great, deep sea. Mabon and Gwyn put spur to their great steeds and tried to hinder them, but in vain. Baybold their master shouted for them, but they paid no heed. They sounded the recall, but the great dogs were too eager to hear.

Silently the huntsmen waited on the stony beach watching the great monster swim from the shores of Britain with the two fierce dogs in his wake. They grew smaller and smaller as they swam further and further out to sea, until at last they faded from sight.

Until this day no one has heard of Burstingboar the Widewaster, nor can anyone say what became of Race-apace and Boundoft, the bold hounds which could not be kept back from following him. And who knows? Perhaps they still pursue the Widewaster round the world, perhaps

they have caught him and hold him fast at the bottom of the sea? Perhaps it is by his struggles that the sea sometimes becomes wild and rough—who knows? But for courage and tenacity of purpose let us remember Race-apace and Boundoft.

Bran was the dog of Fionn MacCoul, a “ferocious, small-headed, white-breasted, sleek-haunched hound, having the eyes of a dragon, the claws of a wolf, the vigour of a lion, the venom of a serpent.” (We are glad that our dogs have been spared some of these qualities!)

Fionn led Bran on a great chain wrought in silver, attached to a collar of beaten gold. He was gifted to a remarkable degree with the foreknowledge of evil, and was thus able to give many forewarnings of danger. Once, when victory was not for the Fenian host, Bran showed signs of the deepest distress.

“He came to Fionn, weary and wet, and by this hand,” says the chronicler, “his appearance was pitiful. He lay down before his chief and cried bitterly and howled.

“‘’Tis likely, my dog,’ quoth Fionn, ‘our heads are in great danger this day.’”

The Fenian Princes, when they went forth to the chase, were accompanied by about three thousand hounds, Bran always leading, the wisest and fiercest of them all. These chiefs were a goodly company—a thousand knights or more—each attired in a silken shirt, a green doublet, and a fine purple mantle over all, and besides, in front or behind each knight ran his own special hounds.

Bran finally met his death by means of a woman. One day a snow-white hart with shining hoofs of gold was scented on the hill-top, and all the company pursued, Bran, as ever, leading. Hour after hour they pursued the hart, over hill and down dale, until, worn out, the hounds finally fell off one by one. Bran continued still. The hart then headed for the lake, and, reaching a high cliff, she plunged from it down into the lake. The noble hound pursued, and, leaping into the lake, seized the hart as she rose to the surface. At that instant she changed into a beautiful woman and drew him down under the water, and that was the last time that Bran was ever seen or heard of to this day.

In memory of the event, the cliff from which Bran leapt is called Coeggy-y-Bran, and the castle near by Tiernach-Bran, the Lordship of Bran. Dogs in Ireland are still called after Bran, for it is considered a name lucky both to hound and hunter ; and our late Queen Victoria had a beautiful Irish deerhound which was named Bran after that great Irish dog.

Now, Bran was a big dog ; what of small ones ? We will tell you how first they came to Ireland, and this tale is believed by the Irish, even if you doubt it !

In ancient days the men of Britain were under the strictest orders that no lap dogs should be given to the Gael ; not by freewill could they be given, nor for gratitude, or in payment of a debt. It turned out one day that Cairbre Muse went from Erin to visit a friend in the land of Britain. His friend made him welcome, and in the hospitable manner of olden days offered him everything he possessed but his lap dog, for that was forbidden by law. Of course, this dog was the one thing which Cairbre wanted, and he laid his plans most carefully to get it. There was in Britain at that time a law by which " every criminal shall be given as a forfeit for his crime to the person whom he has injured." Cairbre therefore took his dagger, a beautiful thing all ornamented in silver and gold, and rubbed it all over with fat and grease. Then he gave it to the lap dog, who began to gnaw at it, and continued to do so all night ; by morning the haft was quite spoiled, and all its beauty gone.

In the morning Cairbre complained to his host that his dagger had been ruined, and demanded a just recompense.

" That is fair," said his friend. " I shall pay a good price for the trespass."

" I ask only what the law allows," said Cairbre, " that is, namely, the criminal for his crime."

So the dog was given to Cairbre, and it was called Mug-Eime, or " The Slave of the Haft."

Now, when the dog was come to Erin, all the kings did fight for the possession of the lap dog, and so it was decided that she should visit each king in turn. After a time this dog had puppies, and from these pups came all the lap dogs of Ireland.

Before we leave legendary times we must just mention Bethgelert, a dog famous in Welsh legend, whose grave is shown to visitors in Wales to this day.

The story of Bethgelert is no doubt well known, for William Spencer wrote the "Ballad of Bethgelert" to commemorate the greyhound who gave his life for his master's child, and the poem is included in most collections of ballads or simple narrative verse.

A fine monument was raised to this faithful dog which stands to this day, and from this story comes the Welsh proverb: "I repent as much as the man who slew his greyhound."

Coming to our dogs in more historical times, it is impossible for us to give more than a hasty glance at the progress of the friendship throughout the history of the British Isles, for the subject is a very large one, upon which many volumes have been, and still could be written.

As we have already stated, dogs have been known in Britain from the beginning of history, and so famous were they that they were exported to ancient Rome for use in the amphitheatre, for the chase, and for war.

We have already mentioned the letter from Symachus with regard to the Scottish dog, and Strabo, who was a contemporary of Cæsar's, said of Britain: "It exports corn, cattle, gold, silver . . . and dogs of a superior breed for the chase."

Oppian also speaks of our dogs: "But there is a certain strong breed of hunting dogs, small, but worthy of a sublime song, which the wild tribes of Britain maintain. . . . Their size, indeed, is equal to that of the pampered domestic table dogs—crooked, slight, shaggy, dull-eyed, but their feet armed with formidable nails, and furnished with numerous envenomed teeth."

We find the same types of dogs employed in Britain were exported to other lands. There were dogs of war, hunting dogs, shepherd dogs, and there were also just friends. These last were probably small, and of no use for the chase, but from earliest times the Briton was a hunter; he is one still, and by his constant passion for this form of sport, with him the British hunting dog has become world-famous.



In those days dogs were still the fast and firm friends of the highest in the land. We have seen that Arthur had a fine dog, Cavall, and we find throughout our history that practically every monarch owned at least one dog as a companion, and probably many dogs for hunting purposes. It must be a comfort to one so high up and unapproachable as a sovereign to have a faithful dog-friend, who can deal directly with him, giving him his close companionship and love, just as if he were an ordinary human being and not a king at all.

From the earliest times many laws relating to the dog were made in this country. By the Game Laws of Cnute, 1016, every two villeins were compelled to maintain one hound, and freemen were allowed to keep greyhounds only if they were over ten miles from the forest; if they lived nearer, the unfortunate dogs had to be maimed by having their knees cut, to prevent their killing or chasing game. Toy dogs ("which dogges are to sit in one's lap") were permitted to be kept within the forest, for they were considered to be harmless.

King Alfred was also a great hunter, going even so far as to Cornwall for his sport. It is said that he taught his falconers and dog-keepers himself, his skill being without equal. In the records of Alfred's times we find references to the dog-laws, which were strictly enforced; fines and compensations are recorded as paid by and to persons bitten by dogs.

The great fear in those times seems to have been that the dogs, if allowed to go near forests, would hunt by themselves and kill the game; and, as hunting was the favourite pastime of the Saxons, and later of the Norman kings, the lords, and even the clergy, steps were taken to prevent this happening. So the Forest Laws were made, whereby only certain persons were allowed to possess large dogs.

In the days of Edward I, owing to the constant infringement of these laws, it was found necessary to determine the size of a "large" or a "small" dog, so a dog-gauge was invented, and all who could pass through this stirrup-shaped instrument could call themselves small dogs, and live unrestricted in the vicinity of a forest. The "small"



dog on passing through the gauge probably shook himself, and with tail up and smiling face no doubt betook himself to the forest for a good, peaceful hunt to celebrate! If there were any of our present-day terrier type of friend we make sure this happened! Would it not be comfortable if now we had a human gauge, and only such as could pass through were permitted to travel by bus or tram!

The large dogs were probably also satisfied, and felt proud at being classed amongst the "large and useful," although probably the small ones had the best of the fun!

The clauses relating to the dog in the Forest Laws were many and long, and lasted for many years. Percival Lewis says that the last of the Forest Courts was held subsequent to the Restoration.

Shepherd dogs were much used in Britain to assist the herdsmen with their huge herds of swine, wandering through the great oak and beech forests. The country was infested by wolves, which hunted in large packs, destroying the flocks and terrifying the lonely traveller, and hounds and other big dogs were very useful in ridding the countryside of these pests.

In the reigns of Henry II and John, dogs were so much prized that fines were ordered to be paid in dogs. In the ancient pipe-rolls mentions of payments and fines paid in greyhounds were frequent.

The following extract shows how dogs used for hunting were fed in the reign of Henry II:

"The King to William de Pratell, and the bailiffs of Falk de Breant, of the Isle of Ely, greeting. . . . We command you to find, out of the issues of the See of Ely, necessaries for Richard the huntsman . . . also find for his fifteen greyhounds and thirty-one hounds their allowance of bread or paste as they may require it, and let them hunt sometimes in the Bishop's chase for the flesh upon which they are fed."

The clergy were then much addicted to the chase. The Bishop of Rochester in the thirteenth century, in fact, hunted continually, and allowed his Bishopric to take care

of itself, and finally the Pope forbade the clergy participating in this sport at all.

In the reign of Henry III bloodhounds were first heard of, and the still popular fox hunt, where hounds are used to track the quarry, dates back to the time of Edward I.

The ladies of the Middle Ages were very fond of the chase, and we read that Robert Bruce's wife, when in 1304 she was held captive in England, was allowed to keep, besides her servants, three greyhounds. From the reign of Henry II the Royal greyhounds were kept on the "Isle of Dogs," because of which it derives its name. This spot was chosen owing to its nearness to Waltham and other Royal Forests.

In a book called *The Master of the Game*, written in 1406 by the grandson of Edward, the second Duke of York, we find many references to the dogs and hounds employed for hunting purposes in England and France at that time; and from the book we quote the following, which shows how greatly the hound was valued:

"A hound is a most reasonable beast, and best knowing of any beast that God ever made, and yet in some case I neither except man nor any other thing, for men find it in so many stories, and see so much *noblesse* in hounds, always from day to day, that I have said there is no man that liveth but must think it. . . .

"A hound is of great understanding and of great knowledge, a hound has great goodness, and hath great memory and great smelling. A hound has great diligence and great perception; a hound is of good obedience, for he will learn as a man all that a man will teach him. A hound is full of good sport, and is hardy, for a hound will keep all his master's goods, and he would sooner die than anything be lost in his keeping."

It appears that in the reign of Edward III dogs were not allowed to wander about the London streets alone or at night, "gentlemanly" dogs excepted, under the penalty of forty pence. Jesse suggests that "gentlemanly" means "well-bred," not mongrel or fighting dogs. We certainly wish that dogs could be prevented from exercising alone in

our main throughfares to-day. Frequently we have watched the efforts of some small dogs to cross one of the main London streets near the Park ; they seem to be out for exercise alone, and we have seen them stand miserably on the pavement, start across the road, see a huge red monster approaching at terrific speed, and then hastily withdraw once more to the pavement, where they stand gazing unhappily about them. The two dogs we have in mind go through this performance once or twice daily, and they always seem to dread the street crossing.

When we reach the reign of Henry VIII we note an advancement in the proprieties of social life, for one of the regulations for the Royal household reads : " Noe dogge to be kept in Court."

" The King's heighnes alsoe straightlie forbiddeth and inhibiteth that no person, whatsoever they be, presume to keep any greyhounds, mastiffs, hounds, or other doggs in the Court, then some small spanyells for ladies or for others : nor bring any unto the same except it be by the King's or Queen's commandment. But the said greyhounds and doggs to be kept in kennell and other meete places out of court as is convenient soe as the premisses duellie observed, and the houses abroad, may be swete, wholesome, cleane and well furnished as to a prince's house and state apperteyne."

Henry, nevertheless, was very fond of dogs of all kinds, and it was probably in his reign that the Maltese was imported into England, and possibly these were the " small spanyells for ladies " referred to. These shaggy little dogs had been great favourites with the ladies of Imperial Rome, and they were soon the fashion amongst the highest in the land from the time of their importation.

In the inventory of Henry VIII's effects we find entered : " VI dogge collars of crymson vellat wt. VI lyhams of white leather." " Liame of white silk wt. a collar of white vellat embrowdered wt. perles, the swivel of silver." What rich clothes the recipients of Royal favour wore in those days !

Jesse gives an amusing correspondence from James V. of Scotland to the Archdeacon of East Riding on the subject of some bloodhounds which he wished to procure, who were trained to ride on a horse, sitting behind the man on the saddle! This was a strange idea, for the hounds could quite easily have kept up with the horsemen, and besides, what dog—a large one especially—would have consented to remain seated on a galloping horse? Queen Margaret, the King's mother, was also interested in the quest for riding dogs, but it does not seem that they were successful in their search! This reminds one of the Persian dog which rode before the Chinese Emperor, but, then, that dog was quite small.

Bloodhounds for tracking were much used at this period, for the country was in a troubled state and the land full of outlaws, who plundered and stole from the inhabitants in lonely regions.

In the account of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots endorsed by Lord Burghley's hand we find the following :

“ Then one of the executioners, pulling off her garters, espied her little dogg, which was crept under her clothes, which could not be gotten forth but by force, yet afterwards would not depart from the corpse, but came and lay betweene her head and her shoulders, which being imbrued with her bloode, was caryed away and washed, as all things ells were that had any bloode was either burned or clean washed.”

This is one of the instances which show that small dogs are capable of great affection, and that they do not, as some people say, merely care for their comfort and their food.

A soldier poet called Sir John Harrington, a godson of Queen Elizabeth and the translator of Ariosto, wrote the following letter in 1608 concerning his dog Bungey :

“ May it now please your Highness (Prince Henry) to accept in good sorte what I now offer, as hath been done aforetyme ; but having good reason to thinke your



Highness had goodwill and likinge to read what others have tolde of my rare Dogge, I will even give a brief historie of his goode deedes and strange feats ; and herin will I not plaie the curr myselfe, but in good soothe relate what is no more nor lesse than bare veritie. Although I mean not to disparage the deedes of Alexander's Horse, I will match my dogge against him for good carriage ; for, if he did not bear a great Prince on his backe, I am bold to saie he did often bear the sweet wordes of a greater Princesse on his neck.

“ I did once relate to your Highness after what sorte his tackling was, where withe he did sojourn from my house at the Bathe (Bath, Somersetshire) to Greenwich Palace, and deliver up to the Courte there such matters as were entrusted to his care. This he hathe often done, and come safe to the Bathe, or my house here at Kelstone, with goodly returnes from such Nobilitie as were pleased to emploie him ; nor was it ever told our Ladie Queen that this messenger did ever blab ought concerninge his highe truste, as others have done in more special matters. Neither must it be forgotten as how he once was sente with two charges of sack wine from the Bathe to my house by my man Combe ; and on his way the cordage did slacken, but my trustie bearer did now bear himselfe so wisely, and take the other in his teethe to the house, after whiche he went forthe and returnede with the other parte of his burden to dinner. Hereat your Highnesse may perchance marvell and doubte ; but we have livinge testimonie of those who wroughte in the fieldes and espiede his worke, and nowe live to tell they did much longe to plaie the dogge, and give stowage to the wine themselves ; but they did refraine and watchede the passinge of this whole businesse.

“ I neede not saie how muche I did once grieve at missinge this dogge, for on my journie towards Londonne, some idle pastimers did diverte themselves with hunting mallards in a ponde, and conveyed him to the Spanish Ambassadors ; where (in a happie houre) after six weekes I did heare of him ; but such was the courte he did pay to the Don, that he has no lesse in good likinge there than



at home. Nor did the householde listen to any claim or challenge, till I rested my suite on the dogge's own proofes, and made him performe such feets before the nobles assembled as put it paste doubt that I was his master. I did send him to the hall in the time of dinners, and made him bringe thence a pheasant out of the dish, which created much mirth ; but much more, when he returned at my commandment to the table and put it again in the same cover. Herewith the companie was well content to allow me my claim, and we both came homewards.

" Thus I have strove to rehearse such of his deedes as may suggest much more to your Highness' thought of this dogge.

" Now let Ulysses praise his Dogge Argus, or Tobit be led by that dogge whose name doth not appear, yet could I say such things of my Bungey as might shame them bothe, either for good faith, clear wit, or wonderful deedes ; to say no more than I have said, of his bearing letters to London and Greenwich, more than a hundred miles. As I doubt not but your Highnesse would love my dogge, if not myselfe, I have been this tedious in his storie ; and again saie, that of all the dogges at your father's courte, not one hath more love more diligence to please, or less paye for pleasinge, than him I write of. I now reste your Highness' friend in all service that may suite him.

" JOHN HARRINGTON."

The portrait of this beautiful beast appears in the title-page of Harrington's folio edition of *Orlando Furioso*, published in 1591. He appears to have been a spaniel or setter, shaggy in front and shorn behind, like our present-day poodles.

Performing animal shows were much the fashion in the Middle Ages, and dancing dogs were led about the streets, and even gave performances before the highest in the land. In some old manuscripts, and later in engravings, we see pictures of little spaniels dancing on their hind legs attired in brightly-coloured satin coats.

At this time bear- and bull-baiting were very popular.

There were two bear-gardens, and the amphitheatres by the riverside, one for bull- and the other for bear-baiting, with dogs tied under a long shed, are shown in the old maps of London of the time of Elizabeth.

Good Queen Bess had her hunting harriers, buck, hart and otter hounds.

In 1559 the French Ambassadors "were brought to court with musick to dinner; and after a splendid dinner they were entertained with the baiting of bears and bulls with English dogs."

During the Tudor and Stuart periods the renown of British dogs, especially mastiffs, was such that they were frequently sent as political presents to foreign powers.

Dr. Caius, physician to Queen Elizabeth in 1570, wrote much about the British dog, and he and another writer were very severe on the ladies of his day for the fondness they showed for their toy dogs. Dr. Caius wrote as follows:

"Of the delicate, neate, and pretty kind of dogges called the spaniel gentle, or the comforter. . . . These are little and prettie, proper and fine, and sought out far and neere to satisfie the nice delicacie of daintie dames; instruments of follie to plaie and dallie withal in trifling away the treasure of time." He further describes them as "dogges curled and rough all over, which by reason of the lengthe of their haire, make shewe neither of face nor of body; yet these curs forsoothe, because they are so strange, are greatly set by, esteemed, taken up and made of many times, in the rooms of the spaniels gentle or comforter."

At Lyons, in Gaul, these little dogs were in great demand, and sold for ten gold pieces each.

Then Caius goes on: "And though some suppose that such dogges are fyt for no service, I dare say, by their leaves, they be in a wrong box."

The learned doctor was of opinion that the most excellent cure for a pain in the middle was to carry close in your arms the spaniel gentle, for by his warmth you would be comforted and benefited, and the poor little dog would absorb your disease. He said that he knew of cases where the little dogs had died of the disease they had taken from their mistresses!

They were certainly "meete playfellowes for mincing mistresses," as Caius called them. The King Charles spaniel also came to England in this reign, for Caius tells us that "The spaniel is so named from Spain, whence they came," which is true enough, but they originally came from the Far East of China or Japan, landing in Spain, and from there being exported to our country.

King Charles so loved these small spaniels, that they were given the freedom of Whitehall, Hampton Court, and all the Royal palaces, and the King always had one or more in his company.

During the Plague of London about 40,000 dogs were destroyed by order of the Lord Mayor to endeavour to prevent infection by them. So the poor dogs suffered for the idleness and uncleanness of their owners.

The bear-garden was still well attended, and we read in 1682 that a horse belonging to Lord Rochester, which had killed several other horses and several people, was baited "at the Hope in Bank side, being His Majesty's Bear-Garden." This was done for the entertainment of the Ambassador from the Emperor of Fez and Morocco.

Bull- and bear-baiting were very popular until forbidden by law in 1822. Many dogs were killed and badly maimed at this cruel sport; to quote from an account given by John Houghton, F.R.S., in 1694:

"I have seen a dog tossed by a bull thirty, if not forty feet high—and the men strive to catch them on their shoulders lest the fall might mischief the dogs. I must tell you that the famed dogs have crosses or roses of various coloured ribbon stuck with pitch upon their foreheads; and such like the ladies are very ready to bestow on dogs that do valiantly. . . . The true courage and art is for the dog to hold the bull by the nose till he roars, which a courageous bull scorns to do."

Tigers and lions were also baited in public, particularly during the eighteenth century. This seems a strangely cruel practice to have survived as late as 1822, and little deserves the name of "sport," for Houghton tells us that the bull has a "collar about his neck fastened to a rope



1 THE "DUNNE HOUNDE"

*From Turbeville's Booke of Huntynge, 1576*

2 ELIZABETHAN HUNTSMAN AND HIS HOUNDE

*From Turbeville's Booke of Huntynge, 1576*





three or four yards long, hung to a hook and fastened to a stake, so that it will turn around—thus the bull circulates to watch his enemy, which is a mastiff dog with a short nose, that his teeth may take the better hold. This dog, if right, will creep upon his belly, that he may, if possible, get the bull by the nose, which the bull as carefully strives to defend by laying it close to the ground, where his horns are also ready to do what in them lies to toss the dog ; and this is the true sport."

Dogs in Britain have not always enjoyed a peaceful life of hunting, coursing, and friendship with man, for many have had to earn their daily bone. Dogs were employed in several ways, some for truffle hunting ; others turned water-wheels and spits. At Caerleon, in Wales, in the kitchen of the Hanbury Arms Inn, as late as 1858 a long-backed, short-legged little dog worked the turnspit wheel. The wheel was attached to the ceiling, and the dog worked inside it like a squirrel in its cage, consequently when once in motion he had to continue running.

In the early nineteenth century the butchers' carts and milk-carts were drawn by teams of dogs ; these carts went at a great speed, and only appeared in the early morning and evening, the dogs barking as they went, lending noise and excitement to the scene. Mercifully, these dog-carts were abolished by Act of Parliament.

Now we have swiftly and very generally reviewed the position of the dog in Britain, but before we pass on we would mention one or two dogs who belonged to famous people. These dogs belonged mostly to great writers and poets, and it is because of their master's gifts that a record of their loving and faithful service has been left us. They were, no doubt, quite ordinary dogs, who loved their masters as your or my dog does to-day, but their names have been immortalised in literature, and so are known to us.

There is one story which we must give, for it so well shows the qualities of the dog ; it is the story of Leo, the faithful watch-dog belonging to Sir Harry Lee, at the Manor House, Ditchley, in Oxfordshire. He was a big-muzzled, heavy-headed mastiff, and the terror of all gipsies and tramps in the countryside. The dog had never been a favourite of

his master's, for dogs of his breed were no use for sport, owing to their size and small sense of smell, so he had been neglected by Sir Harry. The dog would look after him, asking to join in his walk and to have his affection, but he received no encouragement. The servants also left him much alone, so he lived a solitary, neglected life, doing his duty and guarding the house by day and night.

One night Sir Harry was going up to his bedroom about 11 p.m. To his astonishment, on opening the library door he found the dog stretched before it. The dog rose and wagged his tail, and tried to draw his attention. Sir Harry turned away impatiently and went up the stairs, the dog still following closely. The dog tried to follow him into his bedroom, but Sir Harry pushed him away impatiently, ignoring the look of appeal in the dog's eyes. He slammed the door in his face. The dog curled up on the floor outside the room, watching eagerly.

Antonio, the Italian valet, was waiting for his master in his room. Sir Harry told him to drive away the dog when he went out, because he was being troublesome. Outside he tried to get the dog away, but he snapped, showing his huge teeth, and refused to be touched. The servant, fearing the brute's strength, went off and left him, meaning to fetch some meat with which to bribe him away. The dog began to growl and whine uneasily, until Sir Harry got up and opened the door, surprised that the servant had disobeyed his orders. The dog pushed past him and refused to leave the room. He crept under the great bed and refused to come out. Much astonished, but too sleepy to bother, Sir Harry allowed the dog to remain under the bed, and left him there.

The servant returned with a bit of meat to tempt the dog, and, finding him gone, concluded he had retired to his usual haunts in the basement.

Towards 2 a.m. Sir Harry was sleeping too soundly to hear soft, stealthy footsteps creeping along the corridor and pausing on the mat outside his room. The handle turned softly, and the door was pushed inward. In another moment there was a fearful scuffle; with a bound the mastiff leapt upon the intruder and pinned him to the ground. Sir Harry jumped up and lit a light. Before him lay Antonio,

with the mastiff standing over him, showing his teeth and growling fiercely. The Italian tried to conceal the sharp and gleaming knife beside him, but the fierce growls of the dog warned him to keep perfectly still. Calling off the dog, Sir Harry demanded an explanation from the man. He was terrified, and stammered such extraordinary statements that Sir Harry decided to have him examined by a magistrate. At the examination the man confessed that he was going to rob and murder his master, only he was prevented by the dog.

Among the family pictures in possession of the Earls of Lichfield, descendants of Sir Harry Lee, there is a full length portrait of the knight, with his hand on the head of a mastiff, and beneath this legend: "More faithful than favoured."

Lord Byron had a dog called Boatswain, of whom he was very fond, and by a will made in 1811 he directed that his own body should be buried in a vault which he had made for the purpose near his loyal dog. The sale of Newstead Abbey put an end to his plan, for in 1813 he wrote: "I had built myself a bath and a vault, and now I shan't even be buried in it. It is odd that we can't even be certain of a grave; at least a particular one."

Thomas Moore, referring to Boatswain's grave, says: "The monument raised by him to his dog, the most remarkable tribute of the kind since the dogs' graves of old at Salamis, is still a conspicuous ornament of the gardens of Newstead."

The epitaph on the tomb is known the world over, and reads:

Near this spot  
Are deposited the remains of one  
Who possessed Beauty without vanity,  
Strength without insolence,  
Courage without ferocity,  
And all the Virtues of Man without his Vices.  
This praise, which would be unmeaning Flattery  
If inscribed over human ashes,  
Is but a just tribute to the Memory of  
Boatswain a Dog,  
Who was born at Newfoundland, May 1803,  
And died at Newstead Abbey, Nov. 18, 1808.

Sir Walter Scott also possessed more than one dog, of whom he was very fond. On the occasion of the death of his favourite hound he excused himself from dining out because of "the death of a very dear friend."

Spencer, Pope, Swift, Crabbe, Chaucer, Wordsworth, Barrett Browning, Cowper, Goldsmith, and Burns are all amongst the dog-lovers, and have written in praise of the dog. Swift wrote the following lines for the collar of a lady's pet dog :

Pray steal me not ; I'm Mrs. Dingley's,  
Whose heart in this four-footed thing lies.

We hope that these lines never caught the eye of a dog-thief, or they would most surely have raised the little dog's value and added to the visions of a large ransom for the thief !

Pope also wrote an epigram which was engraved on the collar of "a dog which I gave to his Royal Highness." It read :

I am his Highness' dog at Kew ;  
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you ?

And so the tale goes on ; from the beginning, throughout the ages, man has found dog loving, useful, faithful, and a splendid companion and friend.

Before closing this chapter we would, however, quote from Malcolm's *Manners and Customs of London*, for many of his remarks are very true, although we cannot deny that mankind has abused, and does abuse much at times, the power over the animal world entrusted to him.

"Of the domestic customs with reference to animals, none more deserves commendation than the care and affection with which the Englishman repays the attachment and fidelity of his dog—thousands of distressed persons have shared their miserable meals with this description of grateful attendant ; and the rich have been known to erect monuments to their memory. As these animals were inhabitants of England from time immemorial, the friendship of them and their masters commences at the same unknown period. . . .



“ Very few of the visitors to London to whom a refined education may have imparted susceptibility to comparison appear to fail in attachment to any creature which may be attached to them. We see their fondness for the fortunate well-treated pet-dog in their carriages or following them in their walks and rides. . . . But are they unaware of the lamentable contrast to their cherished pet, that miserable despised dog, mongrel, ugly, diseased (but equally capable of feeling)? . . . It has lost home and protector ; and on the mat, its only refuge from the cold pavement, it is shivering out the remnant of its existence, exposed to the persecution and injury from the cruel. The dog, honest, true, and incapable of deceit, knows not how (like artful man) to excite compassion by feigning, dissembling, and exaggerating ! That mercy-imploping look in its eye speaks to the heart with more than words—there is no pretence, no deceptive mendicancy—it really is all it seems. . . .

“ It is in the absence of any legislative assistance that the ‘ Home for Lost and Starving Dogs ’ has been undertaken, and carried out in the face of great opposition ; having had to battle against the heartless, unfeeling, and indifferent. All who keep a dog, and therefore may lose a dog, should, if they really love their dog, subscribe something, if but a trifle, towards the Dogs’ Home.”

This was the small beginning of a great work, our “ Dogs’ Home,” and this article was written a good many years ago ; yet the words are all as true to-day as they were when written ; only, as we consider our civilisation to be progressing, they should be made more true.

So let us be kind to all dogs ; not only to our own favourites but to the stray, who may have been, and probably was, true and faithful to an unkind and ungrateful master,



## II

*" Dieu ne fist aucune bests mue, si parfaite en toute bonté."*—LIVRE DU  
ROY MODUS.

IN speaking of the dogs of France it will not be necessary for us to follow closely their history, for it is much the same as that of the dogs of Britain.

Dogs were to be found in France from the earliest times. We read that they were there during the Roman invasion, and later we read that " the scourge of God," Attila, King of the Huns, in 451 used large bands of dogs to guard his camp and to help to attack in war. Later on, however, many dogs were exported to France from England, and especially during the Tudor and Stuart periods they were much given as Royal and political presents. We read in French records that Henry VIII of England sent a present to the Queen of France of " hobbies, greyhounds, hounds, and great dogs." The Queen was delighted with her present, and declared herself to be " the gladdest woman in the world."

In 1540 Madame de Bours wrote to Lady Lisle asking her to obtain for her " poodles for the crossbow and hackbut." Lady Lisle sent her one, and replied : " He is very good at retrieving the head or bolt of a crossbow, both in the water and on land, and will fetch a tennis ball or glove put on the end of a stick, and other tricks."

Many such exchanges of our four-footed friends took place between Britain and France throughout the Middle Ages.

There was a famous dog, whose story is probably well known, who lived during the reign of Charles V of France (about 1371). This dog was a greyhound called Dragon, and belonged to Aubrey de Montdidier.

One day a young man called de Narsac waited in vain for

his friends Aubrey and Dragon, who were to have met him at a certain hour. For three whole days after this de Narsac waited and hunted for his friend, but neither he nor his dog could be found. Early on the fourth morning de Narsac was awakened by a scratching on his door, and, opening it, found Dragon lying on the threshold, weak and starved, his ribs standing out beneath his coat. The poor dog was in fearful distress, whining and looking up piteously into de Narsac's face. Food and water were brought for the dog, and from the way he fell upon the meal it was evident that he had had no food for some days. No sooner had he finished his meal than Dragon began to growl, and run up and down from de Narsac to the door, evidently asking the young man to follow him.

De Narsac watched the greyhound closely, for his movements were so peculiar that he felt there must be some connection between the dog's strange behaviour and the disappearance of his master. De Narsac decided to follow the dog, and accordingly Dragon led him down the stairs and into the street. On they went through the streets, over the bridge, and out of the Porte St. Martin. Every few yards the dog would turn back to see that de Narsac was following him, and so they went on till they entered the Forest of Bondy, a forest of ill-repute, large and dark and infested with brigands.

The dog led on up the narrow forest paths, until he suddenly flung himself at full length beneath a great, spreading oak-tree and refused to move. De Narsac decided to return to Paris for help, and tried to induce the greyhound to follow him, but he would not be persuaded, and uttered low, angry, protesting growls. Finally, a few hours later, de Narsac returned with a party of men. They dug up the earth beneath the spot where the dog had stretched himself, and here they found the body of Aubrey de Montdidier. The body was returned to Paris and at once buried, followed closely by the faithful greyhound, who from that hour attached himself to de Narsac. They had lived close friends for some weeks when, one fine day, as they walked out together along the Rue St. Martin, de Narsac was surprised to hear fierce growls, and in a moment Dragon leapt from

his side and attacked a young man called Macaire, who, wearing the uniform of the King's bodyguard, was walking along quietly on the opposite side of the street. The dog was beaten off with sticks and led away by his new master, but a few days later the same thing once more occurred. This time the rumour of these strange attacks reached the King's ears, and there were also whispers of a long-standing quarrel between Aubrey de Montdidier and Macaire. The King determined to sift the matter to the bottom, and had the young Sieur de Narsac and his greyhound brought before him at the Hôtel St. Pol. The young man entered and bowed low before the King, but immediately the dog sprang amongst the courtiers grouped around the throne and seized the Chevalier Macaire by the throat. He was beaten off, but it was no longer possible to doubt that the dog had a good reason for his hatred of Macaire. Charles V decided that Macaire and the greyhound should fight their battle out to the death, and that God should be their judge. Accordingly, that afternoon the strange combat took place, the King and his courtiers all acting as witnesses. The man was armed with a short stick, and the dog was given an empty barrel as a retreating-ground from his opponent's attacks. The great dog seemed to understand the importance of this strange fight, and he darted at his enemy, barking and uttering fierce growls. Macaire was terrified, and soon lost his nerve, hitting but the air with his blows, and soon the dog, catching him by the throat, pulled him to the ground. Macaire, in terror, implored the King for mercy, confessing that he had murdered de Montdidier. For his crime Macaire was executed that same night. So Dragon the greyhound avenged his master's death, his name going down to posterity as "The dog of Montargis" or "Aubrey's dog."

In those days the forests of France were very unsafe after nightfall, for in the dense undergrowth lurked large packs of fierce wolves, ever watching for the lonely traveller. Big dogs of all kinds were employed in large troops, in what seemed an almost vain effort to rid the country of this pest. As late as 1800 the forests were still unsafe, and the story is told of a very fierce wolf who inhabited the Forest of

Gevaudun, in Auvergne, in 1764. This wolf had a craving for human flesh, and ravaged the district. It was a huge beast measuring six feet from nose to tail, and had devoured eighty-six people, besides wounding thirty others. This old wolf had been attacked by some two or three hundred thousand hunters in his day, and yet remained uncaught. The whole of France was in a state of fear, and work in all fields round about ceased ; those who had to be abroad saw to it that they were armed to the teeth. Everywhere tales of some new outrage were brought in ; a woman had been devoured, or some children snatched from their cottage doorway.

The State offered 2,000 francs to the slayer of the monster, but even this (in those days) large sum did not bring about the death of the beast.

Finally one day the beautiful young Comtesse de Mercoire, châtelaine of a large estate in the neighbourhood, offered her hand in marriage to the one who should bring her the dead body of the old wolf of Gevaudun. This offer fired the young Count Léonce de Varinas, who was already much in love with the Countess, to attempt to kill the wolf and capture for himself the hand of the beautiful girl.

The youth set out accompanied by a large number of friends and his two dogs, one a bloodhound and one a mastiff. His companions were left outside the forest to await his return, and the young man set forth armed with a rifle and accompanied by his dogs. After a long search Léonce found the footsteps of the beast he sought, and eventually, towards evening, he saw the great, yellow eyes of the wolf glaring at him from the undergrowth. The dogs close to his heels growled, and their fur stood up on their backs as they advanced, the young man with his gun cocked and ready to fire. Before he had time to do so, however, the wolf with one spring leapt upon him, knocking him down and stunning him, and but for the faithful dogs it would have been the end of Léonce de Varinas. They flew at the wolf's throat, who quickly made an end of the bloodhound by breaking his back. There was still Castor, the mastiff, for the wolf to deal with, however, and a fearful fight ensued, the wolf keeping the advantage. Backwards and forwards they



fought over the prostrate form of Léonce, who was just regaining consciousness. Drawing his hunting-knife, he drove it deep into the shaggy breast of the wolf, who fell full on him, still fighting off the attacks of Castor. . . . It was the end, and Castor was the victor.

When the young Count had freed himself from the weight upon him he saw the wolf lying dead at his feet, and Castor bleeding but triumphantly panting beside the body.

A marriage was soon celebrated between Léonce and the Countess, and the great hero of the proceedings was Castor, the mastiff, whose courageous fight had freed France from the wolf of Gevaudun.

Great freedom was allowed to the owners of dogs by the mediæval Church, and it was permitted for dogs to enter all sacred buildings with their masters. We read that "at Avignon the dogs made love or war, and barked in the churches at pleasure."

Dogs were also in great demand for all hunting purposes, for falconing and coursing, and small spaniels or terriers were used for otter-hunting. Many lengthy and detailed books on the art of hunting were written by mediæval Frenchmen, some as early as 1300. In one of these books, called *Le Roy Modus*, the author seems to have little to say in favour of the clergy of his day, for like Milton in our own land he compares them to wolves and foxes.

Most of the Kings of France had pet dogs besides their hounds for hunting and coursing. Henry III of Navarre, says L'Etoile, spent more than 10,000 écus a year on dogs, and besides he had three tiny dogs, which he wore in a basket tied about his neck with a wide blue ribbon. Sully, in his letter, says that he found Henry "*une cappe les epaules, son petit toquet en teste, et un panier pendu en échape au col comes les vendeurs de fromage, dans lequel il y avait deux ou trois petits chiens pas plus gros que le poing.*" These dogs were called Liline, Titi, and Miani, and it was Henry's great delight to play with these little beasts.

Now, all you lovers of big dogs are probably scoffing at the King for playing with dogs so small in frame, yet listen to the stories recorded of their sense of duty and faithfulness. These three small beasts who hailed from Smyrna mounted



guard each night beside Royal Henry's bedside. The one on "sentry-go" would sit with his forepaws on the edge of the basket rim, attentive and wakeful. When the clock struck the hour, the sentry would shake himself joyfully and run to his neighbour and bite his ear, no doubt saying in dog-Latin: "Up you get, lazy bones! It's your turn for duty." "Lazy bones" would then stretch from nose to tail and enter the basket, taking up his position of duty and "Shun!" No. 1 dog then turned round several times and curled up in the "off-duty" basket until the hour struck once more, when No. 3 would be called out to relieve No. 2, and so till dawn Henry of Navarre snored in safety.

It is a fact that, when the Jacobin monk came to St. Cloud to assassinate the King, these dogs had a premonition of evil. He entered the room and went forward to present a letter to the King, but with a knife concealed beneath his robe. Liline, the usually peaceful and good-natured, leapt upon the monk savagely, biting his ankles and tearing his cassock. Henry had her removed, but even in the next room she could be heard howling loudly and growling warningly.

The monk again approached the King, but suddenly sprang forward and stabbed him twice and as he did so the yells of the three little dogs were heard, loud and piteous, wailing for their friend and master. So once more a little dog had more knowledge and foresight than her master, and made valiant efforts to save him from his blindness and stupidity. But it is the way even to this day; men will not be warned; and so, to put it vulgarly, it's usually "their own funeral" (literally so sometimes!).

In 1572-3, during the St. Bartholomew wars, a young officer of the guard called Saint-Léger was imprisoned in the stronghold of Vincennes. He pleaded to have his dog with him, but in vain, and the sorrowful beast was returned to the young man's home in the Rue des Lions St. Paul.

The next day the dog found his way to the prison again, and ran about, barking beneath all the windows, till at last his master's beloved face appeared at one of them. The little beast jumped up and down, and showed every sign of joy, and his master, glad to see so faithful and true a friend, shared with him his meagre meal.

For four solid years, day in and day out, this little dog came to the prison at the same hour, in every weather. Surely this is a wonderful instance of a great love and faith? Not for one year, or occasionally, but every day for four years the poor beast came to see his master, never failing him. There was one warder who loved dogs, and was touched by the little dog's persevering love, and so, one great day, he took the little beast into the prison to see his master. What a day it must have been for both of them!

Six months later the young man was released, but his health had been impaired, and he died after three months of liberty, and his little four-footed friend followed him to the grave. Then, refusing to return to his home, where no master would greet him, the little fellow trotted off to Vincennes and found the kind warder who had let him see his master—at the risk of his own life, it must be said. The little dog spent the rest of his life with the warder, as though to thank him for his past kindness. The dog was fairly happy, but he would frequently go and sit for long hours in the tower where his beloved young master had been lodged, thus showing that he did not forget—ever.

In 1647 the great General Condé had a trusty friend in a splendid Great Dane who followed him wherever he went in peace or war. He was great in frame and great in mind, and was never known to hurt one smaller than himself.

One day, by the side of the Danube, some soldiers set a troop of small dogs on the Great Dane to see what he would do, and they were certainly surprised at the very clever way the big dog dealt with the small "gnats" who barked about him. One by one he picked them up and swam the swiftly-flowing Danube, placing each wriggling, yelping dog on the banks and swimming back for another one, until they were all safely on the other side and well out of his way!

Still more amazing is the story which is recorded of a dog belonging to a Dublin gunner at the battle of Fontenoi. Mustapha—for so he was called—when he saw his master shot down, yelled piteously, and fell upon him, licking his wounds and face and trying to revive him. That is quite an ordinary and dog-like tale, but now comes the amazing part of the yarn. Seeing a burning fuse near by, he seized it

in his mouth and set it to some gunpowder, which exploded, killing sixty of the enemy (a goodly number in those days), and the rest of them flew for their lives ! This wonderful dog was sent to England as a present to King George II, who rewarded him with a soldier's pension !

These stories all point to, and prove, the fact that dogs do not desert those who are kind to them, even when they fall from comfort and riches and prosperous times. Your dog does not care whether your dress is smart, of brocade, and well cut, or whether it is thin, and worn, and faded ; your dog does not ask that you be clever or rich ; he merely asks your love, your sympathy, your understanding touch on his head, your kind look into his brown, enquiring eyes. That is all and enough for him.

So the little dog belonging to that beautiful and most unfortunate Queen, the wife of Louis XVI, cared not a jot that her mistress was no longer perfumed and finely dressed, that she no longer sat in great mirrored rooms, and played hide and seek amongst the stately trees of the Trianon. She missed her love, her touch, her friendship, and her thick coat concealed a full and heavy heart. Thisbé tried to follow her mistress as she stepped into the carriage that led her to the miserable days in the Conciergerie, but she was rudely pushed back by the soldiers. Undaunted, the little beast ran behind the carriage all the way, and, seeing her mistress step from the carriage, she leapt up upon her, kissing her hands and uttering little cries of joy. The soldiers roughly pushed Thisbé away, and Marie Antoinette passed through the gates of her prison. Thisbé then ran back to the Palais Royale to her mistress's room, where, at peril of her life, a dressmaker named Arnaud took pity on the little beast and took her away to her home. At peril of her life ; for it was no longer a fine thing to be friends with the little dog of a Queen ; it might mean that you would be reported for harbouring the possessions of a condemned person. But Arnaud was devoted and brave. So the little dog was concealed ; but each evening she slipped out and went and sat at the prison doors, waiting, ever waiting. One wonders what sorrowful questionings there must have been in the breast of the poor little dog, but the guards were

vigilant, and Thisbé never again saw her mistress. The dressmaker hid the faithful beast, but she would eat no food, and one day she ended her life by jumping from a window into the Seine.

And so one more faithful dog died for love of the master or mistress who was its god.

Mme. Royale also had a dog, a spaniel called Mignon, but she was more fortunate in her misfortune, for she had the comfort of this faithful friend to the end. What a comfort these dog friends must have been in all that gruesome world of hate and treachery. Their loyalty and love, their warm, tail-wagging little bodies, and their loving brown eyes, must have meant a lot to their poor doomed masters and mistresses.

Another faithful dog of those fearful times belonged to a magistrate of one of the northern departments of France. This man was arrested and cast into prison, and his spaniel was left outside the great iron gates. For weeks every evening the poor beast went and sat outside the prison gates, hoping and still hoping. But the gates remained closed. Then one day the magistrate was at last brought before his judges for trial. Amongst all the vast crowd who listened none dared show any sympathy, but the little dog as if by magic appeared, pushing through the great forest of legs till he stood gladly and proudly by his master's side.

Sentence of death was passed, and the next day, early in the morning, the man was led out to the guillotine. With that peculiar knowledge which dogs have, that foreknowledge so strange to us, the little dog knew that he must go in the morning that day to the prison, and there he sat as the doors opened.

Of all his friends and family none were with the magistrate but his dog, who stood beside him when his head fell. Aware that some fearful thing had happened, the dog gave piteous cries and licked his master's responseless hands. The man was buried, and beside his grave sat the little spaniel, for a day, then two, and three days. At last a friend came, and, finding him, took him to his home, trying to induce him to eat and drink. But the little dog would not stay. At the first opportunity he ran straight to his master's grave,



which he never left again. Food was brought to him, but he would not eat, and finally the little beast died upon his master's grave. His love was stronger than death, and his fidelity lasted beyond the grave.

There are several stories recorded of Napoleon's encounters with dog-heroes, and he fully appreciated their worth. Perhaps because of the love and loyalty which men accorded to him, the great General saw and understood the faith and loyalty of these little dogs. As men had followed him through snow and fire, hunger and pain, so these dogs had followed their generals and their gods, those whom we call their masters.

It was a cold, grey dawn on the battlefield where lay the human wrecks of the battle of Castiglione, in Lombardy. The Austrians had at last retired, broken and defeated, and the victorious Napoleon, as was his custom, walked amongst the dead and dying to see how the day had gone. Looking about him in the dim light, the great General perceived a living, moving object in all that great stillness. Buonaparte went to the spot to see what this could be, and there beheld a little Barbet dog. The faithful creature stood with forefeet firmly fixed upon the breast of an Austrian officer ; his long ears drooped over his eyes, which gazed anxiously and fixedly on those of his master. Struck by the pathetic spectacle, Napoleon called his officers to him. " See," he said, " the dog, as if he had known my voice, removed his eyes from his master, and, throwing them on me for a moment, resumed his former posture ; but in that momentary look there was a mute eloquence beyond the power of language. It was a reproach with all the poignancy of bitterness." The dog's appeal was irresistible, and Buonaparte felt the call to mercy, and " gave orders to stop the carnage instantly." So some Austrians (probably many) owed their lives to the appeal in the true brown eyes of a dog.

Napoleon fully appreciated the usefulness of the dog in war, and gave orders that his sharp ears should be used for the good of his armies. Writing to Field-Marshal Marmont, he said : " Collect all the dogs you can, and picket them down outside the ramparts to give warning of attack."



One of these dogs, called "Moustache," born in 1799 at Calais, became famous. He was the happy and contented dog of a grocer of Caen, until one day, strolling in the High Street, Moustache came upon a regiment of Grenadiers marching smartly to the sound of a band. Moustache cut the greengrocer for ever afterwards, and followed the gay Grenadiers from the town. He was a muddy and ugly tike, but he had a twinkle to his eye, and a jaunty cock to his tail.

"We have not a single dog in the regiment," said the Petit Tambour, and from that moment, with the permission of the drum-major, Moustache joined the Grenadier band. Ere three weeks had passed he could stand with as erect a back as any private in the regiment, he could act sentinel, and march in perfect time. He was a true soldier, and lived from paw to mouth, enduring the hardships of the Mont St. Bernard with as good a grace as any veteran in the army. In action Moustache soon covered himself with glory. His regiment, encamped on the heights of Alexandria, was in danger of attack, but Moustache was on the watch. Going his rounds, he soon detected the sound of approaching Austrians and gave the alarm. The enemy fled. The next day Moustache was granted unanimously the rations of a Grenadier.

He was now cropped "*a la militaire*," with a collar bearing the name of his regiment about his neck, and the barber was given a fixed order to shave him every week. Moustache was wounded in the shoulder not long before the great battle of Marengo, but, lame as he was, he could not keep away from such a glorious scene. He kept close beside the banner, which he could now recognise amongst a hundred, and never ceased barking till nightfall. The sun arose upon Austerlitz, and Moustache was in the centre of the fray. In the thick of the fight he beheld the ensign who bore the regimental colours surrounded by the enemy. The gallant poodle rushed to the rescue, barking, biting, pulling, but in vain. The ensign fell covered with wounds, but not before he had wrapped his body in the folds of the standard. Moustache leapt upon the body, and fought the five or six Austrians who were about to pierce him with their bayonets

and seize the colours. A discharge of gunshot saved the dog and his colours, and immediately, seeing himself delivered from his assailants, the dog seized the torn standard, and, being unable to disentangle its folds from the fallen ensign, he tore away a piece of the silk, which he bore limping but proudly back to camp. This gallant poodle was killed in battle at the taking of Badajos in 1811. He was given a true military funeral on the field, with collar and medal. Over his grave a stone was erected, with the words "*Ci tige le brave Moustache*," but the poor dog was later dug up by the Spaniards and his bones burnt by order of the Spanish Inquisition.

And now one last tale of another gay French poodle, a smart black gentleman belonging to a shoeblack who cleaned the shoes of passers-by on the Pont Neuf, in Paris.

One muddy day an English officer crossed the bridge, his freshly cleaned boots spotlessly clean, when a black poodle suddenly rushed up to him and put his muddy front paws on his glistening patent leather feet. Rather annoyed, the officer passed on, and at the far end of the bridge a bootblack offered to clean his boots. Seeing the dirt on his shoes, the officer allowed the man to clean off the offending mud.

The two days following this whole performance was repeated, and at last the officer thought there was something odd about this gay, smiling poodle. Accordingly he watched the bridge for some time, and saw the poodle rush up to one person after another, wiping his muddy paws on each one's shoes as they passed. Then the watcher realised that the poodle was the bootblack's partner, and had been taught to soil the shoes of all pedestrians as they crossed the bridge—to give custom to his master sitting at the far end. The officer offered the bootblack large sums of money for the dog, but, even had the man been willing to part with his faithful ally, the poodle would have none of him, and refused to leave his master. Bootblack or no, he was good enough—and the poodle continued to ply his trade on the Pont Neuf.

Now, although we could go on for many hours telling stories of faithfulness and love, of heroism and endurance,

and many other virtues possessed by some of the dogs of France, we must pass on, and leave them for you to find out about for yourself if you are interested. We have seen, however, that in France, too, dogs were dogs from the beginning; they were the friends of Frenchmen, his companions in the home, the chase, and the battlefield. There were also, as in Britain, many poets and writers who had dog friends, particularly J. J. Rousseau and Alexandre Dumas, who had a collection of every breed and size of dog, all beloved and faithful friends.



1 THE WATER DOGGE, 1621

2 THE SETTING DOGGE, 1621





### III

"The more I see of men, the better I like my dog."—FREDERICK THE GREAT.

WITHOUT a doubt, dog existed in all countries as man's ally, be he black or white, savage or civilised ; and from Russia in Asia to the rocky coast of Brittany, and from the Baltic to the Black Sea, and even across the Atlantic, dogs wagged their tails and followed at the heels of man.

Of these countries, some have become more famous for their dogs than others. Switzerland, for instance, has always been famed for her splendid St. Bernards, France for her shepherd dogs of the Vosges in Alsace Lorraine, and to Germany is usually attributed the dachshund, although it is thought that he may be originally of Eastern descent.

Frederick the Great of Prussia was very fond of dogs, and possessed an Italian greyhound whom he always carried beneath his cloak. During the Seven Years' War, Frederick was pursued by a party of Austrian dragoons, all eager for his capture, and he was compelled to take shelter under a bridge. Had the dog uttered a sound they would have been taken, but, strangely, the beast seemed to know of their common danger, and was silent, curbing his usually ill-natured and noisy bark. When this dog died, he was buried in the grounds of the Castle of Sans Souci at Potsdam, in a handsome tomb bearing an inscription on it. That the great Emperor respected dogs is certainly proved by the saying quoted at the head of this chapter !

In the earliest hero tales of Germany, the dog is ever present, and we can be certain that he has always filled a good big place in the hearts of his Teutonic masters.

The St. Bernard is a breed peculiar to the Alps and the districts between Switzerland and Savoy. The passes in these mountains are exceedingly dangerous, because of their

narrow steepness and the fearful snowstorms which sweep through them, burying and freezing the unfortunate traveller.

The monastery of St. Bernard is situated on top of Mount St. Bernard, and near the steep pass. Here a special breed of dog is kept, and trained for life-saving duties amongst the lost and benighted travellers in the pass. Each night these dogs are sent out, with a small flask of reviving spirit attached to their collars, to find and to guide the lost stranger. When they find one who, owing to the heavy snowfall, has lost his way, these dogs, by their wonderful instinct and keen scent, lead the traveller safely by the narrow path to the warmth and welcome of the monastery.

Barry, the most famous of these dogs, wore about his neck a medal for saving the life of forty people, and he died doing his job ; for one fearful night of wind and storm the dog was sent to escort a Piedmontese traveller to the distant village of St. Pierre. The man and Barry set out together, the dog, surefooted and wary, leading the way ; but they had but barely entered the pass when they were killed by an avalanche, which hurled them together into the valley far below.

In Savoy dogs were called into the witness-box as well as into the dock, and their evidence was allowed. If a man's house was broken into by a burglar, and the owner killed the burglar, it was looked upon as justifiable homicide. It was, however, thought possible that an unscrupulous man living alone might kill someone and then say that he had been caught burgling his house. In a case of this kind, the murderer had to produce his dog to give evidence, as he had presumably seen the crime committed.

The man was required to make his declaration of innocence before his dog, and if his statement passed unchallenged he was set free.

It was evidently expected that Providence would step in, and bestow on the dumb witness, temporarily, the gift of human speech. Considering that so frequently in the Middle Ages, and in more ancient times, dumb animals were tried by the ordinary criminal law for offences real or imaginary, we do not blame the dog or other creatures for

giving evidence against us. We must note that this incredibly unfair act had a biblical foundation, for it was originally grounded upon the authority of the Bible. In Exodus xxi. 28 it says, "If an ox gore a man or a woman, that they die: then the ox shall be surely stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten; but the owner of the ox shall be quit."

These animal trials began about A.D. 1120, and the last one was held in 1771.

A curious distinction was drawn between the methods adopted at these trials. Ordinary animals would be cited to appear personally before the court; they were brought in, tried, sentenced, and punished. It was, however, obviously impossible to bring into the court for trial the vermin of a whole district, and so the Church decreed that ordinary creatures should be tried by the civil courts, whilst vermin and wild beasts should be tried by ecclesiastical authority alone. Sometimes in lay courts the offenders were sent to prison just as though they were human beings, whilst committers of more serious offences were publicly hung.

The last criminal to be thus tried was a dog who was tried in England, at Chichester, in 1771.

In the chronicles of Scottish affairs we find a most extraordinary tale of the trial of a dog during the demonstrations on the Test Act in 1681. "At this time many things were done in mockery of the test. One I shall tell. The children of Heriots Hospital, finding that the dog which held the yards of that hospital had a public charge and office, ordained him to take the test, and offered him a paper. But he, loving a bone better than it, absolutely refused it. They then rubbed it with butter, which they called an Explication of the Test, in imitation of Argyle, and he licked off the butter but did not spit out the paper; for which they held a jury upon him, they found the dog guilty of treason, and actually hanged him!"

The doings of the ecclesiastical courts are also worthy of note, for they found it a difficult matter to apprehend a swarm of flies, mosquitoes, or an army of mice and rats. This task fell to the Church, and they proceeded in the

following manner : " An advocate was chosen to defend the animals (or insects), and show cause why they should not be summoned. They were then cited, and, not appearing, judgment was given against them in default. The court then issued an admonition warning the animals to leave the district within a certain time, under penalty of abjuration ; if they failed to disappear by the period appointed the exorcism was solemnly pronounced." And much the flies, or fleas, or mosquitoes cared !

In 1587 proceedings were taken in Southern France against some beetles, and it is interesting to note that the best and most famous lawyers of the time were chosen to defend the said beetles ! We cannot feel much sympathy for the beetles, or the flies or fleas, but we are very thankful that our dogs and horses are no longer subjected to such cruel proceedings. If we could effectively try and condemn to death the tsetse fly of Africa, the malaria mosquitoes, and other such offensive pests, then some good might come of such strange doings. It is no wonder that the Moslems say that after death animals will give evidence against us !

There is no record of the miracle of speech being given to an animal in the witness-box, although there was a dog in Alsace who could speak several words in German, French, and English. A professor was sent for to report on this dog's wonderful gift before the University of Leipsic. He found the reports true in every respect, and said that the words uttered by the dog were perfectly clear and well articulated.

It would be nice if our dog could develop this gift, and think of all that he would be able to tell you ; still, perhaps one of his greatest assets and charms might so be lost—that of his understanding silence, his quiet sympathy, and his persistent abstention from gossip !

Passing from Switzerland to Holland, we read in Somer's tracts of how Julian Romero, under the Duke of Alva, in 1572 made a night attack on the camp of the Prince of Orange. Julian Romero forced his way all through the guards about William's tent, killing the two secretaries who slept just outside, and the Prince himself had a narrow



escape. " For I heard the Prince say often that he thought, but for his dog he had been taken. The camisado was given with such resolution, that the place of armes tooke no alarme, until their fellowes were running in with the enemy in their tailes, whereupon this dogge, hearing a great noyse, fell to scratching and crying, and with all leapt on the Prince's face, awaking him being asleepe, before any of his men. And albeit the Prince lay in his armes, with a lackey alwaies holding one of his horses ready bridled, yet at the going out of his tent, with much adoe hee recovered his horse before the enemy arrived. Nevertheless one of his equiries was slain taking horse presently after him. For troth, ever since, untill the Prince's dying day, he kept one of that dogges' race ; as did many friends and followers. The most or all of these dogges were white little hounds, with crooked noses, called camuses."

Motley, also, in his *Dutch Republic* tells this same tale. ' But for the little dog's watchfulness, William of Orange, upon whose shoulders the whole weight of his country's fortunes depended, would have been led within a week to an ignominious death. To his dying day this Prince ever afterwards kept a spaniel of the same race in his bed-chamber."

So here again we have a story of watchfulness and faithfulness in a small dog ; and of such stories there are hundreds. These little four-footed friends in times of peace and plenty, in gay and happy times, seem just nice, jolly, loving little companions, always ready to share your fun and play. But it is when sorrow, war, sickness, and death overtake you that the true character and real worth of your dog comes out. So don't merely think him fun, or just think him loving and friendly, for some day he may be much more to you than that. He will still love you, still trust you implicitly, and still be proud of you, even in adversity ; so be very kind to him, and let him feel your friendship before you fall from happiness, peace, or grace.

In Belgium we again meet our friend the intelligent and gentlemanly poodle ; only here he was largely employed in evading the law. Still, as most of us are given to this practice in some form or another we cannot blame him !



He was trained to smuggle lace over the frontier of Belgium. Rolls of the beautiful Mechlin and Brussels lace would be wound about his body, and over all he would wear a false poodle skin. Schooled to detect an official and to loathe and avoid him, the clever beast would trot along the coast, and so avoid the voracious Customs officials ! In olden days the poodle resembled the old water-dog, all curled and shaggy, but now, in Europe and in America, he is fantastically shaved, leaving only tufts and islands of his originally long and warm coat. We wonder if sometimes the poor beasts do not feel shamed and ridiculous when the barber has done with them ! We once had a dog whose coat was much too long and thick, and so we took him to be plucked. The vet. did his job so well that when the dog left him his skin showed pink through his coat. It was quite evident what he felt about it ; he hung down his tail and his ears, and showed as clearly as possible that he felt too undressed to be decent in public.

In Holland and Belgium dogs are still used as beasts of burden. In every town they are to be seen drawing their milk-carts behind them, and very fierce they are if one tries to interfere with them or touch their cart.

From the old Italian masters we know that dogs were great favourites amongst the Italians at all times, and in a great many of their beautiful paintings we find pictures of our friend.

Veronese, a painter of the Venetian school, painted dogs in many of his pictures, and Ruskin, in commenting on them, makes several most amusing allusions to these dogs, particularly those in two of the painter's most famous pictures, "The Presentation of his own Family to the Madonna" and "The Queen of Sheba before Solomon." In the former the dog is walking away much offended, wondering, Ruskin says, how on earth the Madonna can have got into the house, and in the second picture we see the Queen of Sheba beholding Solomon in all his glory, and apparently feeling very overawed with it, but her dog "is wholly unabashed by Solomon's presence, or anybody else's, and stands with his forelegs well apart right in front of his mistress, thinking everyone has lost their wits, and barking loudly at one of the

attendants, who has set down a gold vase disrespectfully near him."

How well we know this attitude of dogs ! Do we not find him at every military review or out-of-doors pageant, well to the front, impatient of and disregarding all the fuss, the pomp, the glory ?

St. Roch, St. Dominic, St. Margaret of Cortona, and St. Hubert are all represented in mediæval art accompanied by dogs. St. Hubert is the patron saint of huntsmen, and is usually represented with two black hounds by his side. In days gone by shepherds would go to church on St. Hubert's Day (November 3rd) to ask for a blessing on their dogs, and to obtain the wafers said to act as charms against hydrophobia. All good huntsmen at their death are said to follow the saint into Heaven, accompanied by their faithfulhounds.

In some places, to this day, hounds are blessed on November 3rd before they begin the winter's sport.

To Italy, as to France, dogs were much exported from Great Britain, and there are many expressions of appreciation of these dogs in Italian State records. We read in 1471 that the Duke of Milan demands " some greyhounds for our hunting from England, where we understand that each of these things is very plentiful, and of rare excellence."

Later, again, we hear that " the two noble dogs which we have desired from your island have arrived safely, and nothing could give us greater pleasure."

In the Isles of Majorca we see to this day some greyhound-like dogs which are so much like the slugi as to be obviously the descendants of the Moorish occupation of these islands and the Spanish mainland.

There is little to say of the dogs of the American continent, but we know that when Christopher Columbus discovered the New World there were men inhabiting the land, and, as certainly as the night follows the day, there were dogs following these men. One authority stated that Columbus, on his voyage of discovery, had an Irish hound with him, whilst it is generally known that he took several bloodhounds, which proved most useful for scenting out ambushes laid by the Indians. They found that in the Bahamas the

Indians kept dogs for hunting purposes and to eat, and in Cuba some small hounds that could not bark. Amongst other curiosities and great rarities Columbus discovered a "people who loved their neighbour as themselves." We think these people were exterminated long ago!

From the skeletons dug up at various times in America, it has been proved that dog was present as a friend and co-hunter with man from the earliest times, and all through any history we have been able to obtain of the Red Indians, of both North and South America, we find that the dog plays an important part in their daily life, their religious rites and ceremonies.

In the great and very ancient civilisation of Mexico and Peru we read that the Huancas, before they were conquered by the Incas, worshipped the figure of a dog, and had it in their temples as an idol, and also we learn that they considered the flesh of dog to be a most savoury meat. This suggests that their worship—anyhow of the dog—was somewhat connected with greediness! To show their devotion to dog, they made a sort of trumpet out of his head, which, when they played on it at feasts and dances, made a music that was very sweet in their ears.

When the Incas conquered these people they destroyed their dog idols, and obliged them to make their trumpets from the heads of deer instead of dogs. This worship of the dog by the people of Peru probably explains why, in some parts, a priest was called "Allco," meaning dog, by way of an honour.

All the tribes of North American Indians had dogs of the "Huskie" type, which they used for food, for hunting, and in some of their ceremonies.

In the beliefs and superstitions of many countries we find the idea very prevalent that, by sacrificing and eating a dog, his characteristics and virtues will enter into the eater.

The Dakota Indians were very fond of feasting on a dog, but they would afterwards very carefully collect the bones, and scrape, wash and bury them, in order, it is said, to testify to the dog species that in feasting on one of their number no disrespect was meant. They also believed that

the bones of the animal would rise up and reproduce another live dog. Sometimes these bones would be arranged in proper anatomical order and position, and great care had to be taken that none of these bones be broken during the feast of sacrifice, otherwise the dog, when it rose again, would have a tail or leg missing.

At the great feast and sacrifice of the White Dog, the Iroquois were careful to strangle the dog without shedding its blood or breaking its bones. After the feast, when the flesh had all been consumed, these bones were burnt, to prevent other prowling dogs getting at them, or to provide the quickest means of transmitting the dog's soul to spirit land.

This idea of sacrificing and eating a dog is horrible to us, and it shows how differently we regard the dog from any other domesticated beast. We civilised and self-satisfied humans sacrifice and eat domesticated animals daily, but a dog—no, never !

The people of Sweden and Denmark were, however, at one time worse than the savage tribes of America, for, before Christianity was established amongst the Danes, on every ninth year at the winter solstice a monstrous sacrifice of ninety-nine dogs was effected.

In Sweden it was worse still, for on nine successive days, ninety-nine dogs were sacrificed. The idea underlying these fearful sacrifices was that by doing so the life of the monarch would be prolonged ! Many of us think that the prolongation of the lives of these early monarchs (who were often tyrants) was not a thing greatly to be desired, and would have been dearly bought by the sacrifice of even one dog !

The idea of the Indian sacrifice is at any rate far better than this, for they do apologise to the species, and do their best to ensure the little dog-spirit getting safely and all complete to the next world ! Southern America was, as late as 1810, a hunting-ground for wild dogs, and one proprietor states that he estimated his annual loss of calves, lambs and colts through the rapacity of these wild dogs at 2,000. The native dogs never bark, and it is said that dogs taken from Europe lose the power to bark. The dogs of Puerto Rico went in gangs to the woods along the



seashore, where they caught and devoured the many land crabs said to infest the woods.

A writer in the *Spectator* gives us an account of the dogs used in the Spanish War of Conquest in America. "The dogs," he says, "of the *conquistadores* were of a race of large mastiffs. One of them, called Bercirillo, was of enormous size; he was so much appreciated for his ferocity that he got double rations, and his master received a salary for his services. Another hound, named Leoncico, which belonged to Bilboa, the discoverer of the South Sea, always fought at the side of his master, who drew an officer's pay for the services of the animal. . . . But the most murderous and savage pack of canine *conquistadores* was that brought from Spain by Federmann, one of the Germans who followed Charles V to the Peninsula. These animals were of the most savage breed, so much so that, according to a modern Columbian writer, the unfortunate natives feared them more than a regiment of harquebusiers. All these dogs wore armour to preserve them against the poisoned arms of the natives."

"Like master, like dog!" It is curious that people who are cruel have cruel dogs, and people who are nice have nice dogs! It seems to be a fact that dogs become like their masters, and most people's dogs are a fairly reliable clue to their owners' characters. The little pampered fat dog who belongs to the fat old lady, both slow of gait and often white-haired; or the stiff-legged, obedient sporting dog or terrier, following close at heel a master or mistress who is probably youngish, fond of sport, and used to a certain amount of discipline; or the large-footed, floppy-eared, loose-limbed puppy, tied by a piece of string to a loose-limbed, (probably) dirty-faced, tousle-headed little boy or girl, each pulling in opposite directions, neither listening to the other. Certainly few dogs are cruel or bad-tempered unless they have been made so by the neglect or cruelty of man; but the treatment meted out to the Indians of Southern America by the dogs of the conquering Spaniards was fearful and must have been an effect of this, for it became a general practice, and dogs were used as the main arm against the Indians.



We agree with Jesse, who in this connection exclaims, "How has that priceless gift, the dog, been abused!"

Now we give an American story of the war between the North and South, and see our dog friend once more in a more pleasant light. It appeared in an American newspaper of the time, under the heading of "A Faithful Dog":

"The widow of Lieut. Pfeiff, of Illinois, was enabled to find her husband's grave at Pittsburgh Landing by seeing a dog which had accompanied the Lieutenant to the war. The dog approached her with the most intense manifestations of joy, and immediately indicated to her as well as he was able his desire that she should follow him. She did so, and he led the way to a distant part of the field, and stopped before a single grave. She caused it to be opened, and there found the body of her dead husband. It appears from the statement of some of the soldiers that, when Lieut. Pfeiff fell, his dog was by his side, and there remained, licking his wounds, until he was buried. The dog then took his station by the grave, and nothing could induce him to abandon it but for a sufficient time each day to satisfy his hunger, until by some means he was made aware of the presence of his mistress in the neighbourhood. Thus had he watched for twelve days by the grave of his slain master."

There is a large number of such tales which might be collected from the records of the Wars of Independence, and they probably all show the dog's faithfulness and loyalty as clearly as do the stories of the dogs of other lands.

Americans are dog-lovers, and have all the breeds of dogs that exist in Europe, and very fine specimens of each breed.

## IV

"Poor dogs, they have a hard time of it in these regions."—McCLINTOCK.

WHAT the horse is to us, and the camel to the Arab, such, and even more, is the dog to the children of the ice deserts in the cold white lands of the farthest north. Dog is the only domesticated animal amongst these people, whom he aids in ways widely different from those in which he helps us people of warmer climes. His strength, speed, and endurance are very valuable to northern man, and enable him to cross the lonely wastes which are shrouded all the year in a pall of eternal snows. He serves man also in the chase, but here his prey is the wary walrus snugly hidden in the large cracks of the icebergs, the warm-coated seal, and the great white polar bear. Even in death he is of service to man, for his beautiful thick coat belongs to his master, who, when his dog dies, wastes no time or sentiment, but immediately makes himself another warm garment.

By night these dogs are fairly comfortable, receiving pieces of walrus and seal for food, and cuddling down to sleep in the hot, stuffy atmosphere of their Esquimau quarters, but by day they have to work hard to earn their evening meal. Dog must draw his fur-clad master in his bone-made sledge wherever he wishes to go, and frequently, when out on seal-hunting expeditions, these dogs are lost, and die of starvation through floating off from the mainland on a pack of ice.

Martin, in his book on the dog, says :

"The Esquimau dog is surly and obstinate, because his treatment is such as not to develop the nobler parts of his moral nature ; he is a slave, ever toiling and hardly used ; subjected to want and blows, to cold and extreme fatigue ; seldom does he receive a kind word of thankful

encouragement ; unless, indeed, it is from the women ; and the consequence is that the women have the complete ascendancy over his affection, and their words prevail when the blows and threatenings of the men only excite obstinate disobedience. But let the voice of a female issue the orders, and obedience is promptly and willingly given."

As we have said before, better work and more faithful service is obtained from the dog—or from man, for a matter of that—when the command is given kindly. By hitting and threatening the poor beast is frightened, and this makes the situation worse. McClintoch tells us that these poor dogs were fearfully ill-treated, and that to obtain obedience the Esquimaux would knock their heads with the nearest article at hand, and "A friend of his in Greenland found that he could beat his dogs over the head with a heavy hammer. It stunned them, certainly, but by laying them with their mouths open to the wind they soon revived, got up, and ran about."

This story is fully borne out by Dr. Kane, who, in his *Arctic Voyage*, tells of the fearful cruelty endured by our poor friend dog. He says, "The training of these animals by the natives is of the most ungracious sort. I never heard a kind accent from the Esquimau to his dog."

The dog of the Arctic circle is not, however, the untamable, obstinate beast described above when he meets with human and kind treatment from mankind. This is shown in the following instance of Daddy, an Esquimau dog of whom there is a lithograph in the British Museum. He belonged to H.M.S. *Enterprise*, "Died at Bolden, February 25th, 1856, greatly regretted," having done his duty nobly for three years in the search for Sir John Franklin. With the lithograph is the following letter :

"MY DEAR BARROW,—I send you a proof of my dear dog, whose career renders him well worthy of a corner in your collection. We got him from the *Plover* in 1851 ; he took part in all our sledging parties, and has travelled

2,000 miles with me. He won all hearts by his winning manner, both afloat and ashore, and is grieved for as an old friend and companion ought to be.

“ R. COLLINSON.”

Kane further tells us of these Arctic dogs: “ They do not bark, but howl, and they have not the intelligent movement of the tail, which, like the fan of a Spanish *senorita*, I hold to be the most expressive and graceful substitutes for the human voice.” And what of our modern “ tikes,” with their bobbed tails? Our terrier does his best, but is far more successful with the expressive than the graceful part of it !

Wrangel tells us much about the dogs of Northern Siberia, a country of icy deserts, endless snows, and grey skies, a land of perpetual winter. “ Of all the animals,” he says, “ that live in these high north altitudes, none are so deserving of being noticed as the dog. The companion of man in all climates, from the islands of the South Sea, where he feeds on bananas, to the Polar Sea, where his food is fish, he here plays a part to which he is unaccustomed in more favoured regions. On all the coasts of the Polar Sea, from the Obi to Behring Straits, in Greenland, Kamtschatka, and in the Kurile Islands, the dogs are made to draw sledges loaded with persons and goods, and for considerable journeys. . . . In winter they protect themselves by burrowing in the snow, and lie curled up, with their noses buried in their curly tails.”

Young dogs are not used until their third year, and the best-trained dogs are used as leaders, as on their sagacity and docility depends the safety of the traveller.

In their short summer these dogs get no holidays, for they are made to draw boats up the rivers. On hearing their masters call, they leap into the water, drawing the towing-line after them, and, landing on the opposite shore, draw the boat over. During the summer dog has to fend for himself, and manages to subsist on field mice, which he must catch.

Ledyard says that a first-class dog in Siberia would fetch about three to four hundred roubles. He also remarks that



so jealous is the Russian that he will be displeased if a man even endeavours to gain the goodwill of his dog ; and he highly insulted the Commandant of the town by permitting his dog to accompany them for a walk one day ! The Russians evidently do not know the saying, " Love me, love my dog." " Another young Russian officer flew at his dog, a pretty little puppy, in the utmost rage, and gave him a blow which broke his leg, because he jumped on Ledyard's knees, and Ledyard patted his head and gave him some biscuit."

There are some dogs of the Polar regions which we cannot omit from our story. These are the dog heroes that accompanied Captain Scott on his voyage of discovery. (6) He says :

" There can be no scene more beautiful than that which is about us on a calm moonlight night. . . . Each sharp peak and every object about us casts a deep shadow, and is clearly outlined against the sky, but beyond our immediate surroundings is fairyland. . . . And, indeed, it is not a spell which rests upon man alone, for it is on such nights that the dogs lift up their voices and join in a chant which disturbs the most restful sleepers. What lingering instinct of bygone ages can impel them to this extraordinary custom is beyond guessing ; but on these calm, clear, moonlight nights, when all are coiled down placidly sleeping, one will suddenly raise his head, and from the depths of his throat send forth a prolonged, dismal wail, utterly unlike any sound he can produce on ordinary occasions.

" As the sound dies away another animal takes it up, and then another and another, until the hills re-echo with the same unutterably dreary plaint. There is no undue haste, and no snapping or snarling, which makes it evident that this is a solemn function—some sacred rite which must be performed in these circumstances. If one is sentimentally inclined, this chorus almost seems to possess the woes of ages ; as an accompaniment to the vast desolation without, it touches the lowest depths of sadness.

" But if one is bent on refreshing sleep, it possesses



so little charm that one endeavours to correct matters by shouts and pieces of ice. As a rule the animals are so absorbed in their occupation, and so lost to their surroundings, that even these monitions have no power to disturb them, and one has at length to bribe them basely with a biscuit or a piece of salt meat. . . .

"I do not think it would be possible to take more care of the dogs than we do. Each dog has his own particular master amongst the men, and each master seems to take a particular delight in seeing that his animal is well cared for."

On Scott's last expedition he had 33 sledging dogs, 31 Siberian and two Esquimau, all of whom had been presented by various English schools.

We read that on the voyage "The dogs are in great form again; for them the greatest circumstance of discomfort is to be constantly wet." Later on we find various references to the dogs, for sledging had begun. "The dogs are very tired to-night. . . . Five hundred pounds proved a back-breaking load for eleven dogs to drag—they brought it at a smart pace. . . . The dogs are, as a rule, all very good friends in harness; they pull side by side, rubbing shoulders; they walk over each other as they nestle to rest; and relations seem quite peaceful and quiet. But the moment food is in their thoughts their passions awaken; each dog is suspicious of his neighbour, and the smallest circumstance starts a fight."

We then have some descriptions of the life of these dogs. Scott speaks of the "deep, dreamless sleep that follows the long march and the satisfying supper." He says, "A dog must be either eating, sleeping, or interested. His eagerness to snatch at interest, to chain his attention to something, is pathetic. The monotony of marching kills him. This is the fearfulest difficulty for the dog-driver on a snow plain, without leading marks or objects in view. The dog is almost human in his demand for living interest, yet fatally less than human in his inability to foresee. The dog lives for the day, the hour, even the moment."

This must indeed have been awful for the poor brutes in

that endless ocean of snow and whiteness. It is a pity that they could not know how well off they were with these kind-hearted Englishmen, compared to others of their kind belonging to the Esquimau masters who led their dogs such cruel lives.

Later on Captain Scott says, "The dogs are the main sufferers by this contrivance of phenomenally terrible weather. . . . The main trouble that seems to come on the poor wretches is the icing up of their hindquarters ; once the ice gets thoroughly into the coat the hind legs get half paralysed with cold." And yet they kept on, probably catching the heroic determination and perseverance of their masters, and so struggling on through days of toil and cold and white, far-reaching emptiness.



### PART III

#### LEGENDS AND SUPERSTITIONS RELATING TO THE DOG

“Tainting the air on a sirocco day, the carcass of a hound all loathsome lay in Nazareth’s narrow street. Wayfarers hurried past, covering mouth and nostrils, and at last, when purer air they reached, in Eastern style they cursed the dog, and the dog’s owners, and ancestors, and theirs who, bound to care for public health and cleanliness, yet left the nuisance there to poison all around. Then, the same day, there came Isa, the son of Mary, of great fame for mighty deeds performed in Allah’s name. He said, ‘How lovely are its teeth, so sharp, and white like pearls,’ and went his way.”—OLD MOHAMMEDAN LEGEND.





## I

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."—SHAKESPEARE.

DR. JOHNSON once said, "Sir, to leave things out of a book merely because people tell you they will not be believed is meanness."

For that reason we have included in the pages which follow some legends and beliefs relating to the dog which will be called impossible by many ; but, whether they are believed or not, they were very real to those amongst whom they originated. Amongst primitive peoples the difference between man, beast, and the universe was not marked. To them all objects in nature were endowed with life, reasoning, and speech ; but they believed that only the wisest of beings could understand the language of the animal and plant world. Nature seemed very mysterious to primitive man, and very powerful, and on that account he worshipped her.

Man of early times was, even as now, of an enquiring turn of mind ; he had to have a reason or explanation for everything which he saw about him, and when he could not discover one he simply invented it.

First of all, primitive man personified inanimate nature as animals, and later as human beings, and he worshipped these personified gods of his imagination. From this arose many religious myths, some of which are still extant among uncivilised tribes. Amongst the animal-gods worshipped by primitive man is our friend dog.

Other myths have remained just legends or stories ; but all these myths travelled from one land to another, and as they did so, changed somewhat, reflecting the manners and customs of the new country. In this way we have myths which as a whole resemble each other, although they vary

in detail. Many of them seem to us grotesque or ridiculous, but when you come to tales or beliefs relating to our friend the dog which seem so to you, do not scoff and disbelieve or think them the lively pictures of our imaginations, for they are merely what the people of other times or places believed and still do believe in many parts of the world.

To us they are interesting, because so many of them show the unchanging qualities of the dog, and show also how widely these qualities were recognised ; and if, in these tales, we find the truth obscured by a mass of what seems to us irrelevant matter—strange beliefs, myths, and the like—still they contain the element of truth, the foundation on which our structure of knowledge is built.

One of the most curious and yet persistent beliefs relating to our friend dog is that of his close connection with death.

Our most constant friend does not seem very sinister to us, and yet he is supposed to foretell death, and in the beliefs of some lands he is even made responsible for death having come into the world at all !

In Togoland, on the west coast of Africa, they say that one day, before death came into the world, man sent dog with a message to God to the effect that when they died they would like to come alive again.

Dog trotted off with his message, but he was very hungry. Soon he passed a house where a man was boiling some herbs, so dog entered in and sat down before the fire, licked his chops, and said to himself : “ He is cooking food.”

Meanwhile a frog (I regret to say that he was a busybody) overheard the message which man gave to the dog, and said to himself : “ I’ll tell God that when men die they’d rather not come alive again ” ; which was most officious and impertinent of him. Dog, still greedily watching the hell-broth brewing, saw the frog dash past the house, but he did not worry.

“ I’ll soon catch froggy up,” he said to himself, and the result was that froggy got there first. He then proceeded to give his false message to God, saying that men, when they died, did not wish to come alive again. Barely had he delivered his message when up galloped dog, and gave the correct and opposing message.

God was, of course, fearfully puzzled, and said to dog :

" I don't at all understand your message ; but as the frog gave his message first, I will listen to him, and not do as you say."

That is why, when men die, they stay dead and do not come alive again. Had not dog lingered and the frog interfered all would have been quite different.

Well, you will say, it was the frog who was responsible for death, and not the dog ; but one cannot, I fear, defend the dog. Had he done as he was told, and taken the message straight to God, think how differently things would have turned out—and how full the world would be now ! Of course, as far as the frog is concerned, it shows what happens when people don't mind their own business !

The connection of dog and death in the beliefs and traditions of almost every land is close, and the idea that the dog sees the spirits of the dead, and that he guards our souls on their long, dark journey after death, pervades the mythology of all countries, and is still very prevalent. It is, don't you think, a comforting and rather nice idea that anything so kind and friendly as a dog will be with us when our spirits start on their long, long journey ? We should like to think that the true, loving spirit of our dog would be with us ; that he would, tail-wagging, lead the way, protecting us from the grisly and gruesome shades of those whom on this earth we had offended or hurt or angered.

Amongst the natives of Assam, when a man dies who in his lifetime has been a great hunter and killed many lions and tigers, a special ceremony is performed. A dog is brought into the house, led on a string which for a few minutes is put into the dead man's hand. After that the poor dog is killed, in order that its spirit may go beside the man's, barking loudly along the Road of the Dead to frighten away the ghosts of all the tigers and other beasts that the man had slain in his lifetime. We cannot help feeling that the angry spirits of tigers and great wild beasts of the jungle would be awfully creepy to meet on that dark and steep road. How comforting must have been the barking shade of the dog, to the ghost man walking close behind him !

Of course, we *do* hear of dogs who are not as nice as they might be, both in this life and even in the next world ; for the Irish say that we must not cry for the departed for three hours, lest our wails should awaken the dogs who are waiting to devour the souls of men before they reach the throne of God. However, let us hope there are as few biting, snapping dogs in the next world as there are in this—and how comparatively few there are !—and that not only in tradition, but in reality, we shall meet our dog friends in the next world. Surely many dogs deserve this reward ? They are faithful to us all their too short lives, and many a dog has long mourned his master after death.

The Rabbins say that when the Angel of Death enters the city, “ the dogs howl, but when Elias appears, then the dogs rejoice and make merry.”

In Ireland they are particularly superstitious about the dog. They believe that he knows all about us ; that he listens to everything we say, and watches the expression of our faces, and even that he can read our thoughts.

The Irish believe that if a dog howls near the house of a sick person, the doctor and the friends and relations of the sick person may as well give up all hope, for the dog’s howl is regarded as the first note of a funeral dirge, and the signal that death is near.

In the Shetlands the saliva of a dog is especially recommended as a cure for a cow who is off her feed. So next time your cow refuses to eat her dinner, you follow the advice of a wise woman of the Shetlands, and make a little ball of dough, and then place it in the mouth of your dog for a few minutes (be very careful that the dog doesn’t swallow it !), then administer it to your cow. She will immediately be cured, or so they promise you !

Since very early times, in our country, the dog has been connected with magic, both black and white, but most often of all he is connected with death.

For instance, in Sussex they say that when a dog howls at night it is quite useless to stop him, for he is barking at another spirit dog. They also assert that for a strange dog to come to the house and remain there is a sign of great good fortune to come. This shows that sometimes in legend



the dog is considered lucky, although he is in most cases considered a rather spooky and sinister person.

In the Highlands of Scotland they have great faith in dog's powers of second sight, and they consider him to be better than the best seers.

When a dog shows signs of fury without any visible cause, or if he shows signs of terror or distress, it is, according to Celtic belief, because he sees the shades of the living engaged in those services in which the persons whose similitude they are will afterwards be.

When dogs "bay the moon," Celtic belief asserts that the clamour arises from their seeing the forms of that world where doubles move, the omens of approaching death.

In Lorn they tell the story of a grey, tailless bitch belonging to a woman in the neighbourhood, which would go and howl piteously near a wooden bridge over the mountain stream. For fourteen nights she did this, and then a woman and her child, in crossing the bridge, slipped and fell, and both were drowned. The dog was never again seen or heard near the bridge.

In old accounts of the magic and witchcraft of the Middle Ages, the devil appears very frequently in the shape of a big black dog.

In 1556, in Chelmsford, Joan Waterhouse "dydde as she had seen her mother do, callynge Sathan, which came to her in the likeness of a dogge."

Again, in 1661, we read of the witch of the Pentland Hills, who, when she walked abroad at night, had the devil dancing before her, "in the likeness of a rough, tanny dog, playing on a pair of pipes."

And there are instances of this kind without end in the traditions, not only of Britain, but of practically every other country.

It is very hard on our friend the dog that he should frequently be made responsible for the sins of his masters, but this is so. That a dog is frequently chosen for this purpose argues that, of all creatures living, the dog is the one who is most closely allied to his master, and who possesses most nearly his human attributes; for, as he is made to stand proxy for him, he is supposed to have become so



imbued with the man's personality as to be the mirror in which his guilt or innocence is shown.

We read in the history of our own country of the "ordeals by fire," but there the accused stood the test for himself. In the Congo some tribes use the poison ordeal to discover guilt, and this is administered to the suspected person's dog, who acts as a proxy. The poison is given very weak, so that no death results, only sickness and temporary collapse. If the poison has a very slight effect, and causes only a slight sickness, then the person is released as not guilty.

The same custom prevails amongst the natives of Central Africa, only, the more to demonstrate the relationship existing between the man and his dog, the animal is tethered to the leg of the person whom he represents. This custom prevails in British East Africa also, but only for slight offences.

In Madagascar the following prayer is offered up after the poison has been administered :

"Hear, hear, hear, and hearken well, O thou Raman-amango : Thou art now within the stomach of the dog ; which is the substitute of eyes, life, feet, hands, and ears for the accused. The dog in whose stomach thou art is therefore like him. If thou findest that the accused is not guilty, but is spitefully and maliciously accused, let this dog live quickly, let this dog which is a substitute for the accused live quickly, and return back through the same door through which thou has entered into it, O Ramanamango. But if thou findest that the accused is truly guilty, kill this dog whose eyes, life, feet, hands, and ears are his substitute—without delay kill it quickly, destroy it instantly ; burst its heart, tear it and kill it immediately, O Ramanamango." (8)

This does seem very hard luck on dogs, and these barbarous practices are not only to be found amongst the tribes of Africa, but amongst many other peoples in all parts of the world.

In later times in Salem, New England, we read of a dog that was hanged because it was supposed that he had an

invisible rider in the form of a brother of the justice. The man and the dog were friends, and the man, who had the power of speech, got off, whilst the dog, who had but the glance of his eye and the wag of his tail, was sentenced to death.

Another dog was said to possess the evil eye and to give people fits. He also was sentenced to death by hanging. It is a blessing that we no longer are so saturated with superstition ; of course, we do pick up pins, cross our fingers, and avoid seeing the moon through glass, but we do not accuse men, women, or dogs of having cast upon us the evil eye, and have them hanged for their presumption !

In our introduction we saw how probably, in reality, the friendship between man and dog arose, but according to legend and folklore dog played a part in the affairs of the world long before mankind had even been thought of.

According to our Bible, there were two very important events in the history of mankind and the world. The first and most important of all was our creation ; the creation of all the upright, two-legged, thinking creatures which we call mankind. Then, later, when man had proved not to be all that could be desired, there came a great flood which drowned the world.

We are told in the first chapter of Genesis : “ God made the beast of the earth . . . and God saw that it was good.” This happened before Time was, and before the creation of mankind, when the earth was new and clean and pure ; and it was early on the sixth day.

Now, neither I nor you, nor any man, however learned we may be, can speak with experience or real knowledge of our earth before Time was, because we ourselves had not yet been created. We do not know how long that sixth day was, but the fact remains that before we were created God made and animated the beasts of the earth, and we like to think that amongst the inhabitants of the Garden of Eden was the furry-coated, brown-eyed, living creature whom we now call dog. There he was, we are sure, and the first thing Adam named could be no other than he.

Our four-footed friend the dog is frequently held responsible in tradition for our creation ! The vanity of the

human race may not want to admit it, but it is true nevertheless !

The Kumis, a tribe of hillsman from Eastern India, tell us the following legend, which enlightened us considerably with regard to our own beginnings. They say that God first created the world, the trees, and all the creeping things. Then He took clay and fashioned one man and one woman, but every night, whilst God slept, the great snake came and devoured the images, which were yet without life. God was at His wit's end, for it took Him the whole twelve hours of daylight to make one pair, and the other twelve hours he had to sleep to gain strength for His labours.

Day after day this went on ; God made the two images, man and woman, and left them ready in the evening, so that after His twelve hours' rest He could take them up again and complete His work by giving them life. And night after night, after darkness fell, the great snake crept out, and stealthily devoured them both ; and in the morning the work was all to do again.

At last God had a good idea. He rose one morning extra early, took a little clay, and fashioned dog and immediately put life into it, and that night, after He had made still another man and woman, He put the dog to watch over the images, and told him to howl to frighten away the snake when he came to devour them. This he successfully did. Had it not been for his guard, you and I might still be in the limbo of nothingness, and God might still have only lifeless puppets for His children ! And when a man dies, to this day the dogs howl, but the Kumis think that God sleeps long and heavily nowadays, for, in spite of the dogs howling, men still die. If God slept less soundly He would hear the dogs howl, and then there would be no disease, and people would no longer be carried off by the great snake, which is death. (8)

The Hindoos have their version of this legend, for they say that the dog was used as a protector against the fiery steeds of Indra, who tried to trample on the newly made images of man ; and this same belief, with slight variations, occurs in the legends of many countries, only sometimes the devil comes to take the man and woman instead of a snake.



CAVE CANEM  
*From a Mosaic at Pompeii*







The Chereims of Russia have a legend that does not exhibit dog in quite such a favourable light. They say that God, having fashioned man of clay, went off up to Heaven to fetch the soul to animate him. Whilst away, he set dog, whom He had created first of all, to watch the body. The Devil, however, at once drew near, for he was jealous of this new creature God was making and did not know what a valuable ally he was to find in man. With that very persuasive way he has to this day, he bribed dog to turn his back and relax his watch by offering him a beautiful warm coat of fur.

The Devil then spat on the body, and so ill-treated it, that when God returned He was discouraged, and despaired of ever being able to clear up the mess. God thought and thought, and at last he had an inspiration. He turned the body inside out, so that to all appearances it was fair and clean, but the mess the Devil had made He hid inside. That's why our insides are so dirty, and why there is so much Devil in most of us ! The poor dog He cursed for neglecting so shamefully his duty. (8)

Our sympathies are with the dog, for we all know how attractive the Devil can make himself when he really wants to, and how easy it is to be beguiled from a duty which is dull. How God cursed the dog legend does not relate ; but perhaps He curses him with silence, so that he has to go through the world unable to speak to his man friend and companion, except by the wistful look of his great brown eyes and the expressive wag of his tail. So, dearly, the dog bought his first warm coat.

In other parts of Russia the legend runs that the dog whilst on guard let the Devil into Heaven on being thrown a large, juicy bone, only the legend does not relate why the Devil left Heaven, but it is certain he is not there now.

The Marindineeze of New Guinea said that it was in this wise that man and woman came to inhabit the earth. They believed that the earth was peopled by spirits, and that one of them possessed a dog.

One day in true dog fashion, the beast was snuffling about on the shore when he was very attracted by the scent of one particular spot. He scraped and dug with all his might,

until at last he made a nice round hole ; and out of this hole proceeded the first man and woman to inhabit the world ! (8)

See how great is the responsibility of dog in thus liberating these beings, to become the progenitors of mankind !

It seems that soon after the Creation a great chasm broke open across the earth. Man was left on one side of it, the animal world on the other.

The animals seemed undisturbed by their separation from man—all except the dog. He whined and ran up and down, seeking a way across.

At last man saw him, and noticed the pleading look in his eyes. "Come," he said. The dog sprang, but the chasm was too wide for him. He reached the opposite side only with his front paws, and hung there, struggling vainly to get up. Then man put out his hand and pulled dog up beside him. "You shall be my comrade for ever and for ever," he cried.

Let us now pass on to the second great event in the world's history, and we shall find many causes besides the wickedness of man which helped to bring on the deluge.

Have you ever seriously considered the Flood? Or have you, like the rest of us, just taken for granted that once, long ago, the inhabitants of the whole world were completely drowned but for the living creatures floating upon the waters in the Ark? We think that God said, "Let the waters cover the earth," and that the waters did it—just like that, without further ado.

As this book is about dogs, you will no doubt be asking what the Flood has to do with our subject. But listen and you shall hear some of the things which legend and tradition tell in connection with dog and the Flood.

First of all, there are many theories about the Flood which pervade the folklore of many nations, and in legend there are various causes of the Flood ; or sometimes the Flood just happened, apparently without a cause at all.

No doubt the Hebrews got their account of the Flood from Babylonian and Akkadian sources, for these peoples were civilized some time before the Hebrews, and their account of the Flood is much the same as the Flood of our Old

Testament. Curiously, Flood legends pervade the folklore of nations all over the world who had never seen or heard of the Bible, and they all have their own account of how it happened.

Now, as for dog's part in the Flood, it was a very important part, for, according to some traditions, but for him there would never have been a Flood at all! At least, so the Malays tell us.

They say that once, before the Flood, a great feast was held, at which all kinds of beasts were pitted to fight against one another. Fights took place between elephants, between buffaloes, and between bullocks. Last of all (but apparently not least) a great fight took place between dogs and cats. This fight was so tremendous and appalling that it caused the Flood to come. (8) Do not ask how it caused the Flood, but it did, for the Malays have it written down, so it must be true. And dogs and cats still fight, but mercifully the results are not so far-reaching and terrible.

Then the Cherokee Indians have a legend which goes one further still, for they say that a dog prophesied the Flood.

Once, long years ago, the whole world was gradually submerged, until only one family was left, and their dog with them. This animal was wont to go daily to the river, and, watching its ominous rising, would howl piteously. His master, not understanding this strange behaviour, was angry, and told the dog to go home and keep quiet. Suddenly the dog opened his mouth and spoke, warning the man of the impending Flood, which he said would swamp the world.

The dog then told the man to build a boat and fill it with the necessary stores for himself and his family. Having said this, the dog begged the man to throw him into the river, otherwise neither the man nor his family would be saved. The man believed that the dog spoke the truth, and so did as he was requested, and was saved with all his family!

From this man the whole world was repopled, and from that day to this man owes to the dog a debt that can never be repaid—the very fact of his existence. (8)

The dog certainly prophesied to some purpose, and many times since that day has man had occasion to be grateful

to a dog, sometimes for his life or the life of his family, or sometimes for the safety of his house and possessions.

Of course, everyone knows that Noah used a dove as his messenger from the Ark, but probably fewer people have heard that according to the Peria Indians a dog was sent to report on the height of the waters.

Dog seems to have been ashamed of his part in producing the Flood, for he made up for it later on by discovering fire and warmth. For this we certainly owe him a debt of gratitude, for, however beautiful we may insist to foreigners and strangers is the climate of the British Isles, it is certain that we sometimes need a fire !

The natives of Borneo say that after the Flood had subsided only a woman and a dog remained. They had fled to a very high mountain to keep their feet dry and to take shelter from the rising waters. Whilst they were perched on their mountain-top the dog, always observant, noticed that a creeper swaying in the wind rubbed against a tree, and in doing so produced warmth. He drew the woman's attention to this, and she at once rubbed the creeper very hard against a piece of wood and soon produced a fire. (8)

Can you see how happy they must have been warming themselves by their camp fire, whilst all the rest of the world lay beneath them entirely submerged in water ?

Another legend comes to us from the Indians of Alaska, and it shows friend dog in a very favourable light.

These people believed that the Flood was a very slow and gradual affair, owing entirely to the kind-heartedness of the God in charge of affairs. He wished people to have time to load up their canoes with the necessities of life before the waters covered the earth.

Then there was an awful stampede ; all the beasts of the jungle and forest tried to get into the small and already overloaded canoes, and the struggle was terrific. The only people who were not drowned were those who had very wisely taken their dogs with them into their canoes, for these faithful animals fought off all the wild beasts of the jungle and forest, and so their masters were saved.

This story calls up an amusing picture to one's mind : the flooded waters covered with small and perilous craft ;



the anxious humans on board, some guarded by their faithful hounds, and the scramble that went on amongst the other creatures on the bank, with great clumsy beasts like the elephant struggling to perch themselves in the tiny and already overloaded canoes !

Many of these boats must have sunk with all hands, we fear ; but the people who had sensibly and kindly remembered their first and last friend, the dog, were saved, and well they deserved it.

In Mexico they had a very curious belief, and as it affects you and me and all human beings it is quite interesting to know. Perhaps it may not be very pleasing to us ; it may even hurt our vanity a little ; but for that we are not responsible.

The tale may be found in the old Mexican MS. called the *Codex Chimalpopoca*.

After the world had existed for 400 years, and 200 years, and 3 score years, and 16 years, all men were drowned and turned into fishes, with the exception of one man, Hata, and Mena, his wife. These two were saved by floating in the hollow of a cypress-tree. At last they found that the log stood still for a certain time, and they emerged from its shelter and saw round about them on every side oceans and oceans of water, quite full of fishes.

At once they set about making a fire by rubbing two stakes together, and proceeded to catch some fish and to roast them. The gods, however, looked out, and were very angry at seeing their heavens full of smoke, so they called upon the great god Titlacahuan to go down to earth and put a stop to such disgraceful doings. This the god did most effectually, for, snatching up the remaining fishes, he split their tails, remodelled their heads, and turned them all into dogs ! And so these human beings, after living in the Flood waters as fishes, were turned to dogs, and this perhaps explains why dogs are so nearly human. For no one can deny that they are more nearly like us than any other animal. (8)

The Indians of British Columbia believe that they are descended from a dog, and that their ancestry dates back to the Flood.

In the time of the Flood the water rose until only three



mountain-tops remained uncovered, one of them near Bella-Bella. Three individuals were saved—two men, one woman, and her dog—and they were all in separate canoes, which drifted in different directions.

The woman and the dog ran aground at Bella-Bella, and as there was no other living creature the woman finally married the dog, and from this marriage the Bella-Bella Indians trace their ancestry! (8)

Now we know what some legends tell us about the Flood, but according to our Bible these things happened otherwise. Imagine Noah setting out to obey the commands of the Lord, "Of every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort shalt thou bring into the Ark, to keep them alive with thee. Also two of every fowl of the air, and the creeping things of the earth."

Just consider for a moment the magnitude of the task with which Noah was faced; think of the length of the travels he must have undertaken to collect two of every bird, beast, and reptile. Noah must most certainly have been the greatest explorer that ever lived! Then, having reached the land where, say, elephants, tigers, or bison lived, imagine Noah setting out to catch the beasts alive and to bring them safely to the Ark! The deeds of our greatest travellers and big-game shooters pale before this feat, performed over 3,000 years ago!

Then consider the difficulties which must have arisen once the animals were embarked. No doubt Mr. and Mrs. Noah led the way up the gang-plank of the Ark, and behind them came all the animals, we are told, "two by two"! There can be no doubt that it was entirely owing to the unselfishness of the dogs that all the animals reached the interior of the Ark in safety. The dogs must have come last, barking the animals into a queue, and seeing that the elephants did not trample on the smaller creatures, or that the rhinoceros did not spike anyone's tail with his tusk. Think of the stampede there must have been! But the dogs probably kept good order, barking here, nipping there, and lastly, after seeing the last tail-tip vanish inside, they went on board, and were, as we hope, richly thanked and rewarded by Mr. and Mrs. Noah.

Of course, the interior of the Ark hardly bears thinking about. Imagine the crowd, and a rather mixed crowd at that ! One wonders how the icy Polar bear bore the stuffiness, how the snakes were kept from stinging, how enough food of the necessary different varieties was supplied ; one also wonders if the meat supplied to dog and the other carnivoræ was not a little bit high by the time a fresh supply could be secured !

We are not told by the chronicler of the Book of Genesis that the dog rendered any assistance, but, looking back on his record throughout the ages, it seems to us that, if two dogs entered the Ark—as, according to the Bible, they did—then without a doubt they must have had a “ nose in the pie,” and probably under very trying circumstances rendered valuable services to man.

## II

"For my part, I do wish thou wert a dog, that I might love thee."

—SHAKESPEARE.

IN parts of France, Belgium, Germany, and most Slavonic countries, there is, to the present day, the conception of the dog as the spirit of the corn. This dog-spirit is supposed to inhabit the beautiful fields of ripening corn, and when the soft breezes of a summer's day send a ripple through the field, setting the corn in a wavelike motion, the peasants say, "See, the big dog is there—the mad dog is in the corn."

The corn dog is supposed to remain in the field until the last sheaf is left standing, running before the scythe of the reapers. Then he enters the last sheaf, and in this he is caught. Should a reaper be taken ill on the field while the corn is being cut, he is said to have unwittingly stumbled on the corn spirit, who has thus punished the intruder.

Sometimes the corn dog is believed to be killed by the last stroke of the scythe, but usually he is supposed to live as long as any corn is left unthreshed, and to be caught in the last sheaf threshed. Hence the man who gives the last stroke of the flail is told that he has caught the "Threshing Dog."

It is in North-Eastern France that we find this idea of the corn dog held most clearly. When a reaper, through laziness or weariness, does not keep up with the reaper in front of him, the others say that the "bitch dog has past near him" or that "the white bitch has bitten him."

In the Jura, the last sheaf left uncut is called "the bitch," and in the Vosges the corn spirit is called "the harvest dog." Near Verdun the regular expression for finishing the reaping is, "We are going to kill the dog." The man who cuts down the last corn of the year is said to "strike

down the dog " or to " kill the dog of the harvest." From that time, for a whole year, that man is called the Corn Pug, Rye Pug, or Barley Pug, according to the crop. (7) And any day, if you will go out into the country and watch in the cornfields carefully, you will see the corn dog run through the field, making the corn ripple and wave as he pushes his way through its dense growth.

In the land of Armorica, as Brittany used to be called, they still call Great Britain the Isle of Souls, but they call it now by its new name of England. According to tradition, the great boat with its ghostly freight of souls starts nightly from Raz, the remotest corner of the Armorican coast, in the Bay of Souls (*Baie des Âmes*).

It is the popular belief throughout Armorica that the souls of the departed betake themselves, immediately on leaving the body, to the parish priest of Braspor, who sends them to Great Britain, under the escort and custody of his dog.

Another belief of the Armoricans is that spectres appear more often in the form of dogs than in any other form. This was probably due to their fear of, and aversion from, the bloodhound, which in olden days was used so frequently by their cruel taskmasters and slave-drivers to recapture them when they tried to escape from their cruelty.

In some legends you read of ghostly black dogs as the spirits of evil, and white dogs as kind and protecting ones, and there is a legend, which the people of Armorica relate, which shows most clearly the two different characters attributed to the dog in the beliefs of the Ancient World; the good, friendly, protecting character, and the wicked, evil, frightening one, closely connected with death and the Devil.

The following legend tells of the time when the linens of Base Bretagne were far famed, when there was no spinner who could spin so finely as Fant-ar-Merrer. Every Wednesday she was in the habit of going into Tregnier to sell her thread. One Tuesday she woke in the middle of the night, but was surprised to find it quite light. She got up hurriedly and dressed, and, her wares in her basket, set out for town, as she always did on a Wednesday morning.

At the foot of a hill near Groay, that is near the cross of Brabant, she met a young man. They said a pleasant good morning, and walked along side by side till they reached the cross, when the young man took her by the arm and said : " Let's stop here." Hardly had he spoken when a fearful noise was heard, and the young man pushed Fant-ar-Merrer into a recess and placed himself before her as for protection. The noise came nearer and nearer, and Fant trembled and shook with fright in her recess, wondering what it could all mean.

A woman was seen approaching ; she was running with all her speed ; one heard the wings of her headdress flapping as though they were the wings of a great bird. Her naked and bleeding feet seemed hardly to touch the ground, and she waved her arms, and gave a fearful scream, a cry so agonising that Fant's blood ran cold beneath her nails. The woman was fast pursued by two great dogs, one white, the other black ; and they were arguing and disputing as to who should have her. It was they who made all the noise. At each bound the earth groaned and resounded.

Fant from her recess saw the poor woman run towards the cross and throw herself at its base ; at that moment the black dog seized her by her skirt. She clasped the cross high up, and hung on to it with all her strength.

With a fearful howl the black dog sprang into the air and vanished. The white dog, however, remained by her side, giving her comfort, and licking her bleeding, wounded feet.

The young man now stepped from before Fant and said : " You may now continue your way ; it is but midnight. Never again risk seeing what you have seen to-night. There are hours when you must not be on the road, and I shall not always be here to protect you. Go to the first house, and there you will find a dying man. Stay by him, and pray for him till dawn. As for me, I am your guardian angel." And the young man vanished.

So it is not good for us to be abroad on the roads by night, for this is the time that spirits black and white, evil and good, fight their eternal battle for supremacy over the souls of men.



There are also many ghost dogs which haunt some parts of England, and hunt in packs, filling the beholders with fear and foreboding. The most famous of these packs is the one known as the "Hounds of Woden, the wild huntsman," and it seems to appear in the mythology of most countries.

The Romans and Germans identified their Odin, or Woden, with Mercury. The name of "Woden" denotes the "Stormy Goer," or "to go like the wind." Woden, or Odin, is pictured in legend as sweeping through the air, in and out of the sweeping winds. His hunt is known as the Hell-jagd, or the English-Hunt for, according to German legend, England is another name for the underworld (even before the war).

These hounds tear through the skies, their stiff, bristling hair dropping rain. Should they descend to earth, they devour whatever gets in their way; and, as a means of safety, it is recommended to give them a bag of meal to eat as they flash through the air.

It is really not at all safe to leave two doors open opposite one another, not because of the draught which might give you a stiff neck or an unpleasant cold in your nose, but because that is just what Woden and his hounds most like. They delight to hunt through your house, dashing in at one door and out through the other.

Sometimes, when you are sitting by your hearth on a cold winter's day, you will notice your ashes dancing about the grate in the wind, and you will think it is because of the draught under the door, but you are wrong. It is something far more serious than that; it is a sign that Woden, when playing hide-and-seek through the corridors of your house, has left one of his hounds behind him. He will have to spend a whole year by your hearth, howling and sighing and living off ashes. And you can't even have the satisfaction of blaming the poor hound for his howling, when you consider that he has only your cold, grey ashes to live off for a whole year!

At the end of the year the god returns, and then up jumps the dog from your hearth, and, wagging his tail with every show of gladness, he rejoins the pack, and resumes

his hunting and chasing through the wind-swept skies.

However, take comfort, for there is one thing you can do to rid yourself of the depressing dog guest ; but you must do it carefully, else the magic will fail.

You must brew some beer in egg-shells (you won't be able to do it if you are clumsy), and the hound, after he has watched you for a while, will spring up and exclaim :

Though I am now as old as the Bohemian world,  
Yet the like of this, I ween, in my life I've never seen,

and then he will vanish, and be seen no more.

It would, however, be much simpler for you to keep your doors shut, and so not encourage Woden to hunt through your house.

These hounds, you have no doubt gathered, can all speak like men, so it will be easy for the hound to repeat the rhyme given above.

We would also warn you against leaving your linen out to flap and dry in the wind. It is a quick and easy way to dry, we know, but it's not at all safe, for the wild huntsman's hounds delight to tear linen sheets flying in the wind, and soon there'll be nothing left for you to take down and to put safely away ! Especially at Christmas-time, when the wind howls about your house, heavy with the cold of approaching snow and ice, the hounds romp amongst your linen, tearing it with their great sharp teeth—so beware !

Don't imagine that these hounds and the wild huntsman are merely a legend of foreign lands, and that because you live safely on an island you are not likely to meet them or their master. In our own island they hunt, flashing through the black of the midnight skies, chasing each other in and out of the swiftly sailing clouds.

In the south country, near the heart of wild Dartmoor, lies a very ancient and lonely road called the " Abbotsway." This road was much used once, but we do not know where it came from, or even where it led. Nowadays it is feared and avoided, for it is said to be the favourite hunting-ground of the Wish Hounds, or the Yell Hounds, belonging to the midnight Hunter of the Moor.

These hounds are, without a doubt, our old friend Woden's pack, and as such to be avoided.

Many fearful tales are told by those poor travellers who, benighted and lost in the fast-rising mists, have finally stumbled into their homes, pale and shivering with fright.

They tell, looking fearfully about them as they speak, of the unearthly baying of the hounds which reached them through the damp and driving mists, or of the sudden flash of a pack of hounds fast on the whirlwind, across the moor, pursued by a grim, dark figure astride a great black horse, whose nostrils gave forth smoke and fire.

Some say that these hounds are headless, having but a phosphorescent glow where their heads should be, but all are unanimous in stating that their cry is loud and fearful, that it makes your blood run cold.

Others say that these hounds are white, very gaunt, and fast running as the storm wind, with huge, great fangs and red, lolling tongues.

It is said by the Devon folk that all who hear these hounds, be they man or beast, will surely die within the year. And any who inadvertently stumble on the pack will be pursued for mile upon mile until dawn, and, when caught, they will lose their souls. For the wild huntsman is Satan, that enemy of every man, and his power is tremendous in that lonely, rugged country between the setting of the sun and the dawn.

If you do not believe, you need but listen to the people of the moor as they tell their tales of those lucky ones who had narrow escapes from the hounds, or gruesome yarns of those who were pursued by the demon dogs and never seen again.

So beware the hounds of Odin, of Woden, or the Wish Hounds of the Spectre Huntsman. Call him what you will, but he is present in our land, not only in the south, but in many parts, and, believe me, he's much best left alone. Keep your doors shut, make no draught, watch your linen flapping in the breeze, and you may live to a prosperous and comfortable old age.

Here is another tale. The men of Tavistock have for generations shuddered at the thought of passing Fitzford Gateway near midnight, for every night, as the clock strikes

twelve, Lady Howard of Fitzford House drives in her carriage of bones over the moor to Okehampton. Beside the ghostly lady runs a coal-black hound, with glowing eyes of fire. Lady Howard is said to have murdered her four husbands, and of their bones the coach is made ; and as a penance she is doomed to ride until the end of time each night to Okehampton—until, at any rate, the whole moor is built over.

The hound who runs by her side must bring back each night one blade of grass until the moor be stripped of grass—an endless task.

The lady stops and invites each person whom she meets “to step in and with me to ride,” but no man as yet been bold enough to accept this invitation.

Before we leave the south country we must mention the Hound’s Pool at the foot of a waterfall in a deep, narrow valley on the edge of Dartmoor. Should you pass this spot near midnight you may hear a long-drawn, mournful howl, and, fearing Woden’s hounds, you may ungracefully take to your heels. However, be comforted, for we will tell you the story of this pool, that you may not waste your breath and strength unnecessarily.

Long years ago, in the village of Dean, a rich weaver died, as even rich weavers must. He had been famous throughout beautiful Devon for his industry and skill. The day after the funeral, Knowles, the dead man’s son, heard noises proceeding from his father’s old workshop, and ran up to see what was happening.

There, to his alarm, he saw the dead man seated working at his loom, as he had done year in and year out in life. In terror the young man fled for the parson of Dean Priory.

The good priest was sceptical, but he returned with the young man to the house, and, stopping at the foot of the staircase, he shouted to the ghostly weaver, “Knowles, come down ; this is no place for thee.”

“In a minute, parson,” came the reply. “Just wait till I’ve worked out this shuttle.”

“No,” cried the parson (he was a determined man). “Come thee at once. Thou hast done enough work on this earth.”



So the spirit came down, and the parson led it outside the house. He then threw a handful of gravel into the ghost's face, and it turned into a black hound.

"Now, follow me," said the parson, and the great dog came to heel.

The priest led the dog to the edge of the pool beneath the waterfall, and, handing the dog a walnut shell with a hole in it, said: "Knowles, this shows that in life thou tookest more heed of things worldly than of immortality, and thou didst bargain with the powers of evil. There is but one hope of rest for thee. When thou shalt have dipped out this pool with the shell I have given thee thou shalt find peace, not before. Go, work out thy salvation."

And with a fearful howl, that was heard as far as Widdicombe-in-the-Moor, the hound leapt into the pool and began its hopeless task, and there exactly at midday or midnight, they say, you may see it to this day.

This tale is certainly a warning to us all to refrain from too much thought of worldly gain, and, in other words, to look ahead a little—even unto another world. I, for one, do not wish to spend my next life scooping out the Atlantic with a cracked tea-cup—do you?

There is also the renowned Mauthe Doog, which haunted the guardroom of Peel Castle, in the Isle of Man. This ghost has the form of a shaggy black spaniel, and he would appear and lie before the fire in the castle guardroom, as soon as the candles were lit. He lay there in so quiet and natural a manner that the soldiers became accustomed to him, and were not frightened. Nevertheless, it is said that they were a little in awe of this dog, thinking it an evil spirit and so refrained from swearing or using bad language in its presence.

They also preferred never to be left alone in the room when the spectre was there, and each night, when they locked the castle gate, the soldier on duty would be escorted by a comrade.

It so happened, however, that one night some of the soldiers had been making merry, and one of them, who had drunk too much and so acquired a new and false courage,



set out to close and lock the castle gates alone, even though it was not his turn for duty.

His friends tried vainly to stop him, but the more they entreated the more determined he became. He said that he hoped the dog would follow him, so that he might test whether it was a dog or a devil.

He took up the great bunch of keys and left the guard-room. Soon a most fearful noise was heard outside, but the men were too frightened to go and see what had happened. The door opened and the soldier returned with his bunch of keys ; he was sober and silent now, and, in fact, he was never heard to speak again. Three days later he died, in agony greater than was natural, and from that day to this the Mauthe Doog has never been seen again.

The passage was walled up and a new entrance made to the castle, for no one would use the corridor after that gruesome night.

### III

"It is the Sheikh's dog that is Sheikh."—ARAB PROVERB.

IN spite of their dislike for the dog, the Arabs have many legends which show him in quite a favourable light.

The old Mohammedan legend of our Lord and the dog which we have given on page 117 is very beautiful, and although in a sense, it has little to do with the Dog, it points out clearly to all of us grumpy ones, that there is good and beauty in everything, even in the carcass of a dead dog. But we, having a beam in our eye, miss this beauty which Isa, the son of Mary, saw and more's the pity for us.

The story of Rishan the greyhound is related by the Arabs of Palestine. It is the story of a poor peasant who had a most beautiful wife. The Sheikh, however (a most unpleasant man), greatly desired this beautiful woman, and so frightened her husband that, to save her, he divorced his wife. The woman, however, hated the great man, and refused to listen to his proposals, and one day, in desperation, she said she'd sooner marry the Sheikh's greyhound Rishan than have him as her husband. In a fury the Sheikh took her at her word and had a legal marriage contract drawn up between her and the dog, and duly signed by witnesses who had heard her speech. From that day to her death she was known as the wife of Rishan. (9) And that proves that many strange things would happen if we were held to our words, especially words spoken in haste or temper.

The tale is also told of a Moslem who owned a beautiful slug, of which he was very fond. When it died he buried it reverently, with his own hands, in a cool spot in his garden. His enemies therefore sent to the Kadi and accused him of giving decent and reverent burial to an unclean beast. The Moslem was brought before the judge, and would have been sentenced to punishment had he not told the judge that

his slugi had proved his sagacity by making a will before his death, in which he left a large sum of money to his worship the judge. On hearing this the judge decided that such rare wisdom certainly deserved a decent burial. (9)

If this tale is true, the sagacity of the dog is unparalleled, for he had sized up human nature pretty well, and Arab nature particularly well. He knew that money would buy most things, and his forethought and discernment deserved recognition. There are not wanting those who whisper that it was the Sheikh who showed unparalleled sagacity by purchasing his freedom by producing a spurious will ! But we will not listen to them ; we believe the credit is all with the dog, for these very qualities are frequently attributed to him in legend.

In Jerusalem you will hear the story of the " Bir-el-Kelb," the " Dog's Well," which is situated near Herod's Gate, beside the great road which runs from the Holy City to Nablus. It seems that, many years ago, a man was murdered there, and ever afterwards his dog would stay by the spot where the crime was committed, attacking all the passers-by. The poor dog was therefore killed, but that made little difference, for after that he appeared in company with his master, and frightened all the wayfarers along this busy road.

In order to lay these two ghosts, the dead man's brother had a drinking-fountain built on the fatal spot for the use of men and beasts. Since then the man and his dog have been seen no more, but the cistern is known as the " Dog's Well," to remind everyone of the faithfulness of a dog.

This reminds us that the Moslems believe that when we die the dog and all animals will speak, and give evidence against us before God. The Roumanians have the same belief, for they say that when we die two angels appear—the good one walking on the right and the evil one walking on the left ; and each holds a book wherein man's deeds are written.

When the soul appears before the Divine Judge there appears first the cat giving evidence against man, and he says : " Miaow ! Miaow ! He gave me no peace all my life through. He put me to catch mice, and I often remained

hungry ; then he drove me out of the house, and during the daytime he never let me in."

Here the dog leapt up, and interrupted rudely : " What are you talking about ? You should be ashamed of yourself ! " (He was very indignant.)

" You lived in a warm house, and had plenty of food and nothing to complain of ; what am I to say, who was kept out in the cold and rain, and had to watch day and night, and if I ever got a bone thrown to me I thought myself lucky ? "

The Judge replied : " That is your work, and to that you were appointed. Be off with you." (10)

So be kind and polite to your dog, for perhaps the Judge, when the time comes, may not take your side, as he did in the case just mentioned.

There is another old Mohammedan legend which has come down to us through the years, and has been translated into English verse by Edwin Arnold. This legend tells of the gratefulness of a dog, of the kindness of a woman, and of the happy results.

It was high noon, and the Khamseen blew hot from across the burning desert. A woman was being led along the hot, dusty street to her place of execution. The cattle went up and down with their tongues lolling ; the camels moaned ; and crowds with their great earthen pitchers pressed round the well. A poor dog, dying of thirst lay near the well, glaring at the water below and out of reach, and praying silently for help. So piteous were its eyes that the woman passing to her death took from her foot her embroidered shoe, and with her silken girdle let it down into the well, until it reached the cool, dark waters. She gave the draught to the poor spent dog, who whined and licked her hands.

With such glad looks that all might understand  
He held his life from her ; then at her feet  
He followed close all down the cruel street,  
Her one friend in that city !

The King, passing by in his gorgeous litter, watched the woman on her way to die, with the dog by her side, and had compassion for the misery " of that parched hound." He

commanded that the chains be removed, and the woman be once more clothed and veiled and conducted to her home in peace. He said :

“ The law is that the people stone thee dead  
For that which thou hast wrought, but there is come  
Fawning around thy feet, a witness dumb,  
Not heard upon the trial ; this brute beast  
Testifies for thee, sister ! . . .  
. . . I hold rule  
In Allah’s stead, who is the Merciful,  
And hope for mercy ; therefore go thou free—  
I dare not show less pity upon thee.” (11)

This tale, translated from the Maha-Bharata, an ancient Sanscrit poetical treasury, shows well the blessing which may come from a very little kindness performed, and trouble taken, for the sake of others.

There is also the beautiful legend of Yurishthira from the Maha-Bharata. Yurishthira, the hero, was travelling to Paradise, when his wife and brothers died on the way, and he was left to travel along alone, accompanied only by his dog.

Indra, the God of the Sky, comes to him, and offers to carry him right up to Paradise in his chariot.

The hero replies :

“ . . . Oh, thou wisest One,  
Who knowest what was, and is, and is to be,  
Still one more grace ! This hound hath eat with me,  
Followed me, loved me : must I leave him now ? ”

The great God of the Sky replied : “ Monarch . . . what hath a beast with thee ? Leave here thy hound ! ”

Yurishthira is faithful to his beloved dog, and tells Indra that he will not leave him behind.

Then sternly Indra speaks : “ He is unclean, and into Swarga such shall enter not.”

Yurishthira then replied :

“ Wherefore not for Swarga’s bliss  
Quit I, Mahendra, this poor clinging dog !  
So without any hope or friend save me,  
So wistful fawning for my faithfulness,  
So agonised to die, unless I help,  
Who amongst men was called steadfast and just.”



Then Indra argued with him, telling him of the joys he would obtain in Paradise, and how, if he left his hound, he might enter in at once.

Still Yurishthira was faithful to his dog, who throughout life had served him as friend and companion ; and he was richly rewarded, for Indra smiled upon the young hero, and the hound vanished, and reappeared as Yama, the God of Death.

Then said Indra :

" O thou true King

. . . Because thou didst not mount

This car divine, lest the poor hound be shent

Who looked to thee, lo ! there is none in heaven

Shall sit above thee, King ! . . . Justice and love

Welcome thee, monarch ! Thou shalt throne with them ! " (12)

It seems that, according to this legend, the God of Death not only had his two dog messengers and guides, but that he sometimes appeared himself in the form of a dog.

Of all the countries of the East, China and Japan produce the most plentiful collection of legends and beliefs relating, amongst other creatures, to the dog.

The tales have accumulated through the ages into a pile of amazing and interesting stories, most of which show the dog in a very favourable light.

We have already mentioned the dog-headed tribes of Arabia, and time and again we find in folklore references to these strange beings. In the Eastern Church we even hear of a dog-headed saint who was much revered. He is St. Christopherus, and in the Monastery of Neamtz there appeared a life of that saint, and a woodcut picture of him with his dog's head. Even as far back as Alexander the Great this belief existed, for he was said to have fought a battle with the Kephaloi, a people who were supposed to be human beings with dogs' heads.

The idea of dog-headed men once more comes before us in China, where we read of the Jung, or dog-headed tribe, and their story is as follows :

In early times the chief of a Chinese tribe was at war with the chief of a neighbouring tribe. The Western chief so

badly defeated the Chinese Army that they lost courage, and none of the generals or soldiers could be roused to renew hostilities, or to endeavour to drive away the enemy from their own lands.

This troubled the Chinese chief very much, as you may imagine, so, after much thought, he issued a proclamation promising his daughter in marriage to anyone who would bring him the head of his enemy, the Western chief.

This caused much chatter and gossip in the palace, as it very naturally would—not only in ancient China. As the courtiers and nobles talked over the proclamation, a fine white dog belonging to one of the generals was listening and taking in every word. This dog, after pondering the matter well (for he was most prudent), waited until night had fallen, and then stole over to the tent of the enemy chief. The latter was asleep and all his guard, and the dog entered the tent, gingerly picking his way over their sprawling forms. He crept up to the King and gnawed through his neck, and then, picking up the head, in triumph he carried it back to the palace.

At dawn the white dog entered the audience chamber and placed the head of the enemy leader before the Chinese chief. He then stepped back and waited his reward. The Chinese chief went out to see if it were really the head of his enemy, and found that the Western army was withdrawing in consternation and dismay.

The dog, well pleased with himself, now demanded the hand of the Chinese chief's daughter in marriage.

"But how, sir," said the chief, "can I possibly marry my daughter to a dog?"

"Well," said the dog, "will you agree to her marrying me if I change myself into a man?"

This seemed a safe promise to make, and so the chief readily agreed. The dog then stipulated that he should be placed under a large bell, and that for a space of 280 days no one should move it, or even peep into it.

Well, to make a long story short, all this was done, and for 279 days the bell remained unmoved, but on the 280th day the chief's curiosity got the better of him. Instead of waiting till evening, he arose early in the morning and tilted



MESSENGER DOGS IN FLANDERS

*Waiting their turn for duty*



up the bell, just the tiniest bit, and saw that the dog had changed himself into a man, all except his head, the last day being required to complete the transformation. The spell, however, was broken, and the result was a man with a dog's head.

The chief quite saw that it was his fault that the metamorphosis was not complete, and so honourably agreed to keep his promise. The wedding took place with much pomp, the bridegroom's head being veiled by a red mantilla for the occasion.

Unfortunately, their children took after the dog-headed father, and so they were obliged always to wear the head-dress adopted by their father for his wedding. From that time this headdress has become an integral part of the bridal costume, and has been worn ever since by the Jung, or dog tribe. (13)

This legend throws a light upon the dog-worship of this tribe. Every year at their New Year (somewhere in February) they paint a large figure of a dog on a screen, and worship it, saying it is their ancestor, who was victorious over the invaders from the West.

The fearful results of curiosity uncontrolled are shown forth in this tale—results as fearful, although perhaps not so far-reaching, as when Pandora gave in to her curiosity and let loose amongst us all the sin and disease of the world.

One of the earliest beliefs in China which we know of is the belief in the Heavenly Dog, and this belief still persists, in one form or another, to this day.

In old China, in many of the family sleeping apartments hang pictures of Chang Hsien, a long-bearded man with a little boy by his side, and in his hand a bow and arrow, with which he is shooting the "Heavenly Dog." This dog was supposed to be the dog star, and if the fate of the family was under the influence of this star, then there would surely be no son. It is curious to contrast the connection in the minds of the Ancient Egyptians between the dog star and fertility, and that in the minds of the Chinese between the dog star and the lack of it. Chang Hsien was the patron saint of child-bearing women, and was worshipped under the Sung Dynasty by women desiring children. (13)



Opinions differ as to the origin of the worship. One account says that the Emperor Yen Tsung, of the Sung Dynasty, saw in a dream a beautiful youth, with black hair and fair white skin, and in his hand a bow. He said to the Emperor, "The star T'ien Kow, the Heavenly Dog, in the Heaven is hiding the sun and moon, and on earth is devouring small children. It is only my presence which keeps him at bay."

On awaking, the Emperor had the young man's portrait painted and exhibited, and from that time childless families write the name of Chang Hsien on tablets and worship them.

This Heavenly Dog is a mysterious devil-dog known and feared for many years—in fact, since A.D. 600. He was said to descend from the heavens and steal the livers of men, and so the people would all rush to their houses and shut their windows and doors, and arm themselves with clubs, in case that after the sun had set the "Heavenly Dog" would come down to earth and catch them.

The origin of the Heavenly Dog is unknown, but in A.D. 561 it was recorded that a "celestial" dog came down to earth, and that many ceremonies were performed to counteract the ill resulting therefrom.

In old Chinese uranographical works a luminary called the Heavenly Dog is mentioned, and placed in the skies near Cancer. Sze-Ts'ien said of it: "It has the shape of a large moving star and produces a noise. When it descends and reaches the earth, it resembles a dog. Whenever it falls, it becomes a flaming fire. It may defeat armies and kill the commanders."

In another old record Shan-Hai-King states that "mid-way in a large plain or desert is a red dog called the 'Celestial Dog.' Whenever it descends, armed violence will prevail."

Again we read of the demon-dog of the Heavens when, in A.D. 925 it was recorded that "a great noise of thunder was heard in the north, and the wild pheasants screamed. This was a descent of the Celestial Dog."

There is one theory as to the origin of the Heavenly Dog which comes to us from India, and is to be found in the fifth book of the Brahmana. Here we read the legend that

“demons piled up a fire altar in order to ascend by it to Heaven. Indra joined them, and added a brick of his own. When they had climbed up to Heaven, Indra pulled out his brick, and all the demons fell to earth and became spiders, that is, all but two, who jumped up and became Sama and Sabala, the ‘Heavenly Dogs’.”

No wonder we loathe spiders; they are devils after all, and perhaps we have here an explanation of how the Heavenly Dog (or Dogs) attained such lofty and giddy heights.

The North American Indians frequently associate the dog with the moon, perhaps because dogs howl at it and hunt by night. They have also many strange beliefs relating to the dog and eclipses.

The Creek Indians of Alabama thought that an eclipse was caused by a large dog threatening to devour the sun, and the Indians of some South American tribes supposed dogs to be gnawing the moon and making it bleed. Other tribes of American Indians speak of the moon as being hunted by several huge dogs, who catch her and tear her, till her soft light is reddened and put out by the blood flowing from her wounds.

We have read of this great dog of Indian belief; he is called Sama the moon-dog; and some day it is said he will overtake the moon and swallow her!

The Peruvians also had many odd beliefs with regard to eclipses, which they shared with the Tupis, Creek, Iroquois, Algonquin Indians, and the Esquimaux of Greenland. They believed that when an eclipse occurred a large dog was swallowing the moon, so they collected all the small dogs and puppies in their neighbourhood, and thrashed them till they howled for mercy. This performance was carried out in the belief that by making the small earth dogs howl, the great big moon dog would cease his pursuit and eating of the moon. Who this big dog was we can but guess. Brinton, however, suggests that “it was the night goddess represented by the dog, who was thus shrouding the world at midday.”

The Esquimaux have a strange belief that all Europeans are descended from dogs! They say that once, long years

ago, some dogs set sail on a shoe, and, coming towards Europe, they turned into Europeans ! The belief of descent from a dog prevails also amongst certain American Indian and other Totemic tribes.

The Greenlanders have a strange belief with regard to an eclipse. They say that the sun is being pursued by his brother, the moon. Accordingly, when an eclipse takes place, the women seize their unfortunate dogs by the ears, believing that, as dogs existed before the creation of man, they must have a more certain presentiment of the future than man has, and that, therefore, if they do not cry out when their ears are pulled, it is a certain sign that the world is about to be destroyed !

The following legend, told by the natives of Assam, may be another explanation of this theory of the moon being pursued by a dog.

Once upon a time, many years ago, there lived a very pious man and his little dog. So very noble was this man that the sun and moon were jealous of him, and resolved to rob him of his virtue. They therefore bargained with him, saying : " Give us your virtue, and we will give you ours in exchange." The man was a most obliging man, and did as they asked him, but they fled back to the sky with their booty, wickedly leaving him nothing in exchange. The pious man called loudly for his pet dog to pursue the thieves, and she, being a most resourceful dog, fetched a long pole, and climbed up it after the runaways, her master climbing more slowly behind. Most unfortunately, some white ants ate away the bottom of the pole, which fell, precipitating the man to the ground. The dog, however, who was more agile, sprang up into the sky, and there she remains to this day, pursuing the sun and moon around the Heavens. (7) Sometimes she catches the one or the other, and then occurs what civilised people call an eclipse—but we know better !

And so on the earth, in the regions below the earth, and in the Heavens above, there are dogs. Some are good dogs, others are bad dogs, but, to alter a little the popular saying, " It takes all kinds of dogs to make a world."

In China and Japan they attribute magical and healing powers to the dog, and pieces of paper stamped with the

head of a dog may be bought at exorbitant prices from the temple-keeper, after burning incense and making offerings in the temple. These charms are considered very efficacious in causing the one to whom they are applied to become stupid, to die, or to become obedient to the will of another. The charm must be taken home and burnt, and the ashes administered to the unwitting object of hatred, by being placed in the food, or smeared on his clothing.

The Chinese consider the coming of a stray dog to the home to indicate future prosperity and great good luck to the family.

In Japan the dog is believed to have the power of protecting mankind against the evil spells of all kinds of bad demons. Even the image of a dog is considered a powerful protector against wicked demons. The character denoting "Dog" is written on the forehead of an infant to protect it against foxes and badgers, as well as other haunting demons. In order to prove that the name of "Dog" written on the forehead is a magical means of protecting the child from devils, Kita Shingen quotes the Tsukobastro, where we read that the "Dog is a being who protects mankind, and so one sees the character 'Dog' written on the foreheads of sucklings."

In Kita's opinion, the character "Dog" was written on a baby's forehead to keep off the Kishactro bird, or demon's carriage bird. This is a Chinese fabulous bird, which enters the house and robs people of their souls. When the people hear the bird flying overhead, they quickly extinguish their lights, and twitch the ears of their dogs, for, they say, "It is afraid of dogs."

Again, to stop a baby crying at night the Japanese say that if you take the hair from beneath the throat of a dog, put this into a red bag, and tie it to the hands of the baby, the child will stop crying at once. If, however, the child cries in its sleep, it will only be necessary to say "Puppy, puppy," and the child will stop.

This simple charm is recommended also to the parents of English babes, for it is thought from observation to be not generally known in the homes of our own country!

When, a month after its birth, the child is taken for the



first time to the temple, a dog-day is usually chosen for the ceremony. The parents give the child a papier-mâché dog as an excellent protection against demons. This dog has a conventional form, and varies only in size. He is always white, with a few black spots, and he wears a kind of coat of gold and red and blue, embroidered to represent the sun. These dogs are said to ward off all haunting and evil spirits. The more relatives the parents and child call upon on the christening day, the more "dogs" are collected, and hung round the rickshaw of the mother and child.

Besides the word "Dog" and the papier-mâché dogs, dog charms are said by the Japanese to be very efficacious in driving foxes and haunting spirits away. Some years ago, whenever a family was afflicted with fox-possession they would go to Mitumine, a mountain in Musashi, in order to "borrow a dog," or to obtain a charm against this possession. The idea was that an invisible supernatural dog should follow the charm and drive the fox away.

Sacred dogs were actually kept in a building of the temple of Mitumine Gongen, a Buddhist name of the mountain god. Large numbers of people would visit the temple and pray for a "mountain dog" or "honourable dog," which they bought for money.

Perhaps it was owing to the protective and guarding qualities of the dog that the idea arose of having men dressed as dogs about the Court, for in the year 701 there was a body of Imperial guards in the Royal palace of the Emperor of China whose task it was to bark like dogs on special occasions to drive away evil spirits or ghosts. For certain events these dog-guards barked a prescribed number of times. For the arrival of a foreigner at Court, there was no fixed number of times of barking, but when the Emperor drove over the frontier of a province the *imagi-no-hayato* (as these barkers were called) barked twice.

How different we Westerners are, for we do not seem to appreciate the welcoming barks of our dogs, and silence them at the slightest sound.

It is said that the flesh of a wild dog will cause a raging thirst, and we read in an old legend that Phiyosao of Akuk ate only a little of the skin of wild dog, but his thirst became



so terrific that he was sent away from school, because he had to go out and get a drink so often !

This legend may be very old—indeed, we know it is old—but it only proves that little boys were much the same in ancient times as they are to-day, much the same in China as they are in England. It is probable that Phiyosao ate a bit of wild dog whenever he could do so without being seen, after he found out how pleasant the result was !

Whilst speaking of Japan, we might as well mention the story of a woman who earned her living by silkworm growing, and had very ill luck, for all her silkworms died but one. Upon this one her whole future hung, and then—can you believe it?—the great white house dog ate it—ate her one remaining hope.

“ Alack, alas,” she wailed, looking sadly at her dog, who had brought this trouble upon her. To her astonishment, she saw at the end of the dog’s nostrils two white silk threads. She seized the ends and began to pull, and the white silk came running out as she pulled—great lengths of it, till her room was full of the glorious, shimmering stuff. The woman got all the silk she needed, then the poor dog fell dead.

“ Alas ! ” cried the woman, and she buried her dog under the shade of a mulberry-tree, being sure he was the metamorphosis of a Buddha, who had chosen to help her in this way.

We did not invent this legend ; it came from Japan in the very early days of A.D. 900, and was written down by Minamoto No Takakvni in the *Konjakv Monogatari*.

Through much observing of dogs the Chinese came to believe them to be much the same as men. Dogs think and understand ; they have the same passions and feelings as we have ; and from such observations arose their belief in changes of men into dogs, and dogs into men.

Once upon a time a very devout Buddhist priest saw in a dream numberless dogs, and he heard a loud voice saying :

“ There are no real dogs on earth, but beings temporarily transformed into dogs in order to come into close connection with you.”

In fact, according to this, dogs are but missionaries trying

to convert us all into perfectly good Buddhists. We are inclined to think that, if your dog is as fascinating as ours, he will succeed in converting you to anything he wants, from a worshipper of your master to a rejoicer in juicy bones.

In Izumi Province there is a "dog-howling monastery" dedicated to Fudo Myoo. It got its name in the following manner :

The dog of a hunter made a stag to escape because of its ceaseless barking. Now, the master was very angry, and killed the dog with his sword. But, strange to relate, the head of the animal cut off by the sword flew up into a tree over the hunter's head, and bit a big snake which was about to attack the man. The hunter was so deeply moved by this incident that he became a monk of the neighbouring monastery. Everyone in the province considered the dog to be a messenger of Bodhisattva, who had saved the hunter's life, and so the monastery came by its name of " Kenmeizan" or " Dog-howling monastery." (14)

In Japan they have an evil spirit which some people worship. He is called the *inn-gami*, or dog god. Some families have a dog god, which they worship, and which has been in their family for generations. As these dog gods are evil, the first question the parents of a girl about to marry ask is whether there is such a " god " in the family.

These dog gods may be obtained in the following manner : " A dog is tied with a rope to a pillar, and a vessel with food is placed at such a distance that he can barely reach it with the tip of his nose. In this way he dies of hunger, and his soul is worshipped." It is supposed to be a mighty charm, which evidently owes its power to the keenness of the animal's sufferings. (14)

This demon dog was presumably only worshipped by wicked people, by people who worked evil spells against their enemies and any innocent people against whom they had a grudge.

The sacrifice of the dog to the powers of evil is heard of in the magical writings of the Middle Ages in our own country. He is sacrificed to the devil goddess Hecate, to the Devil himself, and to the moon.

Mercifully, nowadays this custom no longer prevails, but,

as far as dog worship goes, I doubt that this will ever die out. We know of many cases, and no doubt you do, too.

We are told a most amusing tale of how the house dog of Ts'ai Ch'ao visited him in the guise of a spectre. It would sit in the hall of the house, and, using clapping-boards for beating time, it chanted songs in a piteous, mournful tone of voice. One day the master saw the dog sitting near the stone wearing his coloured kerchief, and he was filled with foreboding. Rightly, too, for in the same month Ch'ao met with a most unpleasant and violent death, and his dog disappeared for evermore. (14)

For our last legend we give the story of Mr. Han of the Tang Dynasty, 785. We see Mr. Han, a most important man (being the secretary to the Court of Revision), residing in his beautiful home in the Si-ho region.

Mr. Han possessed a beautiful horse, and one morning, going into his stable, he was surprised and angry to find the beautiful creature panting and sweating as if he had just returned from a long, hard ride. Mr. Han cross-questioned the groom severely, but he knew nothing.

The following morning the same thing happened, and this time the poor groom was beaten, but it made no difference. He swore that he knew nothing about it. That night, however, he watched in the stable at midnight, and he saw an astounding sight.

The big black dog belonging to Mr. Han entered the stable, and with noisy barks and howls it leapt on to the back of the horse and galloped out of the stable. As the horse passed under the door of the stable, the black dog turned into a man all in black, wearing a broad-brimmed black hat. He jumped the horse over the house gate, and made off into the night.

The groom watched and waited until, towards dawn, the horse returned, and as he passed under the stable door his rider once more turned into Mr. Han's black dog, who barked and leapt down, unsaddled the horse, and returned to his kennel.

The next day the groom followed the horse's tracks in the wet soil, and hid near an old stone grave, where the tracks seemed to stop. Towards midnight he heard the

horse approaching at full gallop, and saw it stop dead near the grave. The man alighted and entered the tomb, and the hidden groom overheard the following conversation :

"Where is the list of the Han family?"

"I have concealed it beneath the mortar stone," he heard the dark man reply.

The groom peered in, and saw that the spectre man was speaking with a grey-haired dog.

"Beware," he said, "of losing it, or my relations will remain incomplete." The grey dog continued: "Has Han's youngest son been named yet?"

"Not yet," said the black man, "but I will not forget to inscribe it on the list when he gets one."

Then the black man said a cheerful farewell to the grey dog, jumped on Mr. Han's horse, and was off once more.

The next day the groom told his master all, and took Mr. Han to the grave, where he lay hidden the previous night. They inspected the stone, and found a scroll bearing the names of all the Han family, the only one missing being that of the youngest son, not a month old, who had not yet been given a name.

Greatly surprised, Mr. Han went home, and had his black dog killed, and given to his servants to feast on.

Then, with a large band of retainers armed with bows and spears, Mr. Han returned to the grave, and, finding several grey, dog-haired beings, killed them all and went home. (14)

It really makes one suspicious of everyone, doesn't it? For one would think that one's watch-dog was a safe and reliable enough person, and yet, in this case, he was probably occupied all the time in selling his master's family to the Devil.

But enough of these strange tales of far lands, for this part of our book is done, and we must pass on and let these sleeping dogs lie.

## PART IV

### TRUE STORIES OF THE DOGS OF TO-DAY

"For it is by muteness that a dog becomes for one so utterly beyond value; with him one is at peace where words play no torturing tricks. When he just sits loving and knows that he is being loved, those are the moments that I think are precious to a dog; when, with his adoring soul coming through his eyes he feels that you are really thinking of him:"—JOHN GALSWORTHY, *Memories*.





## I

" I know that I have had friends who would never have vexed or betrayed me, if they had walked on all fours."—HORACE WALPOLE.

HAVING read the story of the dog throughout the ages, we cannot fail to compare the dogs of the present day with those of long ago, and what do we find ?

It seems pretty certain that dog in himself has changed little ; he has still those great qualities of faith, trust, and love for his master that he ever had. He is, as a whole, better treated than in years gone by, when cruelty was more general, and not considered the crime that it now is ; but even to-day there is room for improvement in the attitude of some people towards animals. It is incredible that they should be so cruelly treated as they are, even in what we consider these enlightened days ; and one needs but to watch the police-court news in our daily papers, or read the Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals reports, to find instances of this cruelty.

Just to give a few examples. We read in the police-court news recently that one man had been convicted for beating his dog to death ; another had put a skewer through the back of his dog. In another report we read of a man who sent his small dog on a long journey in a tea-tin with a lid screwed on, without ventilation anywhere. The most prevalent form of cruelty is to tie dogs to their kennels by such short chains that they can barely turn around. One man was convicted for keeping his dog thus tied for two years until the poor beast had lost the use of his hind legs. A dog is a naturally active creature, and to be constantly tied up not only makes life a grind to him, but it also frequently makes him savage. Finally, a man was sentenced only last year for biting his dog ! We only hope that some day such people will get what they deserve, for they certainly

do not get it on this earth, where their fines and punishments are ridiculously small and inadequate.

Dogs vary in character, naturally ; but, then, what about us human beings? Are we not good, bad and indifferent? And to do dog justice we must confess that there are very few of the last two amongst well-treated dogs. There are not many of the "Red Wullie" type.

That brings us to another point. Dogs also reflect pretty clearly the character of their owners, so see what a responsibility is ours!

An article which appeared in *The Times* of a year ago gives a very good illustration of this likeness of master and dog. The article was headed "The Tell-Tale Dog," and said :

"The national sheepdog trials, which were held recently at Lowther Castle, may serve to remind 'all proper men,' who acknowledge their descent from the original inhabitants of Mr. Kipling's Just-so Cave, that their first friend remains a singularly adaptable creature, and, in many respects, a mirror in which they may see themselves reflected. Whoever goes to a cat show, though he may observe there a wide variety of form and fur, carries away with him always an impression of having encountered but one immutable cat, endlessly looking out at him from a thousand feline eyes. Cats that are well treated may have an outward composure, and cats that are ill treated a contrasted furtiveness ; but, in good fortune and in bad, they are in truth the same cat. Domestic we may call them, but even on the hearthrug and beside the saucer they are aloof from our ways, sharing, it seems, none of our thoughts, and having borrowed throughout the ages no part of our personality. It is therefore never possible to judge a household by its cat.

"Dogs, on the contrary, are eloquent of their masters. If we may imagine an earth from which all the human inhabitants were suddenly spirited away, and into which a Martian explorer simultaneously entered, there is little doubt that dogs could show us to him, almost as if we ourselves were still living and moving on earth, in all our dignity and our impudence.

“ Sometimes dogs are restrained portraits, sometimes the fiercest of satires. A sheep dog has exactly a shepherd’s air of having to work hard and anxiously for his living ; he has his master’s shyness in company, his deep concentration in repose, his resource and unflagging energy in action. If two mastiffs are employed, one to guard valuable possessions from thieves the other as a companion of children, the first bears in its poise and gait the fierce, possessive pride of ownership, and the second becomes as mild and gentle as an old nurse behind a perambulator.

“ The public parks are delightful, full of people who go about with four-legged replicas of themselves upon a leash. The likeness is often remarkable enough to win a smile, even in the case of men who obscure it sometimes by their uniform habits of dress ; but all the world may instantly know a woman by her dog. If she is by nature of tweed and heather, she will own no canine trifle of silk and scent. If she is selfish and pampered, her dog will yap at every disturbance of its leisured comfort, will fume and fret as she scolds and complains, and will be saved, as she is, from the outward troubles of life, not because it is wise, but because it seldom ventures far from shelter of its comfortable basket.

“ Our Martian explorer would, moreover, as he pursued his travels, receive more than one hint of world politics, for dogs not only absorb the characters of their individual masters, but exhibit the idiosyncrasies of natures. Among sheep dogs alone, England, Scotland, and Wales are divided with true racial distinctness, and a glance into the faces of the dogs we have imported from China proves them to be decorative aliens in this land of setters and terriers.

“ The observant traveller would discover, in every kennel throughout the world, more and more data for the problems of human psychology—so many, indeed, that he might at last return with relief to the imperturbable and international cat, ‘ who walks by himself, and to whom all places are alike.’ When he goes out to ‘ the wet, wild woods, waving his wild tail and walking by his

wild lone,' he has his private mystery, but it is not, as the First Friend's is, the mystery of humanity itself."

The writer of this article has most truly observed our First Friend's peculiarity ; but his problems of the traveller who, through too much pondering over the problems of human psychology as seen in the dogs of the world, turns with relief to the cat walking by his wild lone, need not trouble us. Our own dogs are enough for us, and, even if they do reflect our own characters, we are no doubt inclined to think our *own* dog more perfect than anyone else's, and so will be pleased, not only with our tikes, but with ourselves ! Thus still more will our dog become valuable to us, although no doubt you are right in saying that it is not good for our characters to have self-satisfaction increased in us !

We should, however, appreciate the great compliment paid by the dog in so thoroughly adopting our ways and characteristics ; and if we cultivate fidelity, courage, and honour, in our dog, we may perhaps find that it works the other way about ; in any case, he will certainly repay us.

George Jesse, touching on these qualities of the dog, says : " It has been well remarked that the poets of various lands and different ages have delighted in commemorating the virtues of this favourite animal, as though they recognised in his devotion to man something of the love and obedience with which man should look up to his Heavenly Father and Almighty God."

A sense of right and wrong is very marked in dogs, and it is safe to say that if you can make your dog understand what you wish done, and if you make him feel that you trust him, he will rarely fail you. A true and pathetic story illustrating this sense of duty in dogs comes to us from Austria.

A gentleman lived in Vienna with his terrier in a small house opposite a tobacconist shop. Every morning he was in the habit of giving a coin to his dog and telling him to go to the shop and bring him some fresh tobacco. This the little dog would do, every day returning promptly with the tobacco, which he would, with wagging tail, lay at his



master's feet. Well, one day the man moved to Prague, and, strangely enough, he took rooms once more opposite a tobacconist shop. The next day the man called his dog, and, pointing to the shop, gave the coin to his dog, who seemed fully to understand what was expected of him. Off he trotted, and the man sat down to his breakfast. Time passed, but the dog did not return, and anxiously his master set out to look for him. The whole day he searched Prague, but never a sign of his dog did he find, and sorrowfully he went home.

Five days later he heard a faint scratching at his door, and, opening it, found to his delight his little dog lying on the mat. His joy was short-lived, however, for the poor creature was thin and starved-looking and too weak to stand. Beside him lay the packet of tobacco, but, to his master's horror, it bore the wrapper of the Vienna shop about it. As the man touched the packet the little dog wagged his tail, to show his joy that he had been able to carry out his master's command, and then, completely worn out, he died. The poor little beast had been all the long way back to the Vienna tobacconist to fetch his master's tobacco, and for five days and four nights he must have run, first with the coin in his mouth, and then with the tobacco. His foot-pads were torn and bleeding, and he was worn-out, but he had carried out what he had understood to be his master's wish. He had made a mistake, but can such faith and obedience be conceived?

Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," tells a tale of his collie. "I have known such a dog lay night and day among ten to twenty pails full of milk and never once break the cream of one of them with the tip of his tongue, nor would he suffer cat, rat, or any other creature to touch it."

Probably many people are ignorant of the marvellous intelligence and utility of the shepherd dog. To those who live within the narrow limits of a city, and far from the wide, open grazing lands, he is but a breed of dog, but a name; yet the shepherd dog is one of the useful creatures of the earth, and a faithful, trustworthy friend to man.

These dogs are frequently not pure bred, but they usually have a strain of collie blood in their veins, and their training

begins whilst they are still youngsters. Usually the trainer calls to his assistance one of the older and trustworthy dogs, who thoroughly knows his job. The youngster is then tied to his more experienced comrade, who trots along proud of the responsibility that has been placed on him. So the beginner soon learns the meaning of the call, the whistle, or motion of the hand by which the shepherd directs them.

Many are the marvellous tales of sagacity and faithful understanding related by the owners of these dogs, who are justly proud of the doings of their four-footed friends.

The following tales are from the journal of the R.S.P.C.A. (17) of 1910, and are related by a shepherd of the Welsh hills.

This man, whose farm comprised many acres of hill country, owned a dog who was the envy of the whole neighbourhood for miles around. On one occasion he was left on a hillside in charge of two sheep, whilst his master went off in search of the rest of the flock, which had strayed away far over the hills. Before the shepherd could return to his dog a violent storm came on, and he was forced to seek shelter for the night. The next day the man anxiously went back to the spot where he had left his dog and the two sheep, and, to his joy and astonishment, there stood the faithful creature, still at his post, and still in charge of the two sheep, although he was quite stiff with cold and starving with hunger.

The same farmer owned another dog who could take sheep from place to place quite alone. One morning the man set out with the dog for market in the town eight miles away. Before starting the man told his family that he would not return that night, but would send home the sheep he was going to buy in charge of the dog. He added that a certain gate to a field was to be opened at an appointed time, so that the dog could drive the sheep in.

The farmer bought the sheep, the dog was given his instructions, and the farmer started them off, so that they might arrive as near the appointed time as possible. At the hour mentioned by the farmer the gate was opened, and shortly after the dog was seen approaching, carefully driving the flock before him. When the farmer returned home the next day he found that not one of the huge flock

was missing. In this case the dog certainly performed the work of a man, but for pay he asked merely a meal and the goodwill of his master.

Another Welsh shepherd had a dog who could count the sheep. One day, to test his dog, he told him to go into a field and count the sheep, although he knew there should be twenty-five. In ten minutes the dog returned, and the man began to count; "One," the dog barked; "Two," the dog barked again; and so on up to twenty-four; but when the farmer said twenty-five the dog was silent. He repeated twenty-five several times, but the dog would not answer, and finally the man went into the field to count the sheep himself. Sure enough there were only twenty-four there, and one sheep was missing!

Returning to the "Ettrick Shepherd," there is a story about another dog of his called Sirrah.

It was on a dark night—so dark that he could not even see his dog at his feet—when seven hundred lambs stampeded, and bolted in various directions.

"Sirrah, my man, they're awa'!" he cried, in fearful distress at his loss. But Sirrah understood, and silently went his way. Hogg, the shepherd, scoured the hills all the night long without ever getting a glimpse of his dog or lambs until after daybreak, when he came upon the flock in a ravine, with Sirrah standing guard over them. In the intense darkness of night the dog had collected the scattered flock, and not one lamb was missing.

"All I can say," wrote his master, "is that I never felt so grateful to any creature below the sun as I did to my honest Sirrah."

Besides the "Ettrick Shepherd" there were many other shepherds who wrote about their dogs, and when one considers the marvellous, almost miraculous achievements of some shepherd dogs one cannot wonder that these men thought so highly of their four-footed assistants.

James Gardiner was a famous sheep dog trainer of Lanarkshire, and was a firm believer that dogs resembled their masters, and that no man who was deceitful or unworthy could have a faithful dog. He said that he could be hurt by no greater insult than by a dog's look of distrust.

Gardiner understood the love which his dogs bore for him, and once said, "When my dog wakes from a dream, I know from his look that I have been present in his dream."

Of course, some of the most obedient and trustworthy dogs get up to mischief, particularly when they are alone, if they have not been given some particular job to do.

My dog knows full well that to get on the bed or the furniture is forbidden, and when I am in the house he never attempts to, but, the instant I go out, it seems to become necessary to him to lie on something of mine. If my coat is on a chair, up he will get and lie on it; but most frequently, when I am out at night, he will remove my pyjamas from my bed and lie on them on the floor! He knows he's wrong, but nothing will break him of this habit.

In the journal of the R.S.P.C.A. of 1908 we find the following story:

A man living at Atlanta, Georgia, had taught his collie to carry money to a baker to purchase himself a biscuit. One day, having no small change, he gave the dog a written order to the shopkeeper for his usual sweet biscuit, and, finding this a convenient habit, he did the same thing on several occasions. Some time afterwards the baker was much surprised when the dog's master came in and complained that he had been charged for a good many more biscuits than he had ordered. They were having quite a dispute over it, when, just at that moment, the dog came in with a piece of paper in his mouth.

"Your dog has had all these biscuits," said the baker.

"But I never gave him an order to-day," said the dog's master. The baker took the piece of paper and looked at it. It was blank. Further investigation showed that whenever the dog had felt that he would like a biscuit he had taken a piece of paper to the baker. The latter, accustomed to the order, had never noticed that the pieces of paper were blank!

Another and stranger form of getting into mischief showed itself in a small Pekingese who went by the name of Peachy. She was a very agreeable dog, with such a comic face that just to see her made you laugh.

Well, Miss Peachy had a strange habit of vanishing into





MESSENGER DOG NELL

*She served throughout the War, and saved thousands of lives*





the kitchen garden at all odd hours of the day, and we could not imagine what she did there. When called, she came pouncing back, with flying ears and tail, trying to look indifferent, with an "Oh-just-been-in-the-garden" look about her. There were two other things noticed just then. One was how bad the strawberries were in the garden that year, and the other that Peachy had a most delicious smell about her, which we could not, however, place. Finally we determined to see what she did during her frequent visits to the kitchen garden. One day we followed her at a distance, and she made straight for the strawberry bed, and there she settled herself, pushing her little flat face through the net, and taking large and delicious bites off the strawberries! No wonder she smelt so good, and no wonder the strawberries were so bad that year.

Another dog of our acquaintance, called Rab, was watching the children of his own family picking gooseberries from a bush and eating them. He watched the proceeding for some time, although no one took any notice of him. Eventually he went up to another gooseberry bush and began to pluck off the gooseberries, eating them one by one, and then spitting out the skin, just as he had seen the children do!

These are all very human characteristics, and we would not have our dogs too perfect!

Colonel Richardson, in his book called *Watch-Dogs*, tells an amusing tale of a collie who was also tempted to wrong by his appetite. This collie was being trained as a despatch carrier, and by the roadside he found a workman's dinner done up in a cotton handkerchief, and hidden in the hedge. The dog was nearing home, and going along at a swinging pace. The smell of the repast was too delicious and too strong for his so far only half-trained sense of honour, so he stopped to examine it. His conscience, however, pricked him, and, not liking to stop to eat it there, he seized the bundle by the knot and bore it off. Colonel Richardson says, "He arrived at the training post with a curious expression, which desired to convey the information that, although he realised he had not acted in an absolutely straightforward manner, at all events he had lost no time on the road!"

Small dogs equally show powers of reasoning, as the following tale will reveal. In a letter to the *Spectator* of June 20th, 1909, E. Stanley Robertson tells the story of a King Charles spaniel that he saw in Upper Leeson Street, Dublin.

"He was standing on a doorstep looking up at the bell-handle and whining. As soon as he saw me approaching he trotted down the steps, got in front of me, and sat up 'begging.' Of course, I went and rang the bell, and as soon as the door was opened the little creature turned round and held up his paw to 'shake hands'! I did not at that time know his owner, but I made the lady's acquaintance some time later. I asked her if the dog had been taught to 'beg' to have the door opened and to shake hands by way of thanks. She said he had not; he had been taught to 'beg,' as pet dogs usually are taught, by feeding him with dainties after sitting up, and to 'shake hands' after being fed.

"I only conclude, therefore, that the dog associated the sitting up attitude with a request to be given something he wished for, which in this case happened to be the ringing of the bell. . . . But the 'shake hands' gesture caps the climax. He evidently had been taught to associate the gesture with a feeling of gratitude for food which had given him pleasure; he felt pleasure at his wish to be let into the house being complied with, and so showed his gratitude in the way he had been taught to show it for food."

Mr. H. T. Massingham, in his notes on the story, speaks of begging in the case of his dog as having "mysterious motives." He says, "I often come into the room where he happens to be, and find him begging with his back to me, quite silent and quite alone. I have cudgelled my brains in vain to penetrate the meaning of this, for there is nothing in the past or the present to cause it. I am not concerned in it, and he is not begging for any concrete object. I think he is praying."

And perhaps he was. Why not? One wonders whether

dogs have any kind of prayer beyond the prayer in their clear brown eyes, upraised towards their master.

One also wonders what it is about going to church that attracts some dogs. We have known several dogs who have a passion for going to church, and, although they are beasts who ordinarily never leave their masters' heels, yet they trot off to service alone, and sit in some quiet corner apparently listening.

Southey tells us of a "dog at Congreve who went regularly to church on Sundays at Penkridge Church, during a whole year that the church was under repair and in disuse, and he would go into the family pew, and sit there for the proper length of time!"

Another dog (a Methodist) regularly attended chapel alone, though pelted by the church boys. His master never went, and when he was drowned whilst in an intoxicated state the dog ceased going to church! Perhaps the dog had hoped to lead his master into the paths of righteousness and churchgoing, but, the end to be answered having been frustrated by his death, his good example was no longer needed!

An amusing story of a dog's "churchgoings" is told by R. Jesse:

"The Rev. Mr. L. had a large bloodhound, which had been accustomed to accompany the household to church. He always behaved with the greatest decorum, lying at the foot of the pulpit stairs, till one unfortunate day, when a stranger officiated. All went well till the Communion Service began, and the stranger was about to read the first commandment. Then the dog uprose, placed his paws on the rails, and gave utterance to a fearful bay. The stranger, being of timid temperament, fled to the safety of the vestry, and the hound was expelled in disgrace.

"The dog never attempted to enter the church again, feeling himself excommunicated. Then it was noticed that every Sunday morning he disappeared, though no one knew where to, till one day Mrs. H. stopped Mr. L. in the streets and poured a flood of abuse on him, accusing

him of sending his dog to disturb the devotions of those who attended 'Meeting.' Mr. L., aghast, enquired what Mrs. H. meant, and learnt to his surprise that for some Sundays the ex-High Church dog had gone to chapel, and, though most respectful and devotional in his behaviour, the congregation did not appreciate his presence. Mr. L., a High Churchman, only expressed his regret that his dog had so far lapsed as to let himself down to 'Meeting' ! "

A story is told of the sacred service in a small country church in Scotland being interrupted by the unseemly noise of a fight between two of the sheep dogs who came regularly to church with their masters. The minister paused in his prayer—extempore, as in all Scottish churches—and hurriedly said to the beadle, " Pit oot thae dogs." As nothing happened, the command was issued in louder tones, which could be heard all through the building, and a vain attempt was made by the farmers to interfere. The minister waited for a few minutes, and then said resignedly, " Ah, weel, ah, weel, I pit ma money on the yallow yin," and the whole congregation settled down to watch the issue.

One more such tale comes to us from the *Spectator* of October 15th, 1904 :

" At the disruption in 1843 the bulk of the shepherds (in the Vale of Yarrow, in the Scottish Borderland) joined the Free Kirk. But one collie held by the Establishment principle and refused to ' come out.' Every Sabbath he went alone to the Establishment Church, where he had been wont to accompany his owner. His master refused to coerce him. ' Na, na,' he said. ' He's a wise dawg ; I'll no meddle wi' his convictions.' The collie's adherence to the Establishment had, however, a disastrous end. He was accustomed to lie during the sermon on the pulpit stairs, no doubt the better to hear the discourse. Below him were placed the stove-pipe hats of the elders. On one unfortunate day he fell asleep, rolled off his step, and managed to get his head firmly fixed inside of one of the hats. Bitterly mortified, the dog fled from the kirk, and



ever afterwards, as his master said, 'had nae trokins wi' reelegion.' "

Poor dog, what bad luck, when so many "humans" sleep peacefully and unreprieved during discourses made, no doubt, for their good!

Two modern Bishops took their reverend dogs into their cathedrals with them, of whom one was Archbishop Croke. When he lay dying, during the Holy Week of 1902, his pet dog entered the cathedral and sat solemnly on his empty throne between the vested Canons during the service of Tenebræ. To all those present it seemed a solemn warning of the Bishop's death.

Talking of church-going dogs reminds us once again of the association of dogs with death, already mentioned in a past chapter. You may laugh at those tales and not believe them, or call them tales of the past, yet the following two stories will show that there is something in them after all—even in modern times.

R. Jesse says that at Berryhead there lived a black Newfoundland dog, who had rendered himself quite notorious in the neighbourhood by the regularity with which he attended funerals. No sooner did the funeral procession appear on the road leading to the church than the dog darted off at full speed. Having joined it, he composed himself, walked quietly, and took up the position of chief mourner immediately after the coffin, and so accompanied it to the place of interment; he then returned quickly home when the ceremony was over!

The dog in the next story did much the same sort of thing, but he is alive to this day, and still continues his strange practice.

An Irish terrier, of independent nature, was left by his mistress to roam about the place by himself most of the day; in consequence, she knew little of her dog's habits. One day a woman from the village came to call, and saw him asleep in the room. The dog's mistress warned the woman not to stroke him, saying that he wasn't always very friendly to strangers in the house.

"Oh," said the woman, "I know him well. He's the chief mourner."

"The what?" said the dog's owner, thinking she had not heard aright.

"The chief mourner. Surely you know about him?"

The mistress said she was completely mystified. It seemed that the dog had been for months past in the habit of attending all funerals held in the village church. He would sit quite close to the grave, and give one long howl; otherwise he was perfectly quiet and well behaved. How he knew when there was to be a funeral (and there were many during the war) was always a mystery, but he was never known not to attend. The dog's mistress was both surprised and distressed, and said that, in future, she would keep him tied up. Whereupon the caller was very agitated, and entreated that the dog be left free. On being asked why, she replied, "When he sees the Angel of Death standing by the corpse, he howls, and so frightens away all the evil and unfriendly spirits."

The dog lives on the borders of Dartmoor, and the story shows that the people of the south country still believe in the spirit-seeing powers of the dog. No doubt that dog could relate many tales of the spirit dogs of the moor had he but the gift of human speech.

And it was not only in foreign lands or in olden days that dogs followed their masters to the grave; in our own lifetime we can remember a little dog who took part in a funeral—a little white dog who followed his master at the last. This was Cæsar, King Edward's dog, a close and faithful friend of his Royal Master, going everywhere with him, at home or abroad. About his neck he wore a medal, on which the following words were inscribed: "I am Cæsar, the King's dog," but, in spite of living in the midst of the highest in the land, he was not above getting into mischief. He travelled with King Edward to Marienbad or Homburg each year, and was a tremendous favourite everywhere he went. In the dogs' *Who's Who*, amongst Cæsar's occupations we find "Hunting and motoring," and no doubt he took the many opportunities that offered of enjoying the former, and always got plenty of the latter with the King.

He liked to sit in the front seat (as do most of our dogs), and look down on his more humble neighbours merely walking along the crowded pavements. Best of all, however, he liked to sit in King Edward's seat, and whenever it was vacant he would quickly get into it and sit there upright and proud. He was probably pretending to be King and saw all the dogs of the British Empire bowing their tails before him. Once, however, he played at this game too long, and his Royal master got into the car and sat heavily on him, thus putting a noisy and painful end to his dog's day-dreams.

This little terrier dog followed his master to the end, and surely in all the glory and sadness of that great procession to St. George's Chapel at Windsor, one of the most moving and pathetic sights was that little dog, trotting so quietly along amongst the gorgeousness of many coloured uniforms, even before Kings and Queens, as he followed his master on his last State ride through the streets of his capital on that hot morning in May, 1908.

This famous little dog spent the rest of his life with Queen Alexandra at Marlborough House, and on April 18th, 1914, he died, but he left behind a grandson who distinguished himself in the Great War as the mascot of the Canadian Highlanders. This dog was called "Pic," because it was in Piccadilly that he first joined his regiment.

Most certainly many dogs have an extra sense—that of foreseeing approaching danger or trouble, or having knowledge of events happening at a distance. Not so long ago we were told about a dog who always met his master each evening at the station when he returned from work. One day the dog trotted off at 2 p.m., and the dog's mistress tried to call him back, but in vain; on he trotted. In twenty minutes or so the dog returned, accompanied by his master, who had for some reason returned earlier than usual.

In another case a dog belonging to an American gentleman was left behind with the family when his master went to France in 1918. The dog was proud of being entrusted with the family, and looked after them for some months. Suddenly one quiet, warm afternoon, he stopped in the

midst of a game with the baby, and, turning his head to the north-east, gave a fearful long-drawn howl. His mistress knew at once that the dog was giving her a warning about his master, and from then waited anxiously for a telegram amidst the ridicule of her friends. The telegram came the next morning telling of her husband's admission to hospital in France ; he had been wounded, but not seriously. Once more the dog romped with the baby, but on a warm summer morning again he stopped suddenly, turning to the north-east. He looked, he sniffed the air, and tried to attract his mistress's attention. He gave one mournful howl after another, and then lay down at her feet, fawning and licking her shoes, expressing in every way his deepest sorrow. Again the woman knew that all was not well in that French hospital, and she sat down upon a rock near by to face this knowledge alone. Suddenly her dog sprang up from his fawning and began to wag his tail violently, jumping up and down for joy, and leaping up against something which she could not see. The dog had never shown such excitement since his master went away, and he behaved exactly as if he were there, standing beside his wife. The telegram telling of the American officer's death soon followed, proving that by some strange sense unknown to most of us dog knows of the happenings of events before it is possible for human intelligence to be apprised of them. (19)

There are many stories of this kind which may be told of the dog. In the same way dogs have been known to travel incredible distances to places where they have never been before, to find their masters. How do they do this ?

R. Jesse quotes the story of a sheep dog belonging to a butcher in Ludlow. The man sold the dog for a good price to another butcher, who traded in Market Harborough. The dog was taken by rail, travelling by night. When getting the sheep dog out of the train at Market Harborough the butcher accidentally loosed the dog's chain, and he made off. Three days later the dog turned up at his old home, hungry and tired, but delighted to be home again ! He had travelled one hundred and twenty miles over ground he had never crossed before.

Another instance of this sense we find in the daily papers



of 1920. A large poodle was a great friend of his master's, and, indeed, of all the family, and in 1914 moved with them from Paris to Armentières. They all remained there until the town was evacuated, when the family returned to Paris and took a flat in the Malakoff quarter of that city. The poodle however was left in Armentières with some kind neighbours, and lived for some months with them apparently peaceful and happy.

Then one day in 1920 the family in the Malakoff quarter of Paris heard a scratching at their door, and, opening it, found their old poodle sitting on the mat. He was tired and dirty but very tail-wagging and his face wreathed in smiles, as he leapt upon his old friends and remained with them ever afterwards. From Armentières to Paris is a very long way for the dog to have travelled, and, even then, how did he know, in all of Paris, where to find his master? The family had previously lived in a quite different part of the town, so the dog could not possibly have known where they were. He must have heard someone say the address!

Another dog climbed Mont-Blanc in search of his master. He was a young St. Bernard, and his master, M. Tairras, left him behind when he went up Mont-Blanc to stay for a few days at the Vallot Observatory, on the summit. On the evening of the day after he was left the dog arrived at the top exhausted and hungry, but delighted to find his master.

"Alpinists and guides ascending and descending the mountains, said that the dog had approached them, but, not finding his master, continued his journey upwards with his nose to the snow, as if following the scent of his master." It was calculated that the dog took only fourteen hours for his ascent! (17)

Another little dog, a rough-haired terrier, was in the habit of accompanying his master when he went for climbing expeditions in the Alps above Innsbruck. After perilously being pulled up a fearful precipice, the man discovered to his horror that his dog had been left below. He was in despair, for he could not go back, nor could the dog climb the great wall of ice, and finally he had to go on, determining to send



someone to the rescue from the Grindelwald Valley the next day.

But when the search-party called and whistled through the snowfields and glaciers the next day there was no sound or sign of the dog, and woefully the master returned to his home in Berne. The man hoped against hope that the intelligent little beast might, by some miracle, have got home alone, and so he hurried on. But no dog was there, and the whole family, including Johannes Brahms, their friend, was sad and sorrowful.

The next day, early in the morning, there was a commotion and scratching at the front door, and several members of the household, in various half-stages of dressing, rushed to the door. As it was opened, the terrier sprang up to them with a great joy, but almost immediately collapsed. The poor creature was soaked through and through, his coat was full of pine-needles, and his feet red and swollen; besides the injuries inflicted during his journey, he had evidently had a fight, for he had a large bite out of his neck. He looked thin and starved, having had no food for three days. However, no harm came to this small dog. He was soon rested and full of life again; but how he must have wanted to speak, to tell his master of all his dangers and adventures; but, like all our tikes, he could only keep silent and look his news with his great brown eyes. His family never found out how that terrible journey was accomplished.

It would seem sometimes as if one's dog could read one's mind, and we are half inclined to agree with the Irish!

A small instance of this thought-reading shows itself in my dog. When I sit at my table writing, I frequently get up to go to my bookshelf near the door. Beside me in his basket lies Nobbie, my terrier, apparently snoozing. Several times in an hour I go to my bookshelf, but never once does the dog beside me move; then I get up from my table intending to go into another room, and before I reach the bookshelf my dog is before me at the door! How does he know that I am not merely going to the bookshelf? I don't know, but quite evidently he does.

Another similar instance of this sense comes from B. B.,

writing in the *Spectator* of February, 1917. He says: "We had been hanging up a bookshelf in the passage, with lots of books in it. I was passing up when my Scotch terrier stopped, and stood staring up at the shelf whining. I did not take much notice, but thought it curious, as there seemed no cause for his whining. In a few minutes the shelf came tearing down, just missing our heads. He evidently wanted to tell me that something was wrong."

Possibly, in this case, the dog's extra quick ears caught a cracking sound as the shelf began to loosen. If so, he was a quick little dog and quite on the spot. But there are still more wonderful tales of this description told which can hardly be explained in any such fashion. It seems quite clear that dogs do not merely work by instinct, but that they reason. Of course, there are dull dogs, who will learn nothing, but there are exceptions to every rule, and with a little trouble your dog can be made to understand most things, and possibly he will also reason out things for himself.

An excellent instance of this was given in the *Spectator* of July, 1909:

"A small fox terrier had been taught to ring the bell for the servant. To test whether the dog knew why it rang the bell, it was told to do so one day whilst the maid was in the room. The little fellow looked up in the most intelligent manner at the person giving the order, then at the servant, and flatly refused to obey, although the order was given more than once. The servant left the room, and a few minutes later the dog rang the bell immediately he was told to." (18)

This certainly seems to denote clearly some reasoning on the part of the dog.

The same writer gives us the following story. It is very amusing, and shows that the dog thought to some purpose!

He says, "My grandmother-in-law was blind in one eye; her dog, having been warned off the sofa, used to sit himself there on her blind side!"

We couldn't have done better than that! Yet the dog

in the following tale was just as clever, and showed a delicious sense of humour.

This story appeared in a letter in the official journal of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. An old lady rented a furnished villa for the summer, and with the villa went a dog. In the sitting-room there was a comfortable chair, which the old lady liked better than any other in the house, and which she consequently always made for the first thing every morning. But, alas ! it was also the favourite seat of the dog. She nearly always found it occupied. Being afraid of him, she dared not hit him to get him out of the chair for fear he should bite her ; so she would go to the window and call out " Cats ! " Then the dog would rush to the window and bark, and the old lady would slip into the vacant chair.

One day the dog entered the room and found the old lady already in possession of the chair ; he strolled to the window, and, looking out, appeared very excited, and began to bark. The old lady rose and hastened to the window, and the dog climbed quickly into the chair !

We think that to this dog the fifth problem of Euclid would have been as simple as the " two times " multiplication table.

Another dog showed his thinking powers in a less selfish way. A farmer had a bull who was in a very bad temper, and flatly declined to enter his barn for the night. The farmer was angry and in despair, when to his amazement out rushed his sheep dog and made straight for the bull. First of all he got the bull with his back to the barn and then seized him by the nose ; the bull backed, and the dog let go, but kept on snapping at his nose, and each time he snapped the bull backed in order to get far enough away to use his horns. Finally in this way the bull was backed into his barn, and the dog ran out between his legs before the furious and thwarted beast could pay him out.

In this case two men had been completely unable to cope with the bull, whilst in no time the dog had done the trick.

A dog's thoughts work in many ways, but sometimes the result of their thought is not appreciated.

One little dog—a fox terrier called Larry belonging to

Bishop Milne—had a splendid idea, but somehow the human friend he had intended to help so tremendously did not seem a bit grateful for it.

The story comes from the *Spectator* of February 1914. Larry had trotted out with a servant—a great friend of his—when she went out to the yard to bring in wood for lighting the fires the next morning. Larry watched, and saw her put the wood into the oven to dry. In the morning another maid came and put the dried wood in her housemaid's box ready for use, and, leaving it, went off to do some other work. When she came back to fetch it the wood was no longer in her box, but she found it all tightly packed into the oven again! She was inclined to blame the cook for meddling with her box, but the cook was able to tell her that she had watched Larry carry the wood, stick by stick, from the pantry and put it back in the oven, where his own friend had put it overnight.

Poor little dog! he had meant so well, but he only received blame for his efforts.

Another such tale is about a black Pomeranian living in the Cobham Road at Sunningdale. He thoroughly enjoyed lying before the sitting-room fire, gazing dreamily into the red, hot glare of the coals, and each morning he watched the housemaid with the greatest interest as she laid and lit it. One cold morning his owner came down very early, and found the Pomeranian keeping guard over a piece of paper, some coal, and wood, which he had collected from the scullery in order, apparently, to expedite the lighting of the fire, that he might warm himself!

This was an observant dog!

Certain words of our speech are understood by our dogs. Usually the words "out," or "ball," or "dinner" have the effect of arousing them from their slumbers, and turning their laziness to wildest energy and excitement. Their names they of course invariably recognise, and how well they know when they are being discussed! A correspondent in the *Spectator* of January 1913 tells the following story, which gives an amusing illustration of a dog's recognition of its own name.

Lately, during a birthday celebration of the poet Whittier,



he was visited by a celebrated singer. She was asked to sing, and, seating herself at the piano, she began the ballad of "Robin Adair." She had barely begun to sing before Mr. Whittier's pet dog came into the room; and, seating himself beside her, watched her as though fascinated, and listened with evident delight. When she had finished, he put his paw very gently into her hand and licked her cheek.

"Robin takes that as a tribute to himself," said Mr. Whittier. "He is also Robin Adair."

"The dog, hearing his own name, evidently thought himself the hero of the song. From that moment he was the lady's devoted friend, staying by her side indoors, and when she went away he carried her satchel in his mouth to the gate, and watched her departure with every sign of distress."

This dog was evidently musical, and so no doubt found a double charm in the song.

And here is a tale of another musical dog, this time a large sheep dog. He was passionately fond of the piano, but no other instrument would do; he would lie with his nose close to the pedal, and from his closed mouth emitted an accompaniment which went louder and softer with the music. He would go to the piano and beg and coax his owners to play to him, but he would not listen to either scales or exercises; nothing less than Chopin would do, and to this he would listen for hours.

It is quite clear that some dogs are distinctly musical, and an Aberdeen terrier of our acquaintance could really almost sing! It was only necessary to invite him to sing and then to begin a song for him to join in gladly. His song was a bit disjointed, but he has never been known not to sing exactly in tune those notes which he did sing!

Speaking of a dog recognising sound, a strange story was printed in the *Spectator* of October 1914. It seems that Mrs. L., of Bonchurch, brought home from Spain a small white poodle, which she had bought from a professional dog-trainer in Barcelona. It was an affectionate little



beast, but for two years showed no talent, although it had been educated by performing dog-trainers.

After two years two Italian boys were invited to tea with Mrs. L. When they entered the room the poodle was sleeping quietly on the hearthrug, but, suddenly hearing Italian spoken, it sprang up in wild excitement and alarm, and began to turn somersaults, tried to stand on its head and to walk on its forepaws. Imagine the astonishment of the boys and of the dog's mistress! It was apparently no fun to the poor dog, however, for even after the two years of peace and kindness its former terror seemed to come back to it, and every time it was addressed in Italian the poor creature would immediately begin a hasty performance.

A suggestion that dogs understand human speech is offered by the following story from the journal of the R.S.P.C.A.

Two men were returning from shooting one evening when they were met at the gate by a very old retriever. She had been beautiful in the days of her youth, but she had now grown old, and was so feeble she could scarcely walk. "Poor old Riga! How wretched you look! The kindest thing would be to shoot you," said her master. "But I haven't the heart to do it. You had better go and drown yourself."

The dog looked up wistfully into his face as he spoke, looking very sorrowful, and the two men passed on and went indoors. That night, the master, according to his custom, asked if the dogs were in. "No, sir," said the servant. "Scott is in, but not Riga."

"Have you searched for her?"

"Yes, sir, I've called and searched."

"Very well; then look early in the morning."

Before breakfast the next day the men who were hunting for the dog called her master. "Sir, we've found her."

Near by was a lake, and there, standing upright in the water, was Riga, deliberately holding her nose beneath the water, but stark and stiff and quite dead.

Did the poor dog understand what her master had said? One wonders.

There is another part to that curious extra sense of the

dog, but this is more commonly shared by human beings. It is his frequently correct judgment of time. We put this down to an extra sense, although perhaps we are merely blindly misunderstanding. Perhaps our dogs can count or tell the time, and we would certainly think they did from the true stories which follow.

A writer in the *Spectator* of April 1917 says that his West Highland terrier, although only ten months old, calls him regularly each morning. Promptly as the clock struck seven the dog would jump on him and try to help him to wash. Then came Easter morning, when the time had been advanced by one hour during the night on account of Summer Time; but the little dog was not "done" by this proceeding, and called him as the clock struck six. This incident was also repeated by my own terrier last year.

Then, in the *Animal World*, the journal of the R.S.P.C.A., there appeared another such tale of a gentleman who had a Scotch terrier whom he took to Scotland one spring. On the return journey the man got out at some small station and in the hurry of getting into the train again his dog was left behind. A kindly porter took the little fellow home, and his children made a great pet of him, and, as he was well cared for, he seemed fairly happy.

Every day, however, for a whole year, quite punctually, in winter snow and summer heat, the dog trotted to the station and met the midday train. So regular and punctual was he that the people near by told the time by the little grey figure as it trotted to the station. At last his patience was rewarded. The next spring his master again returned south, and, seeing his dog on the platform as his train drew in, he sprang out and took him back into the train, and away they sped together!

Besides his faithfulness, this dog had a wonderful sense of time to be exactly punctual 365 times running! Another letter to the *Spectator* in October 1912 speaks of two instances of this "sense of time" in dogs, although it seems to us that in the second story the dog probably recognised the sound of the words in the last prayer used, and so knew when the end of family Matins was at hand.

A certain dog was a regular worshipper at church. One

day the sermon had been longer than usual, so the dog left his mat and went up to the churchwarden who collected the alms and scratched his leg, as if to remind him that it was time for *his* performance. Luckily we humans have more restraint, otherwise we should probably frequently behave like this!

The same kind of thing occurred with a fox terrier called Dandy at family prayers. At first he was quiet and decorous, as usual, sitting on the window-sill until the last prayer was said. But as it was St. Andrew's Day an extra prayer was added at the end. Up got Dandy, yawned, stretched fore and aft, and sat watching with his head on one side. After a second or so he sang a high, loud song of impatience. Then, seeing his friends still unresponsive, and maintaining the attitude of prayer, he made a round of inspection of all, hopped on to the back of one kneeling figure, then made a dart at his mistress, knocking off her spectacles and sending her prayer-book flying. Everyone was reduced to speechless laughter, and Dandy barked, delighted.

He no doubt said to himself: "Enough's as good as a feast!"

Well, we'll take his hint and pass on to another chapter, to make the acquaintance of the hero dogs of the Great War.

## II

" Lord ! there'll be deaf angels when we meet—  
And you leap up and bark ! "

—R. VERNEDE ON " THE SHEEP DOG. "

It was not only in olden times that dogs were used in war, but, as we shall see, in the Great War, 1914-1918, they played an important part.

At the outbreak of war we had practically no trained military dogs attached to our Army, although the Germans had for some years paid much attention to the subject and had regular dog-training schools.

The first work on which our dog friends were actually employed in the Great War was with the British Red Cross as ambulance dogs. These were used to trace the wounded and unconscious lying out on the battlefield, and very useful they would have been had the inviolability of the symbol of the Red Cross held. The first poor beasts went to Belgium in the early days of August 1914, but both the dogs and their keepers—although they wore the Red Cross—were brutally shot down whenever they attempted to carry out their work. So, on the Western Front, these dogs were no longer used for this work. However, the following letter, published in the *Spectator* of October 9th, 1915, from a nursing sister with the Dardanelles Force, shows that on other fronts they carried out their humanitarian work splendidly.

" The Red Cross dogs are a great help to us in finding the wounded, and it is remarkable how they know the dead from the unconscious. When they find a living man they give a low, mournful howl to fetch us. We don't let them out till the battle is over, and sometimes

we can't tell exactly where they have found the man, so, when no one goes to them, they come to us carrying the man's cap, which tells us whether he is a Turk or a Britisher, and then they lead us straight to the spot."

Next came many demands for guard and sentry dogs, and we wonder, what would have happened had there been no Lieutenant-Colonel Richardson to train and supply these dogs?

But he was prepared, and the dogs were forthcoming. The whole land seemed to be in need of dogs to guard factories, magazines, bridgeheads, and property of all kinds, although to begin with many people were sceptical as to their usefulness. Colonel Richardson found that the Airedale answered these purposes as well as any, and many of them were supplied to British officers as well as sent to the Belgian Army.

Soon afterwards Colonel Richardson was asked to train dogs to carry messages, and after much experimenting he succeeded with two Airedales, Wolf and Prince, who were sent under escort of a gunner to Thiépval in 1916.

The first report on these dogs was as follows:

"From: O.C. 56th BRIGADE, R.F.A.

"To: R.A. HEADQUARTERS, 11th DIVISION.

"In continuance of my letter No. 549, dated on the 7th inst., during the operations against Wytschaete Ridge two messenger dogs attached to this Brigade were sent forward at 1 a.m. One was attached to the forward liaison officer and one with the group forward observation officer.

"After being led up through communication trenches during darkness they went forward as soon as the attack was launched, passing through the smoke barrage. . . . One was despatched at 10.45 a.m. and the other at 12.45 p.m.

"Both dogs reached Brigade Headquarters, travelling a distance as the crow flies of 4,000 yards over ground they had never seen before, and over an exceptionally difficult terrain. The dog despatched at 12.45 reached his destination under the hour, bringing in an



important message, and this was the first message which was received, all visual communication having failed.

(Signed) O.C. 56TH BRIGADE, R.F.A. (15).

Again, later on, we hear of these same gallant dogs.

"On the attack on the Vimy Ridge the dogs were employed with an artillery observation post. All the telephones were broken, and visual signalling was impossible. The dogs were the first to bring through news."

Owing to the successful results obtained with these dogs, Colonel Richardson was sent for by the authorities at the War Office to discuss the possibility of supplying messenger dogs to the Army.

The result was the formation of a War Dog School at Shoeburyness. This spot was chosen so that the constant firing of big guns might accustom the dogs to the noise.

Then there appeared in the papers an appeal for dogs. People were asked to instil patriotism into their dogs, and to send them to join up in Colonel Richardson's dog battalions. This appeal went out from the War Office, and some weeks later an amusing notice appeared in the paper to the owners of dog-volunteers asking them not to deliver their dogs to the War Office itself, but to offer them to Colonel Richardson at Shoeburyness!

Imagine the entrance-hall of the War Office, already full of harassed officials, still further choked by men and women attached to their pet "dog-volunteers"!

Soon the school at Shoeburyness was in full swing, and draft after draft of trained men and dogs went together to France. In his admirable book, *British War Dogs*, Colonel Richardson gives some most interesting accounts of the training and work of these dogs.

First and most important of all were the dog keepers, who had to be men of infinite patience; they also had to be brave, and fond of, and gentle with, dogs. Not everyone who offered was suitable for the work.

Speaking of the dogs found most suitable, Colonel



HIS TRUST IS GIVEN HIM  
*A Messenger Dog's Zero Hour*



Richardson specially recommended the Airedale, the shaggy sheep dog, and some Irish and Welsh terriers and lurchers. He says that our friend the poodle is too fond of play, and that he rarely "found a dog with a gaily curled tail, which curled over its back or sideways, of any value. This method of carrying the tail seems to indicate a certain levity of character quite at variance with the serious duties required!"

The object of using messenger dogs is to save human lives and to hasten despatch carrying. When all communications are cut, wires down, the surrounding country a mass of shell-holes, mud, smoke, gas, water, and an inky darkness, where no light may be shown, there comes the turn of the gallant messenger dog. His sense of direction does not fail by night, nor in mist or fog. He is smaller than a man, and less easy to hit on that account and because of his rapid movements, and so in all the fire and thunder of the front lines the dog saved hundreds of lives. He was in the thick of it and in the hottest of the fight, yet, miraculously, the casualties in dog-messengers were low. (15)

Consider what the training of these dogs meant, and consider how faithful, honest, and keen must be the messenger dog of war! He has to work on his own initiative, perhaps miles from his keeper, in ground that he does not know.

Colonel Richardson says that coercion is of no avail, seeing that the dog works away from his keeper, and that the sole method of training the messenger dog is by infinite patience and love, and by imbuing him with a keen delight and pride in his work. "The highest qualities of mind," he says, "love and duty, have to be appealed to."

These dogs remained at the War Dog School for five or six weeks, to become thoroughly trained and hardened.

Colonel Richardson, in *British War Dogs*, speaks of the dogs' delight when the hour of parade for training approached. He says, "A certain amount of 'swank' was evident among those members of the classes who considered their work was approaching that quality known as '*Haute école*.' This was for the benefit of the less accomplished, and especially for the late comers, who were drawn up in a line on the opposite side."

These dogs were trained to pass through gas, smoke barrages, water, either by wading, jumping, or swimming, and over barbed wire fences and entanglements.

We will now give a few reports on these dogs from their keepers or the Officer Commanding the Brigade to which they were attached. In one Brigade the signal officer issued instructions that, as far as possible, all important despatches were to be sent by dogs.

Keeper David reports on his two dogs as follows :

" Joe and Lizzard have done some very good work out here, both day and night. The dog is as good in the night as he is in the day ; he is worth his weight in gold ; and the bitch is very good. I have had them come three miles in twenty minutes, and they are just the same on any front that we go to. The dog can always be relied upon."

Another report reads :

" No. 10, Cross Spaniel has been in the Ypres Sector for the last twelve months, having done some good work bringing back some urgent messages from the Ninth Division and the Highland Light Infantry, being gassed and wounded in the shoulder, and getting some very close shaves from shrapnel going through the barrages ; was in the advance till it finished."

One little tike was very clever at giving the " Gas Warning," scenting it a long way off with his little black, button-like nose. He was then promptly pushed into a gas helmet !

Later on we read of another collie who did most excellent work. His report read :

" *Re* No. 140. This dog went over the top with three or four brigades of Australians on several occasions. One occasion in particular was when an attack was made on Villiers Bretonneaux, in the Somme. He came in with a despatch ' Urgent,' which contained the details of the attack—a distance of four and a half miles in eight minutes.



There was very heavy shell fire at the time. While in front of Douai this dog advanced, roughly, seven miles, and brought the only message when Douai was captured, as all the wires were broken. He completed his journey in fifty-five minutes. The other two dogs were in attacks and did good work, too. I am sure they must have saved a large amount of life."

And so on. These are but a few of the wonderful stories of the achievements of *British War Dogs*, trained by Colonel Richardson at the Dog School. In his final despatch at the close of the war, Lord Haig acknowledged the splendid work performed by these dogs.

Now, there were many dogs at the Front besides those we have just mentioned—many that were not trained for war or for special service. These were the dogs of Northern France and Flanders, those who in July, 1914, were following their masters, tail-wagging and gaily smiling, as they went to work together, or as they walked over the peaceful summer countryside. Many of these poor creatures only a month later were wandering homeless, ownerless, frightened, hungry, and lonely.

A correspondent wrote to *The Times* in September, 1917, referring to the dogs at the Front. He said :

" It is the dogs who enlist the men's sympathy more than anything else. Like frightened children they joined the ranks, nestling down by the side of the men for warmth and protection. Their piteous eyes seemed to ask, ' What does it all mean? What has happened to the world? ' "

No wonder, poor little dogs, if they found their world a changed and uncomfortable place, but one thing is certain, that when any of them was lucky enough to become attached to a British Tommy his future was assured. To see them one would have thought that every man in the Army had a dog, and most certainly, amongst any small group of soldiers that passed, or that stood talking outside billets, a dog creature of some kind was in attendance.

An officer wrote in *The Times* the following tale of how he came by his dog :

"A few days ago," he said, "I met a thin, hungry-looking sporting dog, who seemed out to find a friend, so I offered to fill the position. I found, however, that 'Come here!' had no effect, so I tried French. '*Ici!*' I called. He, however, was gradually lengthening the distance between us. Finally, in desperation, I called out '*A moi!*' and this worked. The poor beast came bounding back to me, and has been with me ever since."

So one British soldier acquired his dog. Another risked his life in No-Man's-Land to bring in a poor little bedraggled terrier that once had been white and well cared for, but had become black with caked mud. The dog seemed to know what the man had done, and repaid him with the most loyal trust and affection, ever after remaining close by his side in the line, and eventually following him to hospital.

The French Armies had employed dogs in the front line from early in 1914. Mr. Ward, the American correspondent with the French Armies in the field, wrote to *The Times* that "dogs have become of such general and important use throughout the French Army that it is no longer possible to supply the demand. Although every dog-pound in France sent regular quotas to the Army, still thousands more are needed. Like everything else in the present struggle, the rôle of the dog has changed, and developed to an extent never dreamt of. One of the greatest problems set by the war is that of keeping up communications between the front line and the artillery and commanding-posts in the rear.

"Thousands of dogs have been proved to have an aptitude for this task. Once they are given the messages to carry to the rear, they seldom, if ever, fail—if alive—to arrive with it.

"Hundreds of these dogs have fallen on the field of honour, but their death must not be in vain."

A Frenchman wrote from the Front in 1915 and told the following of an "enemy" dog which he found guarding his dead Boche master. The dog (a sheep dog) was wounded

in the hind leg, but he only licked his master's wounds, paying no attention to his own, for he had been more wounded in his faithful, loving heart. The Frenchman's sympathy went out to him in his grief, but he would have none of it. Finally he spoke to the poor beast in German, but again he took no notice. With much difficulty they buried the German, and then the Frenchman went back to his billet, taking the dog and the German's helmet with him. Arrived at his rooms, the Frenchman spoke to the dog as to a friend, offering him the use of his bed to lie on. This offer was refused until the German's helmet was placed close to him, when the faithful dog lay down to sleep beside it. The Frenchman kept his pet, and they became great friends, but the dog kept his first master's helmet in his bed, and would let no man touch it. He evidently accepted the inevitable; he acknowledged his new French master, and became very fond of him, but he did not forget the memory of that first master, and clung to all that remained of him—his helmet.

This dog had been distinctly (and quite naturally) pro-German, but another little dog which we read of in *The Times* of July, 1916, was most certainly neutral. A private in the West Kent Regiment noticed one day a little dog's peculiar movements right out in No-Man's-Land. He was a little wire-haired terrier, and he trotted over from the German lines to see what fare the British had for him. When he had been well fed—and you can be certain that Tommy saw to it that his meal was as good as theirs—back he trotted over all the shell-holes, water, wire, and amidst the noise of the bombardment to the German lines to see what food was there. We wonder what the true nationality of this neutral dog can have been, and whether *Pumpernikel* and *Sauerkraut*, or bully and plum-and-apple, tasted best to him? At any rate, he kept up this neutral performance, and the private of the West Kents who recorded the doings of the dog said, "The one redeeming feature of the enemy is that they have never hurt a single hair of his little body."

This same little dog proved on one occasion extremely useful. A wounded man lay out in No-Man's-Land, and his officer was puzzled as to how to get him in. Then he saw the little dog and called him to him. "Here, little man," he

said, "you take that over to the Boche, see?" And he gave the dog a chit on which was written, "Will you allow us to bring our man in?"

In a few minutes the dog returned with an answer from the German lines saying, "Will give you five minutes." Two men went out and brought the wounded man in, and as they came back they gave the enemy a cheer by way of thanks. When the five minutes were up the fight began again!

Many were the regimental dog pets and mascots that saw service in the big struggle from 1914 till 1918. One French officer tells how his life was saved by the regimental dog in the battle of the Marne, in September, 1914. He was lying out, badly wounded in the head, jaw and arm, and lay covered completely beneath his dead comrades. He could not stir, and thought his time was up, when he felt something moving above him. The dead Frenchmen were being dragged from him, and then he felt the soft, warm caresses of a dog's tongue on his face. It was the regimental dog, and, seizing his kepi from his head, the clever beast made off in the direction of the line. He soon returned, bringing with him two stretcher-bearers, and soon the man was in hospital and doing well, owing to the noble efforts of the dog.

This dog, although not trained for ambulance work, would go regularly to the front line and hunt about for men of the regiment, and, when the fire became too intense for him, he would make a hole and bury himself!

There were some very remarkable achievements performed by dogs who followed their masters to the Front, which show the wonderful love and faith of a dog for his master. One of the most famous of these dogs was Prince, an Irish terrier. This story appeared in all the papers at the time, but many people believed it to be a "newspaper tale," and impossible in life. It has, however, been proved to be true by the R.S.P.C.A., who thoroughly investigated the case.

In September, 1914, Private Jones Brown went to France with the North Staffordshire Regiment, leaving behind him in Buttevant, Ireland, his wife and his Irish terrier Prince. The dog and his master were tremendous friends, and for days after his departure the dog refused to eat or be comforted. Soon afterwards Mrs. Brown left Ireland and went



to visit her home in Hammersmith, taking Prince with her. About a month later Prince was nowhere to be found, and, although every effort was made to find him, he had completely vanished. Mrs. Brown sorrowfully wrote to inform her husband of the loss of his dog, and then in a few days wrote again to say that he had still not appeared. Imagine her astonishment when, some time later, she received a letter from her husband to say that Prince was safe with him in France !

The details of his extraordinary journey remain a mystery, but the facts show that he appeared out of the blue at Armentières, and, seeking out his master, found him and greeted him with wild joy and excitement. The news spread like wildfire down the line, and the next day Prince was commanded to parade before the Commanding Officer in order that that gentleman might believe his own eyes ! (16)

So Prince remained with the regiment, and a very happy dog he was. He became the envy of every regimental pet from Flanders to Verdun, and the men made a tremendous friend of him. He was a very brave dog, and kept everyone amused by his antics. His master wrote of him that he was also cautious, and " whenever a heavy shell came over he started off on the instant to take cover."

This splendid little dog was brought home at the end of the war by the R.S.P.C.A., and lived happily until Saturday, July 23rd, 1921, when the announcement of his death appeared in all the Press. He was certainly worth remembering for his faith and bravery, and for his extraordinary achievement of travelling alone from Hammersmith to Armentières. Speaking of the last-named place, there is another little dog who must also be remembered, for he gave his life and is buried in the cemetery there. He was also an Irish terrier, and he lay wounded in the hind leg, out in No-Man's-Land, under heavy fire. Suddenly he saw creeping towards him a man in khaki, who spoke to him in a kind whisper, and who, gathering him up in his arms, crept back over the roughness of the damp ground and amidst the rain of shells to the protection of the British Front line. This man was oooooo Private Rice, and the dog they christened Army. So began a great friendship, and it lasted



until death and beyond ; for Private Rice was fatally wounded, and died in hospital, but to the end his dog was in his arms. Then came the military funeral, and after the " Last Post " the men left the cemetery, but Army would not go. He remained close by the grave, and never again left it. The men of his master's regiment brought him food, and when they were sent back up the line the next regiment that came along took on the duty of looking after the poor little dog. At last, after watching through the cold, wet nights and long days, Army died, and was wrapped in his master's coat and laid in a small grave close up to the one he had guarded so well. The " Retreat " was sounded over the little faithful soldier, and over the graves was placed the soldier's cross, bearing the words : " No. 000000, Private Rice and Army."

This story needs no comment, for it tells its own tale of a great mutual love and sacrifice.

From the Front came the tale of 'Erbert, the dog of Corporal Nobbie Clarke. For days the Corporal had been in the very thick of it, and for nights he had no sleep. Now he was on sentry-go at that worst of all times—the hour before dawn. By degrees sleep crept upon him, like a snake it crept over him, and gradually his head sank lower and lower ; his eyes were closed.

Instantly he awoke ! He was wide awake, his heart pounding with fear. What had he done ? He grasped his rifle and gazed into the dark, as something cold and warm came against him. Out went his hand, and into it was pushed the soft, damp snout of a dog. " Well, I'll be b——," said Nobbie Clarke in a whisper, " if it ain't old 'Erbert." But there was no time to think, for the dog was acting queerly ; his hair was bristling, and suddenly he slipped from his grasp and was gone. " 'Ere, 'Erbert ! " he whispered. " Where the —— " Then he understood. From a shell-hole quite near by a black shadow was slowly creeping closer. He gave a shout of warning to his sleeping comrades, just as, with a growl, the dog leapt upon the Boche and held him by the throat ; and soon, with the assistance of the good Lee-Enfields, it was over. Then, breathing hard, with face as white as chalk, crawled Nobbie Clarke on hands and knees

towards the shell-hole. Very soon he found what he was searching for. With broken back and body riddled with bullets lay 'Erbert, the mongrel. Silently the man knelt beside the little body, careless of the danger to himself in the growing light of day. He knelt and stroked the head of the dead dog, his friend whom he loved, who had died for him.

"Every dog has his day," says the proverb, and 'Erbert had had his day of happiness with the master who adopted him when he wandered alone and terrified in all the frightfulness of the front line. As most dogs do, he repaid his master's kindness with interest when he woke him from his sleep, for you can guess the fate that would have overtaken a sentry who slept on duty.

The story of a German dog comes to us from the American Army. The officer says :

"After thoroughly examining the house I opened the door, and there, to my surprise, lay a dog—not an ordinary dog, but a fine German sheep dog—lying absolutely motionless. I wondered why he lay so quiet, but, glancing down at his side I saw the reason ; a great jagged gash told the tale. Around his neck was a collar with a silver name-plate, and at one end a small aluminium tube containing a piece of paper with some German writing on it. One of my men, who understood German, translated it as follows :

" 'Hill No. — surrounded ; send reinforcements at once.'

"The hill had long since fallen to the victorious Americans. The brave messenger dog had been sent out with a message calling for help after all lines of communication had been severed, and under a fire so great that no man could have lived more than a few seconds. He had been hit by a shell almost within sight of headquarters, and, as a trail of blood testified, had struggled on in agony to reach his goal, only to find it abandoned, and to die gloriously in the performance of his duty. We buried him in what had been an orchard, behind the ruins of the house, and there were few dry eyes amongst that bunch of sturdy, hard-fighting doughboys as we laid him

for ever to rest. One of my men, a young Corporal from Maryland, rigged up a little cross, and scribbled on it in indelible ink : ' Only a dog, but the most loyal subject the Kaiser had ! ' "

But in the dog world, just as in the topsy-turvy human world, there were some dogs who could not go to the Front, Not because they shirked—oh ! no—but because they were too small.

Amongst these were the Pekingese, those small and Imperial Chinese dogs, so beautiful to behold, with coats so thick and glossy. They must not be forgotten, for, although they never " went over " like many others, they did their best by carrying on and helping the Red Cross at home. In answer to an appeal, the " Pekes " of England gave the combings from their splendid coats, which vied with the hair of the camel in its softness and warmth. When they had collected sufficient, they sent off their hair, and each received a receipt acknowledging the gift. The hair was then made into warm bedsocks and waistcoats for our men in hospital. No one, therefore, can say that the small dog gave nothing to the country in time of war !

Many were the regimental and ships' pets that deserve mentioning, but we have space only for a few. There was Teazer, the mascot of H.M.S. *Warwick*, the ship to which the men of the *Vindictive* were transferred after their ship was sunk across the Ostend Harbour. The *Evening Standard* wrote of him " that he was as brave as any human there. He was a little fox terrier, and the pet and luck-bringer of the *Warwick*. When the German shore batteries were going top note, you should have heard him ! He barked his best, as though to say to Fritz, ' Who cares for you ? ' He enjoyed every minute of it."

Then there was Peggy, the mascot of the flagship during the Battle of Jutland. She was a fine fawn-coloured bulldog, and she joined H.M.'s Navy in 1914. She bore upon her sky-blue coat the ribbon of the 1914 star, the General Service and Victory medals, and a red chevron and four blue ones. Attached to her collar was her own special medal, struck for her by the crew of the *Iron Duke*, and on it was

inscribed her splendid record. She went through the battle of Jutland on May 31st, 1916, and seemed to enjoy the booming of the great guns. Although she boasted a pedigree, Peggy was thoroughly happy below decks with the men.

Up aloft in the officers' mess there lived another bull-dog, Jutland Jumbo, the pet and close friend of the officers of the *Iron Duke*. He seemed proud of belonging to the flagship, and was a very happy dog. For Jutland Jumbo, Peggy had a great affection, and their difference of station in the ship seemed in no way to spoil their friendship for each other. Peggy was widowed by the death of Jutland Jumbo on December 8th, 1919, and very sad she was.

Poor Peggy had a sad fate, for, like others in 1920, she was demobilised from H.M.'s Navy, and sought civil employment. She had been presented to the flagship on the outbreak of war on the condition that at the cessation of hostilities she should be returned to the owners. So she came up for sale at Harrod's Stores, and this seems to us a sad fate. Surely, after all the petting she had had on the *Iron Duke*, it would be difficult to find a home which would be the same to her. We have not been able to follow her fortunes further, but let us hope that some kindly seafaring gentleman has given Peggy the comfortable and kind home she so richly deserved.

A "Scottie" called Tytus was in 1918 presented by the Black Watch to the first contingent of American troops to land in France. Tytus was a white West Highland gentleman, and he had served in three "pushes." At St. Mihiel he got a "Blighty," for he was gassed and wounded by shrapnel. He was nursed back to health in hospital, and on October 17th, 1918, he sailed for the United States to collect money for the Red Cross.

S.S. *Caucasian* had a dog mascot smaller than was usual, for they had a toy Pomeranian as their pet, and a great favourite he was with all the crew. In October 1915, the *Caucasian* was torpedoed and sunk, but not before the crew had got safely away in boats. In all the scramble the Pomeranian fell overboard, and Captain Robinson promptly leapt into the rough sea and swam a quarter of a mile to rescue him. The commander of the submarine had meant



to sink the boats, but he was so impressed by the bravery of the captain that he allowed the boats to remain afloat. So the captain rescued his dog, and saved his thirty-eight seamen.

Crab was another true sea-dog. An ugly fellow he was, with cheek stamped all over him. He lived on one of the trawlers auxiliary to the British Navy in the North Sea.

Crab was a gay little soul who never grumbled, but chewed oakum as a substitute for grass, and thus got an appetite which would flabbergast the Kennel Club. He never went ashore, excepting occasionally to follow the captain to the Blue Anchor, and he was well acquainted with the rope-end, although after you had strapped and beaten him you would laugh and pat him, "because he was such a rummy little fellow."

"He was the first to sniff land as he stood up aloft, with his tail raised, which in its day had obviously taken many strange craft in tow."

"Just now," his master wrote in 1916, "he is out of patience with dog-shirkers, for he thinks he's 'doing his bit' on the high seas, and his whiskers have the wry and salt look of a fellow who has chivied U-boats through the North Sea spume.

"Should his ship go down in action, he will be found—with his little cork jacket on—bidding defiance to the Hun, with a dying bark that hasn't got an H in it.

"He may be a rummy little beggar, but he has a true British heart, and don't you forget it!" (16)

No wonder his master was proud of him, for he sounds a most gallant small tike.

Another nautical gentleman was Yel, a fine Airedale, and the property of Commander Davenport. His story appeared in the *Spectator* of May 3rd, 1919, by E. Fairholme.

"Yel joined up when he was barely six weeks old, in 1916, and when six months old embarked for German East Africa. . . . After many travels in ships of H.M.'s Navy he came home, and went eventually to the North of Scotland. Whilst walking with his master one day,



he found an old horse suffering great pain. He fetched his master to the spot, and kept a number of crows from alighting on the poor beast, who was soon put out of his misery.

“ When his master was employed on escort duty to merchant ships between northern ports and the Norwegian coast, Yel always foretold approaching danger. His signals of subdued whines and unusual uneasiness were always followed by the loss of a ship or the ‘ submarine in sight ’ signal being hoisted. Whatever the weather, the dog could never be induced to go below while his master was on deck.”

This power to foretell approaching danger, which the dog shares in common with some other animals, was most useful in those days of constant lurking danger. This sense did not only show towards danger on land and sea, but also towards danger of the air.

In *The Times* of July, 1918, the following letter from a soldier at the front appeared :

“ Did you ever read in the paper that dogs know the noise of a German aeroplane from one of ours? I did, and thought it nonsense. Well, I think differently now.

“ My bedroom looks out into a yard; and in the yard is tied a small dog—rather a dear. He sleeps there and never makes a sound. Our bombing machines go over every night, and he never takes any notice of them. This morning he woke me about one o’clock making an awful noise; and he seemed terrified about something. I listened, and, sure enough, I could hear the distant buzz of aeroplanes, but thought they were ours. They got near, and the dog was so agitated and frightened that he broke the chain and jumped through the window on to my bed. In a few minutes the first bomb dropped, then another. As each dropped he got closer. I am convinced the dog knew they were Hun machines coming.”

This certainly shows a great sense of impending trouble, for how could the beast have known that the machines were those of the enemy?

Another writer in the *Spectator* of May 18th, 1918, wrote of his dog's dislike for raids. Mr. Mallins in the following letter is referring to the dog belonging to the British chaplain at Chantilly. He says: "Being on the line of the Gothas to Paris, we are continually having the alert sounded at night. . . . My little dog disappears, and there he lies with his nose to the ground and ears erect till the guns cease firing, and the 'All Clear' is sounded, when he comes out from his shelter wagging his tail, and looking very pleased that they have gone."

We cannot blame the little dog for disliking the hideous noises which made the nights so wakeful.

There are several instances quoted in various papers during the war of the foreknowledge of dogs of the approaching Boche, and of their intense dislike for the noise. Even the harmless noise of twenty-one guns being fired in honour of a Royal birthday creates the most wild excitement in my own terrier, who looks very displeased, and barks as if to emphasise and, if possible, drown the hated sound!

Speaking of air raids reminds us that not only did our dogs serve with H.M.'s Forces on land and sea, but also in the air. In several cases canine members of the Royal Air Force flew with their masters out into the purple dark of the night, over the bursting and pursuing "Archie" shells, into enemy territory on "straffing expeditions." This is an echo of the little dog of Babylonia who, thousands of years ago, watched his master try to fly up to Heaven on the back of an eagle. History certainly repeats itself, but this shows progress. Etana's dog could but watch his master's futile efforts, but mascots of the Royal Air Force not only watch, but fly.

In Berne, after the war, a little dog was trained to watch the skies, and, when he saw a machine wishing to land, he rushed out on to the aerodrome and cleared it of grazing cattle. This is a responsible job, but no doubt the clever beast carries out his duties faithfully and well.

Well, as the war drew to a close the thoughts of many officers and men turned to the problem of how to get their dog friends home to England. Men on all fronts were being troubled at the idea of having to leave behind their dogs,

who had given them such comfort and friendship in the discomforts of war days. To cut a long tale short, the R.S.P.C.A. stepped in and made arrangements to bring these dogs home and pay for their quarantine. The plan was made known, and grateful letters poured into the R.S.P.C.A. letter-box, and from these we give a few extracts, to show the value—to any who might doubt—that the men set upon their dogs.

From a corporal, Royal Engineers :

“ Your Society is to be congratulated upon taking up the question of the soldier’s pet dog. As a soldier and one who has such a pet, I cannot sufficiently explain how delighted I was to read of your scheme. My dog is of no known breed, yet its intelligence exceeds that of many human beings I have met. He has been my companion and the companion of our little Section through many terrible times. We cannot discard him in times of peace.” (17)

Another corporal, of the Royal Garrison Artillery, writes :

“ I am writing to you direct to know if you can help me, as I cannot afford the cost of getting my dog home. He is a fox terrier, and I found him in a dug-out on the Somme battlefield, half starved, and since then he has shared my meals, and also my blankets at night. He is such a faithful companion and guard that I cannot think of leaving him behind when I go back to Blighty ” (17).

A private of the 17th London Regiment wrote :

“ . . . I have had him about twelve months, and he was with me all through the retirement of 1918 and the attack of August, 1918. He was wounded twice going over the top with me, but he has been inoculated by a friend in the R.A.M.C. each time.” (17)

Yet another letter from a gunner said :

“ I should be sore of heart if my faithful terrier and I had to part now ” (17).

And so on, letters without number ; but, thanks to the good work of the R.S.P.C.A., none of these men had to part with their dog friends. The “ Soldiers’ Quarantine Kennels ” were opened at Hackbridge, and soon dogs poured in from all fronts, from forces of the land, sea, and air.

One of the first arrivals was the fox terrier companion of General Townshend during the siege of Kut.

Another interesting gentleman was a survivor of the sinking *Arabia*, and he was privileged for some weeks to wear a coat !

A naval captain’s retriever was also there, home from battles by land and sea in the Near East. Besides having been saved from a torpedoed ship, he had seven honourable bullet wounds.

An interesting wolf hound was also amongst the early arrivals. He was captured in German East Africa, just as he was to be cooked for dinner by a native ! He was rescued from his fate, and saw the conquering of Togoland.

Another dog amongst the boarders at Hackbridge was in the capture of Jerusalem and through the Palestine Campaign. On his way home he was torpedoed and rescued.

Later on dogs poured into the Kennels from the Army of Occupation. A friend of mine had a yellow, woolly tike who, under the title of “ Belgian sheep-dog,” travelled to England, and was quarantined at Hackbridge. Peter M—for so he was called—when he took up his abode at the Kennels was a puppy-coated, woolly ball, with colossal feet, and a charming, smiling face. After his six months at Hackbridge his owner came to fetch him, and he emerged a huge beast, having grown quite enormous ; he was, however, still floppy, and his smile if anything, and if possible, had increased. He is now thoroughly naturalised, and signs himself “ Peter M, British Gent.”

And now, what more shall we say of our dogs of war ?





DOGS FROM THE PALESTINE FRONT  
*Rescued from a Torpedoed Transport*



AN AIR DOG  
*Mascot of 22nd Squadron, Beauval, 1918*





Surely these stories speak for themselves, without further remarks from us. In one of the most fearful upheavals the world has ever known, dogs were given responsible jobs, and they carried them out faithfully ; they could be trusted till death, and what more can be said for anyone ?

### III

It is certain that associated animals have a feeling of love for each other."

—DARWIN.

So far we have but spoken of dog's friendship for man, but he has other friends chosen from the various creatures of the animal world.

One of the strangest pals for a dog to have was a hen. The dog was a fine cocker spaniel called John, a sporting English gentleman belonging to the British Army of Occupation in Germany. He—I regret to say—fraternised with a German hen, and they became tremendous friends. John would roll on the hen, and one would have thought that his great, heavy body would have squashed her, but she seemed to enjoy it, and would repay him with a few friendly pecks.

John also had a most peculiar habit of taking the Fräulein hen's head entirely in his great mouth, looking exactly as if he were going to swallow her. These two were tremendous friends as long as the dog was in Germany, and I daresay were very sorrowful at parting.

Another dog, a terrier called Rough, was staying at a farmhouse with his master for the summer, and always sat beside him when he had his early tea each morning. The tea was always accompanied by a delicious slice of bread spread with Devonshire cream, and the corners of the slice of bread were broken and given to Rough. The dog would eat three of these pieces, but the fourth he would carry to a hen, who would come each morning tearing across the field where the fowls were kept to the yard outside the farm house to await the arrival of her dog friend. She would eat the crust with evident enjoyment, whilst Rough would bark off any other hen who attempted to share the feast ! (18)

Only last summer Nobbie, my terrier, was trotting sedately

along a narrow Devonshire lane. He was full of his own thoughts, and was looking neither to right nor left of him, when suddenly there was a great commotion in the hedge as a large white hen pushed her way through and set upon my dog. He stood staring with astonishment, and quite overcome with surprise, as the hen with outspread wings rushed upon him, for she was evidently furious. Having apparently heard her infuriated cries, a large Airedale dog leapt the hedge and, knocking my smaller dog over on to his back, he stood over him, holding him down. Then the hen renewed her attack on the defenceless, and, I must say, perfectly innocent little dog! It is difficult to know how this strange episode would have ended had I not intervened and driven the bad-tempered hen back once more through the hedge. It was most extraordinary to watch the co-operation between these two strange friends, for obviously the big dog had but come to help his hen friend!

Another dog whom R. Jesse tells us about, had a robin for a friend, with whom he shared his kennel. A great affection seemed to exist between these two, and while the bird would hop about and chirp between his paws, the Newfoundland would just sit perfectly still, "his brown eyes blinking, and his well-clothed tail gently wagging to and fro with satisfaction."

The *Spectator* of April, 1912, also tells us about a retriever who was chained to a kennel in a yard near some fowls. It seems that every day a hen would enter the kennel and lay an egg, whilst the dog waited outside. Unless the egg was at once removed, the dog would re-enter his kennel and eat it. It was evidently specially arranged between the retriever and the hen that the dog should lend his kennel, and in payment receive an egg!

A collie in the following story from the *Animal World* also had great presence of mind, and seemed to know exactly how to deal with fowls. One day he came upon two bantam cocks fighting in the yard; the dairymaid had done her best to separate them, but in vain. When Richard the collie arrived upon the scene he watched the fight anxiously for a few moments. Then he took up the white cock, who was getting the worst of it, very gently in his mouth, and

removed it through a gate into another yard, where he set it safely down. He was evidently a born peacemaker.

Few dogs have a good word to say for the other household animal, the cat, and the following tale from the diary of Samuel Pepys in 1661 seems to prove this rule. He said, "Dr. Williams did carry me into his garden, where he hath an abundance of grapes; and he did show me how a dog that he hath do kill all the cats that come hither to kill his pigeons; and do afterwards bury them, and do it with so much care that they shall be quite covered, that if the tip of the tail hangs out, he will take up the cat again and dig the hole deeper, which is strange. And he do tell me he hath killed above an hundred cats."

This is certainly strange, and one wonders whether the dog was particularly attached to the pigeons, or whether he had a bitter hatred for cats, which seem to have been over abundant in Dr. Williams' neighbourhood!

It is, however, a kind of tradition amongst dogs that cats are beyond the pale—or perhaps we should say—the area-railing; and if we look once more through the traditions of various lands we find this hatred satisfactorily accounted for.

The legends of Palestine and Roumania tell us how this great enmity first arose, and, if we are to believe the tale, both parties certainly had every reason for their annoyance.

It is extraordinary, but, as this old world goes on, we seem to lose all of that grace and friendliness which once ruled the earth (so, at least, we are told!), for once upon a time man and beasts were friends; they spoke together, and thoroughly understood one another; but those good old days seem to be past and over, and now sometimes even men are not friends, and frequently do not understand each other!

Well, ages ago, all the animals of the world had their appointed work and duties assigned to them, but the dog and cat, although they were domestic animals, were exempt from this drudgery, the former for his fidelity, the latter for her cleanliness. Now dog and cat were very much on the spot, and, trusting no man, they demanded a charter in writing, duly signed by witnesses, giving them their



freedom from servility. Man agreed, and it was done. Now dog said he would keep the charter safely for the cat, and he buried it amongst his bones in a nice deep hole.

But, as is often the way with us human beings, someone had to be jealous and envious, and this time it was the horse and the ass and the ox. They were quite green with jealousy, and held a secret meeting about dog and cat being exempt by charter from drudgery. Well, they decided to purchase the services of the rat, and they did. There is always someone ready to do anything for a good price, and rat was that person. He ate through and burrowed down, till he found the charter, which he nibbled to bits.

Now, when cat one day found out that the charter was gone her fury was appalling. She hissed and scratched and ran up and down, using language that no lady should know.

Dog explained and argued, but it was useless ; he couldn't get a word in sideways ; and ever since then cat has never forgiven him. Dog has been liable to be chained up ever since that day ; but he has one thing in common with the cat, and that is a bitter hatred towards the rat.

Horse, ass, and ox did not achieve much really, for dogs and cats still share with man his home ; but they have always been friends with rat (which was quite grateful of them), and allowed him to share their provender. And life's like that ; which is silly, but true.

We are told that there are exceptions to every rule, and dogs have nevertheless been known to be great friends with their sworn enemy. So we will give a few examples of friendship instead of enmity between dogs and cats.

In the *Spectator* of October, 1919, Mr. Ramsay tells of how once his aged cocker spaniel was taken across the stable-yard on a lead, when a bad-tempered white West Highland terrier leapt upon him and bowled the poor old fellow right over. Instantly a champion arose in the shape of the stable cat, who sprang upon the West Highland and drove him with tooth and nail (and language, no doubt) out of the yard. This gallant yellow "tabby" has now taken on the permanent post of guardian to the old "cocker" as he goes for his daily walk across the yard. It is evident

that that cat had buried the old hatchet, or else she had a chivalrous feeling for the aged !

In another letter in the same paper we read a similar tale. An Irish terrier was about to be chastised by his master for poaching when the house tabby cat leapt upon the man, boxing at him with her paws, her claws all out. She was driven off, but each time the man was about to strike the dog the cat renewed her attack.

Another dog—a fox-terrier this time—had a cat friend for whom he showed great affection. When his master left Oxford and went to his first curacy, his terrier went with him, and soon became tremendous friends with the landlady's cat. Soon, as is the way with cats, she had kittens, and, needless to say, the next day a man was occupied in drowning four of the innocents in the lake. The terrier looked on, much interested at the proceeding, but "said nothing." In the course of the day the dog returned to the lake and quietly retrieved every one of the drowned kittens, and replaced them gently beside their mother !

Darwin very rightly said that "It is certain that associated animals have a feeling of love for each other," and he speaks of their "sympathy for each other in distress."

This was clearly shown in the case of a dog who detested with a deadly hatred the house cat. One day the cat fell ill and would not eat her food. The dog was much concerned about her, and every day until she was well he would take half of his meal and lay it beside her. The instant, however, that she recovered, fur once more began to fly and woe betide the cat if she came near the dog's food !

Another dog of our acquaintance showed great sympathy with another dog in distress. One was a rough-haired terrier, and a charming but rather harum-scarum gentleman, and he had a great friend in a very small Pekingese. One day, wandering along a country road, the Pekingese was run over by a governess cart which turned suddenly out of a drive. It was an hour before the vet. arrived, and the poor little beast lay sobbing bitterly. Almost more pathetic, however, was the sorrow of the terrier, who crept up close beside his friend, and for the whole hour licked her face, and whined in a low, gentle tone. When the

little Pekingese died, the terrier showed every sign of grief, and refused his food for many days.

One wonders what difference a St. Bernard sees between a Pekingese and a terrier or larger dog. They all certainly recognise each other as "dogs," but it seems as if the variety of coat, colour, and size must make some difference. It is amusing to watch a small dog go up to a very large one and greet it; and it rarely seems in any way perturbed by the size of the other.

Another story of dog friendship was published in the March number of the *Spectator*, 1913. Billy was a fox terrier from Devonshire, and he had a friend next door who was daily supplied with an ample bone ration, whilst Billy had to content himself with the simple fare of puppy biscuits. The dogs apparently put their noses together, and arranged a regular system of exchange of diet, which continued for over six months, apparently to their mutual satisfaction. One day Billy, by way of a special treat, was presented by his mistress with two most luscious chop bones. He received them with evident pleasure and gratitude, and trotted off to share them with his friend next door. He was, however, not gone long, and soon returned to the dining-room, where he laid at the feet of his mistress five puppy biscuits. Surely this was a truly generous rate of payment!

A great love for each other was shown by two small Pekingese. They were brothers, and had never left each other by day or night; they went everywhere together, sharing their food and bed. Eventually one of the little dogs died, and the other wept and mourned loudly for several days, refusing all food; and at the end of the week he died of a broken heart.

Talking about dogs dying, we believe that it is not generally known that on the edge of Hyde Park, along the Bayswater Road, is a little plot of ground studded with small white tombstones. Many pass by and fail to notice or give it thought, or the curious and more observant say, "How strange, a graveyard in Hyde Park!" It is a graveyard for dogs set in the shrubbery amidst sweet-smelling flowers. A lodge stands by the gateway, and

what is now the cemetery was once its garden ; the keeper who lives in the lodge tends the little graves with care, and knows every inscription on the tombstones. The first dog to be buried there belonged to the wife of the Duke of Cambridge, and he was run over in Hyde Park in 1880.

On each stone is an epitaph, such as "*Ci-gît Sapho, loin des yeux, près du cœur,*" or "Jim, a little dog with a big heart."

This cemetery is now quite full, and another ground has had to be found.

Another story of a dog's friendship for another dog comes to us from Hudson, Illinois. A man once owned a collie and a terrier. The latter disappeared one day and could not be found anywhere, and at the end of a week he was given up as dead. Then it was noticed that the collie was behaving oddly ; he would disappear every day for a long time immediately after his meal-time, and sometimes not return until supper-time. The family therefore determined to follow him. After going across country for a mile they saw the collie rush up to their lost terrier, who was held fast by the hind leg in a mink trap, and give him part of his dinner, which he had brought with him. Apparently the kind-hearted collie had been bringing his food to his little friend for over a week and staying with him all the afternoon.

Some years ago some friends of ours had four black dogs—one was a Labrador, two were black Spaniels, and the fourth was a Pekingese of fairly large build. All these dogs were the most inveterate hunters, and—short of keeping them in cages—nothing could stop them.

The curious thing about this four-sided friendship was that the Pekingese was the leader in mischief, and always gave the word to start ! One could watch them lying innocently asleep on the lawn, apparently in the land of dreams and far from any evil thoughts. First of all the Pekingese would open his round eyes and yawn, and then sit up, looking innocently and foolishly at one of the other sleeping dogs. Gradually one by one they would all awake, and lie lazily looking at one another, as if they were merely enjoying the warmth of the June sun. Then the Pekingese, holding the eyes of the others, would give a signal—usually



a kind of small pounce of invitation—and off they'd go. Across the lawn, under the fence, and over the fields to the woods they would run, the Pekingese running in characteristic small pounces, his ears flying back and his tail streaming out behind. By his side the two spaniels slowly cantered, and the Labrador brought up the rear. How it was that the smallest dog of all was allowed to be the leader and starter we never knew, but no doubt it was sheer force of character and personality—perhaps a remnant of the Imperial breeding of his ancestors in the Royal palace of olden China.

After a long day the dogs would return, muddy and tired—so tired that they seemed hardly to feel the whip which was usually administered, and we could judge of the satisfactoriness of their day's sport by the face of the keeper and the length of his bill, presented with precision the following day!

The friendship of these four dogs seemed to show a regular dog-rule that everyone should adjust his stride to the stride of the smallest, for otherwise the big dog would have in no time outstripped the gallant little Pekingese.

We had once a short-haired Skye terrier called Puck, and between him and Mr. Dooley, a very large West Highland, was one of those ardent and unexplainable friendships you sometimes find between dogs. How it began we cannot remember—probably through the acquaintanceship of their respective mistresses—but the friendship between the two dogs became the talk of the town where we all lived, and was ultimately a source of considerable annoyance. Dooley was the seeker, Puck the sought, and night after night a melancholy howl under the bedroom windows proclaimed the fact that Mr. Dooley was lonely and wanted the society of his friend. He came in the daytime, too, and quite often you might open the front door and stumble inadvertently over him on the step, sitting with head on one side listening and then looking up at you ingratiatingly, his whole body and his eyes one great "ask": "Please may Puck come out to play?" The matter could be dealt with then; at night it was another thing, and many were the ruses tried to induce him to leave. At first we opened the windows



and talked to him, kindly but firmly—more firmly as time went on—and nothing happened. Then we decided to let him come in and share Puck's quarters, and sometimes this answered, and the two dogs, quite happy in each other's presence, would curl up side by side and sleep contentedly till morning. But if it was a hunting night with a clear moon shining, no such luck! They nearly scratched the house down, especially Dooley, who was much the stronger and heavier of the two. How Puck contrived to keep up with him on their hunting expeditions we never knew, but consideration for him certainly brought the other back quite fresh and untired—fit, had his companion been so, to start all over again.

They had a definite means of communication, whereby they told each other whether they were out for sport. We have seen them meet in the road, recognise each other gladly afar off, come gradually but apparently unconcernedly nearer (this with intent to deceive their human friends), meet almost casually, then with a sudden lick on the nose from one to the other they were off, and calling or entreating or scolding could not make them return. Sometimes when they met during the day they would make an evening assignation, and then we always knew from Puck's alertness as the hour approached, and he would advance some pretext to get out of the house, where he would assuredly find Mr. Dooley on his haunches waiting and ready for any sport. But they did not only hunt; they took pleasure in simply being with each other as real friends do.

To return to the night expeditions. On several occasions Mr. Dooley was taken home to his mistress in the small hours of the morning, but the whole household had to be roused for his reception; and after he found out what happened it was impossible to catch him to lead him there.

The Bible says: "Many waters cannot quench love," and this was literally true of Dooley, for many a night was he thoroughly soaked by the contents of my jug poured on his devoted head from the window above.

On two occasions we had to shut our house when we were away for a holiday, and Puck was sent to stay with some friends. In the first instance his new abode was about

three-quarters of a mile distant, and it is possible that Dooley had previously called there with Puck. However that may be, the day after Puck took up his residence Dooley was found on the step outside asking the same question: "Please may Puck come out to play?" As this was rather an infliction on the kindness of the friends who were housing him, we arranged the next time we were away to send Puck to some other friends at a much greater distance from his own and Dooley's homes. He was driven there across the river one afternoon with all his luggage; next morning Mr. Dooley was sitting at breakfast-time in the middle of the drive outside the front door. How did he know Puck was there? What mysterious communication, unheard, unnoticed, and unfelt by us humans, passed between these two friends? Mr. Long, in his book *How Animals Talk*, gives a most interesting and suggestive answer to this question, and is so convincing that we have become firm believers in "Chumfo" ourselves. And if you want to know what that is, read his book!

After some three or four years we left the north and came to live in the south of England, and the friendship had to cease, although for months afterwards a casual reference to Dooley by name would make Puck lift his head, prick his ears, look wistfully round for a few moments—even perhaps get up and go to the door—and then lie down again with that heavy sigh of resignation we have all heard our dogs give. We learnt afterwards that when he was deserted by Puck, Mr. Dooley became a sensible, middle-aged dog, who rarely forsook the paths of virtue. As for little Puck, he never had another friend.

If anyone cares to investigate the subject, he will find endless instances of both love and understanding between the dog and many other creatures of the animal world.

## IV

"Whenever a man is unhappy, God sends him a dog."—LAMARTINE.

It seems almost unnecessary to point out still further the love of dog for man, yet some of the stories of dog-heroism are too wonderful to be omitted. They show that the qualities of faith and love are not only to be found in fables of ancient times, but are still alive in our dogs of to-day. Even your own dog-friend may be potentially a hero, awaiting the opportunity to show you the stuff he is made of. We like to think this, although we hope for our own sakes Fate will not put our terrier to the test.

Many a man's life has been saved from drowning by the courage and presence of mind of a dog. The following story was taken from the journal of the R.S.P.C.A. (17), and the whole proceeding was observed by a lame man seated on the balcony of his house.

A spaniel had always shown great affection for his master, and when the latter became a confirmed dipsomaniac the dog alone of all his friends remained faithful to him. When his master was under the influence of drink the dog never left him, and seemed to become even more watchful. One day, when returning from a debauch, the man fell into a pond by the roadside sufficiently deep to submerge him completely. Wallack, the spaniel, immediately came to the rescue, and, seizing his master by the collar, tried to lift his face above the water. Finding that this was not successful, the clever brute thrust his own head beneath the water, making a sort of pillow of his body, and so tried to raise his master's head out of the water. This also failed, for as soon as he thrust his own head above water to breathe his master sank again. Finally the gallant dog realised that to save his master he must keep his own head below water, so Wallack once more submerged, and remained

under water until help came. But it was too late, for the little dog had given his life for his master, and all effort to revive him failed. The man, however, was soon restored, and we must hope that he mended his ways as part payment for the devotion that had saved him.

The achievements of dogs in saving human life not only show bravery and self-sacrifice, but also great intelligence. If it is merely instinct which tells our dogs what to do in times of danger or in a crisis, it is an instinct akin to thought. In the last story it is obvious that the spaniel fully realised the necessity of keeping his master's face out of the water, and in the following tale the dog most clearly thought out his actions.

He was an Irish terrier called Terence, and he lived at Dover. He was very attached to the two little girls of the family, the younger of whom was eighteen months. The children slept in separate but adjoining rooms at the top of the house, the elder child sharing her room with the nurse. On the same landing there was a lumber-room containing the water cistern, and outside these rooms in the passage slept Terence the dog. One night in November a fire broke out in the room below that occupied by the youngest child, and the roaring and cracking soon awoke the dog as well as the family. The nurse was seized with panic, and, grabbing the eldest child, she fled by way of the window along the parapet to the safety of the next house, completely forgetting the youngest child in the other room. The mother of the children was told that the nurse had got safely away with them both. Meanwhile the flames had burnt right through the floor, and caught on to the drapery of the bed where the youngest child still slept. Terence rushed in and tried to seize her and drag her from the room, but could not lift the weight. Thereupon he ran to the cistern and jumped in, and then dashed back to the child's room. Springing on the bed, he shook over the child the water which had soaked into his coat during his immersion in the cistern. This the dog did several times, and succeeded in keeping the flames off the child till the firemen forced their way in. They found the child uninjured, with the soaking dog lying on the top of her. (17)



The cases of dogs giving warning of fire are beyond number. Almost weekly we read in the papers of dogs who give warnings of fire in time to save their masters' lives. But this saving of human life by dogs is in no way confined to fire or water.

In the *Yorkshire Observer* a remarkable incident was recorded of a dog's intelligence in life-saving, but this time it was the life of a horse and the possessions of his master. It all happened in the Otley Road, at Far Headingley, near Leeds, one evening in summer. A heavy dray was drawn up outside a house of refreshment at the roadside, and presumably the driver was inside, for the sole occupant of the cart was a sheep dog of the bobtail variety. A motor-car came along the road, and just as it was abreast of the dray the driver changed gear, making a fearful grinding sound. This startled the horse from his meditations, and he began to prance about, and finally moved off down the hill. The dog, evidently disapproving of this, began to run to and fro on the front of the dray, barking furiously. The horse, however, took no notice, but continued his downhill way at a sharp trot, increasing in speed as he went, the cart swaying ominously from side to side. A dozen people made towards it, with the intention of checking its career, but all were forestalled by the dog, who, apparently realising that prompt measures were necessary, jumped off the dray, and, seizing the trailing reins in his teeth, hung on to them with all his might. He was dragged some way along the road, but fortunately the horse felt the check, and came to a standstill as the driver came panting up.

But for the dog's prompt action the horse would have become more and more frightened, and had he got fairly started down the hill into the town of Headingley, the consequences might have been decidedly serious.

The action of the dog in jumping off the cart and seizing the reins of the runaway horse, instead of senselessly barking at him, argues the possession of a good deal of intelligence and reasoning power. Having seen the effect when his master did this, he wisely imitated him, expecting and receiving the same result.



Certainly the holy writer of the Rig-Veda was right when he called dog "man-observing" !

At Darlington, some years ago, another case of a dog saving an animal occurred. An Airedale was walking along by the river, and saw out midstream a terrier in distress, having apparently got cramp in his legs. The Airedale at once leapt in, and, swimming after the terrier, seized him by the neck, and after a hard struggle brought him safely to land again. Sad to relate, this gallant dog's efforts were in vain, for the terrier died soon after of pneumonia caused by the accident. (17)

Newfoundlands are well to the top of the list of dogs who have saved human life, and this splendid breed of dog has been immortalised by the portrait of him which appears on the stamps of Newfoundland.

In 1919 a Newfoundland by his ready obedience and bravery saved the lives of many people, and his act was recorded in all the newspapers at the time. The article read :

"For days past every morning has brought fresh news of wrecks on the coasts of Nova Scotia and along the Gulf of St. Lawrence ; ships have been driven ashore in terrific gales, accompanied by blinding storms of snow on barren, rocky coasts far from human habitation.

"From Newfoundland this morning comes the story of the wreck of a coasting steamer on a terrific coast. Ninety-two passengers there were saved by the intelligence of a Newfoundland dog belonging to one of the crew. The ship had gone ashore on a reef of jagged rocks, and it was impossible to get a boat out to her in the boiling sea. Finally a light line was tied to the dog, which obeyed its master's signs and swam ashore, making it possible to rig a block and tackle, by means of which all the souls in the ship were brought to safety. A baby eighteen months old was taken ashore in a mail-bag."

But life-saving is not confined to the brave efforts and intelligence of big dogs. One dog was only a small Pomeranian, but he saved the household. It was early one

morning, and his mistress was awakened by her Pomeranian's agitation. He jumped on her, barked, and begged her to go with him. Deciding to see if there was anything wrong, the mistress got up and followed him downstairs, and no sooner had she left the room than a gable of the house next door fell, and crashed through the roof of her room right on to the bed she had just left ! (17)

This sense of impending danger we have already referred to, and it is present in all breeds of dogs, be they large or be they small.

Another dog—a whippet—saved his master from a quicksand, and was awarded the medal of the Canine Defence League for his gallantry. His name was Lucky Prince, and one day, whilst out with his master on the shore, the man sank into a quicksand up to his shoulders. The dog was also caught in the quicksand, but managed to scramble out, and ran for assistance. He found some men, and by his strange behaviour induced them to follow him. He brought them to the shore, and they soon threw out ropes to the sinking man, but they fell short of him and out of his reach. The dog, however, rose to the occasion, and, taking a rope between his teeth, he struggled out to him with much difficulty, and finally they were pulled in together to safety.

In 1921 a child fell into a drain in Hull whilst playing near by. A retriever happened to pass at that moment, and immediately jumped into the water and dragged the child out. The clever beast then remained with the child until someone came along and took charge of him, and the dog, having done his self-imposed duty, then trotted off. It seems that this dog had already saved two lives, and had received a silver medal. (16)

Another retriever was presented with a silver medal by the Mayor of Harrogate for saving the life of a three-year-old boy who had strayed from home and been missing for three days. The dog was with his master, who was shooting in a turnip-field, and, having gone on ahead, he stopped at a certain spot and refused to move. Neither threatening nor coaxing would induce him to budge, so the master had to go to the dog. There lay the boy, in a starving condition, curled up amongst the turnip-leaves ! (17)



THE PUPPY MASCOT OF A WARSHIP  
*He was born in the Trenches at Ypres*



"CONSTANTINOS DELLICOUOS"  
*The Fleet Mascot at Fiume*



Some dogs seem to have no sense of danger when out in the busy streets of our towns; they stand still or walk slowly, and evidently seem to expect motor-buses and carts to get out of their way. The two following stories from *The Times* show that others have at any rate a sense of danger where their human friends are concerned.

In 1923 a girl was walking along on the roadway and did not hear a motor-bus coming along behind her, but just as it was going to run into her her collie pushed her violently out of the way, but was himself run over and killed.

Similarly, a child of three was out for a walk alone one day, and was just stepping off the pavement when a motor-car came suddenly round the corner. It nearly ran over her, but Bob, a sheep dog, seeing the child's danger, seized her clothes, and pulled her back from the road on to the pavement and held her firmly there till the car had passed! (17)

A remarkable story about a collie comes to us from the *Spectator* of 1915.

When the *Formidable* was sunk off the south coast of England in 1915, her captain stood smoking calmly on the bridge with Bruce, his terrier, standing by his side, and together these two, who had been very close friends in life, faced the Great Unknown. Some of the crew were rescued, and amongst them was John Cowan, a Scot. He lay unconscious on the floor of the Pilot Boat Inn, where he had been laid, for all efforts to resuscitate him were in vain, and he was left for dead. Lassie, however, a collie belonging to the inn, refused to leave him. She was very unhappy about him, and lay close up to him to warm him, and licked his face steadily until a slight moan from the man sent her in wildest excitement to get help. The doctor returned and finished the work of restoration. Lassie had evidently known that the man was not dead, and this was more wonderful as the man was a stranger. She was presented with a silver medal by the Mayor of the town, and well she deserved it.

Now, the story which follows shows still further the intelligence of the dog, and in a quite different way from usual.

Once more it is the foreknowledge of trouble and danger



which caused a little dog to save the lives of many people.

In 1919 an attempt was made to derail the Paris-Bordeaux Express. The stationmaster was awakened one night by the sound of a dog barking outside. Seeing that the creature was begging him to follow, he went out, although it was in the middle of the night, and followed the dog some way along the line. There he found that two sleepers had been laid across the track. How did the dog know that the presence of those sleepers meant disaster? (16)

Now for one last tale of dog-heroism.

A few years ago a dog displayed wonderful intelligence and self-sacrifice in giving his life for his master. It was on the shores of a lake in Travancore, near the cantonment of Quilion. A Newfoundland dog sat upon the shore watching his master's clothes whilst he swam in the lake. Soon the dog was seen to be in distress, whining and running up and down the bank, doing his dog-best to attract his master's attention. But he would not hear or see. A ripple was seen on the smooth surface of the lake, and the next moment a huge crocodile got between the man and the landing-place, and was obviously out to catch his prey. Then the dog leapt into the water and swam out into the lake, and got between his master and the crocodile, barking all the while to keep him from the master he loved and who was in such danger. Then the man saw what was happening, but it was too late. The great jaws opened, there was a ripple on the lake, and the noble dog was gone for ever.

In deepest gratitude to his dog the man erected a monument, which now stands on the banks of the lake and bears the inscription: "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for a friend." It is well that all may know of what gallantry a dog is capable.

And so we close our book. There are many more such tales of sacrifice, faith, love, and heroism which may be found by those who are interested enough to search.

Dr. S. K. Johnston, head of the Veterinary College of New York, says: "There is much which makes man think when he studies dogs. In my opinion the dog is only beginning to have his day." And in our opinion he is entitled to have his day, for, as these stories prove, there is

no animal which more deserves man's love and consideration. In many homes he gets both, but with what devotion would he not repay a little use of the gifts of imagination and understanding if we would only bring them to our study of him ! We can never know exactly what it feels to be a dog—how bewildering an existence ; how full of emotions not always or altogether fleeting ! To him we are Fate ; we hold in our hands the threads of happiness and misery with which to spin the web of his life ; and even as we demand from the Powers-that-be justice and faithful dealing, we cannot surely do less for him than we ask for ourselves.

Being accounted " gods," shall we fall short of the perfection possible to us ? To no human being can we ever be so " without stain or blemish " as to our dog.

And afterwards ? In Swinburne's words about his dog, " If aught of blameless life on earth may claim life higher than death . . . such life as this among us never came to die." Of the Hereafter we know nothing, but let us so treat these friends that we may be like Bishop Welldon, who said he was glad to feel that he would not be ashamed to meet his dog and cat on the Day of Judgment, for they were too fat and well looked after to have a record against him ! Then when we find our dogs again in the Great Beyond there will indeed be " deaf angels " when they " leap up to us and bark " !









NATURAL HISTORY  
OF LOS  
ANGELES COUNTY  
MUSEUM  
library

